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Founded A° D¹ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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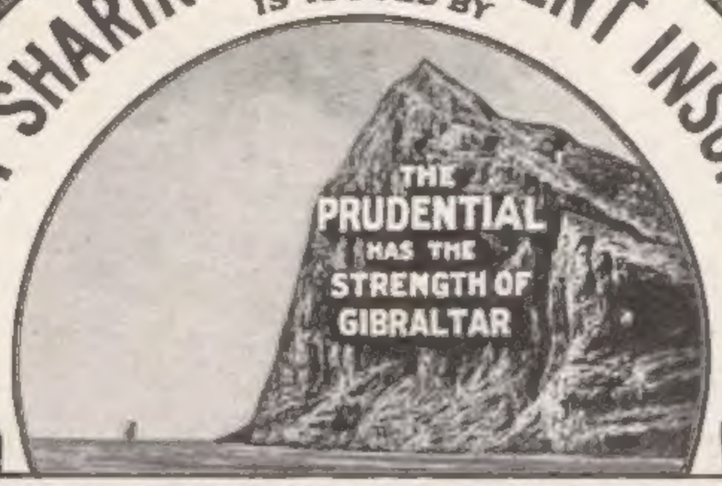

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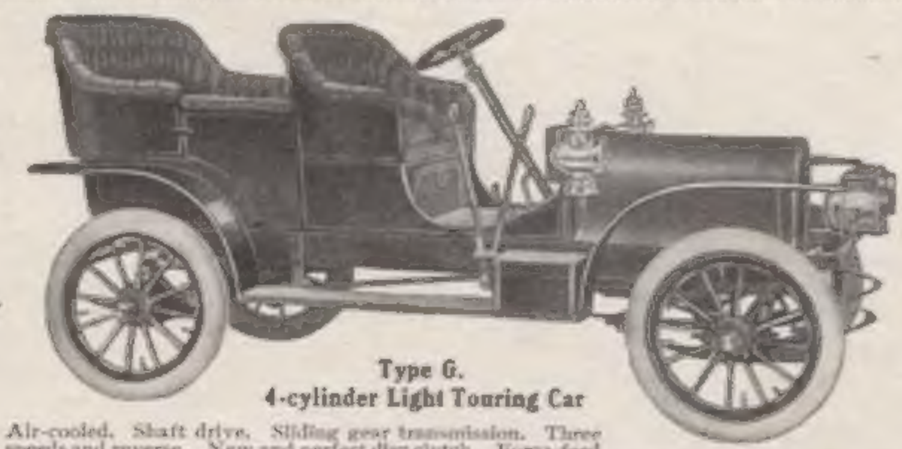

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MART HANEY'S MATE

The Girl and the Gambler

By HAMLIN GARLAND

CHAPTER I

SIBLEY JUNCTION is in the sub-tropic zone of Colorado. It lies in a hot, dry but immensely productive valley at an altitude of some four thousand feet above the sea, a village laced with irrigating ditches, shaded by big cottonwood trees and beat upon by a genial, generous-minded sun. The boarders at the Golden Eagle Hotel can sit on the front stoop and see the snow-filled ravines of the mountains to the south and almost hear the thunder crashing round old Uncompahgre, even when the broad leaves above their heads are pulseless and the heat of the midday light is like a cataract of white-hot metal.

It is, as I have said, a productive land, for upon this ashen, cactus-spotted, repellent flat, men have directed the cool, sweet water of the upper world, and wherever this life-giving fluid touches the soil, grass and grain spring up like magic.

For all its wild and beautiful setting, Sibley is now a town of farmers and traders, rather than of miners. The wagons entering the gates are laden with wheat and melons and peaches rather than with ore and giant powder, and the Eagle Hotel is frequented by farmers of prosaic aspect, by passing drummers for shoes and sugars, and by the barbers and clerks of shops near by. It is, in fact, a bit of slow-going village life, dropped between the diabolism of Cripple Creek and the decay of Creede.

Nevertheless, now and then a genuine trailer from the heights, or cow-man from the plains, does drop into town on some transient business and, with his peculiar speech and stride, remind the lazy town-loafers of the vigorous life going on far above them. These men nearly always stop at the Eagle Hotel, which is a boarding-house advanced to the sidewalk of the main street and possessing a register.

"Roll Up a Couple of Big Melons," Said Haney Largely. "We're All Drying to Cinders Over Here"

At the time of this story they went to this hotel for two good reasons. Mrs. Gilman was both landlady and cook, and an excellent cook, and, what was still more unusual, Bertha, her pretty seventeen-year-old daughter, was day-clerk and general manager. Customers of this type are as loyal to their hotels as to their horses and amazingly sensitive to female charm—and Bertha would have been called an attractive girl anywhere. She was small and straight, with brown hair and big, candid, serious eyes—wistful when in repose, boyishly frank and direct when she stood behind her desk attending to business, or smiling as she sped her parting guests at the door.

At first sight a sensitive man would say: "How charming to have such a landlady!"—but on second thought the situation developed a certain pathos. The girl was so young and so unprotected. She was hardly more than a child in years and physique, and Mrs. Gilman, "widow by the act of God," as Mart Haney put it, though of good stock, was forced to toil in the kitchen half dead with fatigue and heat and rheumatism, while Bertha took charge of the office with efficiency in quaint contrast to her slight figure and childish glance.

To see her seated on the sidewalk, surrounded by men, was to be troubled as to her future.

"I know Bertie ought to go to school," Mrs. Gilman often said to protesting guests. "But what can I do? We got to live. I came out here for my health, and goodness knows I never expected to slave away in a hot kitchen in this way. If Mr. Gilman had lived——"

It was her habit to leave her demonstrations—even her sentences—unfinished, a peculiarity arising partly from her need of hastening to prevent some pot from boiling over and partly from her failing powers. She had been a handsome woman once—but the heat of the stove, the steam of the washtub, and the vexation and prolonged effort of her daily life had warped and faded and battered her into a mere wreck of her bright self.

"I'm going to quit this thing," she often said, "as soon as I get my son's ranch paid for. You see——"

She did not finish this, but her friend saw what nearly every one saw, that Bertha's time for schooling was nearly past. She had already entered upon the maiden's land of dream—of romance. The men who had hitherto courted her, half-laughingly, half-guiltily, knowing that she was a child, had dropped all subterfuge. To them she was a "girl," with all that this word means to males not too scrupulous of the rights of women.

"I oughtn't to quit now when business is so good," Mrs. Gilman returned to the dining-room to say to her guest. "I'm full all the time now. More and more of the boys come down the line on purpose to stay over Sunday. If I could——"

The listener knew why "the boys came down the line to stay over Sunday," but he said nothing. Bertha at the moment was talking with the barber who took his meals at the Eagle.

Her speech was quite unlike the bird-like chatter with which girls of her age entertain a lover. She spoke rather slowly and with the gravity of a man of business—and her blunt words made her smile the more bewitching, and her big brown eyes the more girlish. The slang which she used, with a certain dignity and sweetness, and her replies to the barber, were in no sense commonplace. She did not giggle or flush—she only looked past his smirking face out into the street where the sun's rays lay like flame. And yet she was profoundly moved by the man, for he was a handsome fellow—in his sleek way. He was colorless and rather fat, but well-dressed and cleanly-shaven—save a carefully-tended brown mustache which drooped below the corners of his mouth. His was not a city type of beauty; rather was it that of a farmer's son, blanched and oiled and perfumed by the exigencies of his trade.

He was saying to the girl:

"I wish I could get out of my business. Judas, but I get tired of it! When I left the farm I never s'posed I'd find myself nailed down to the floor of a barber-shop. How'd you like to go on a ranch?" he asked meaningly.

"I don't believe I'd like it. Too lonesome," she replied, without any attempt to coquette with the hidden meaning of his question. "I kind o' like it here. I like to have new people sifting along every day. Seems like I couldn't bear to step out into private life again, I got so used to this public thing. I only wish mother did not have to work so hard—that's all that troubles me at the present time."

"Just the same, you oughtn't to be clerk," said the barber. "It's too public. It's no place for a girl, anyway."

"Oh! I don't know! We have a mighty nice run of custom and I don't see any bad about it. I've met a lot of good fellows by being here."

The barber was silent for a moment, then pulled out his watch. "Well, I've got to get back." He dropped his voice. "Don't let 'em get gay with you. But I've got a mortgage on you. If any of 'em gets fresh you let me know—they won't repeat it."

"Don't you worry," she said with a confident smile. "I can take care of myself. I grew up in Colorado. I'm no tenderfoot."

This boast, so childish, so full of pathetic self-assertion, was still on her lips when a couple of men came out of the dining-room and paused to buy some cigars at the counter. One of them was at first sight a very handsome man of the bold Western sort. He wore a long, gray frock-coat without vest, and a dark blue, stiffly-starched shirt, over which a red necktie fluttered. His carriage was erect and large of motion and his profile very fine in its big lines. He was plainly a masterful personality, a man of varied experience—only upon closer view did the darker side of his nature come out. His eyes were gray and cold, his nose a little flat and the corners of his mouth bitter. He could not be called young and yet he was not even middle-aged. His voice was deep, and rather grave in accent, and as he spoke to the girl a certain sweetness came into it.

"Well, Babe, here I am again. Couldn't get along without coming down to spend Sunday—seems like I must go to church on Sunday or lose my chance o' grace."

His companion, a short man, with a black mustache that almost made a circle about his mouth, grinned in silence.

The girl replied: "I think I'll take a forenoon off to-morrow and see that you do go to church for once in your life."

The big man looked at her with sudden intensity. "If you'll take me—I'll go." There was something in his voice and eyes that startled the girl. She drew back a little, but she smiled.

"I'll call you on that, Captain. Unless you take water, you go to church to-morrow."

The big man shoved his companion away and leaning across the counter said:

"There ain't a thing in this world that you can't do with Mart Haney—not a thing—that's what I came down here to tell you——"

The girl was visibly alarmed, but as she still stood fascinated by his eyes and voice, struggling to recover her serenity, another group of diners came noisily past and the big man, with a parting look, went out and took a seat on one of the chairs which stood in a

row upon the walk. The hand which held the cigar trembled and his companion said:

"Be careful, Mart——"

Haney silenced him with a look. "You're on the outside here, partner."

"I did not mean to butt in——"

"I understand, but this is a matter between that little girl and me," replied the big man in a tone that, while friendly, ended all further remark on the part of his companion, who got up after a little pause and walked away.

Haney sat there till all the loafers were in accustomed places in the row of chairs, under the awning. Then he rose and sauntered back into the office.

The girl having left the room, he took up a paper and pretended to read, amazed at the excitement his avowal had roused in himself.

It was true that he had been coming down every Saturday for weeks—leaving his big saloon on the best evening in the week for a chance to see this child—this boyish schoolgirl. In a big, savage, selfish and unrestrained way he loved her and had determined to possess her—to buy her if necessary. He knew something of the toil through which the weary mother plodded, and he watched her bend and fade with a certainty that she would one day be on his side.

Neither mother nor daughter knew how rich he was. They knew that he was a saloon-keeper up in Cripple Creek, but that he was a half-owner in two big mines only a few people knew. He perceived that the time had come to bring this pressure to bear.

When at home and afar from her, he felt capable of seizing her—of carrying her back with him as the old-time savage won his bride; but when he looked into her clear, calm, hazel eyes his villainy, his resolution, fell away from him. He found himself not merely a man of the nearer time, but a Catholic—in training at least—and the words he had planned to say fell away from his lips. Libertine though he was, there were lines where his lawlessness was bound. In her presence he was strangely weak.

He was a desperate man—a man of violence and none too delicate in his life among men, but away back in his boyhood his good Irish mother had taught him to fight fair and to protect the younger and weaker children, and this training led to the most curious and unexpected acts in his business as a gambler.

"I will not have boys at my lay-out," he angrily said to Williams, his partner, "and I will not have women there. I've sins enough to answer for without these. Cut 'em out!" And it was done. He was oddly generous now and then, too, and returned a greenhorn money enough to get home on. "Stay on the farm, me lad—'tis better to milk a cow with a mosquito on the back of your neck than to fill a cell at Cañon City."

In other ways he was inexorable. He took the hazards of the game with his visitors and raked in their money with cold eyes and a steady hand. He collected their notes remorselessly—and it was in this way that he had acquired his interests in *The Bottom Dollar* and *The Flora* mines—"prospects" at the time, but immensely valuable at the present. It was indeed this new and measurably respectable wealth which had determined him upon pressing his suit with the girl.

He presented the matter first to the mother, not with any intention of doing the right thing, but merely because she happened into the room before the girl returned, and because he was overflowing with his new-found interest.

She came in wiping her face on her apron—as his mother used to do, and this touched him almost like a caress. He rose and offered her a chair, which she took, highly flattered, for she knew he was a prosperous man and could go to the best hotel in town. The fact that he came regularly to her table when he could go to the Allament was an almost overpowering honor.

"It must seem warm to you down here, Captain," she said, taking a seat beside him.

"It does. I wouldn't need to come if you were doing business in Cripple. I can't miss your Johnny-cake and pie; 'tis the kind that mother didn't make—for she was Irish."

"I've thought of going up there," she replied matter-of-factly, "but I can't stand the altitude, I'm afraid—and then down here we have my son's little ranch to furnish us eggs and vegetables."

"That's an advantage," he admitted, "but up there no one expects vegetables—it's still a matter of ham and eggs."

"Is that so?" she asked concernedly.

"'Tis indeed. I live at the Palace Hotel and I know. However, 'tis not of that I intended to speak, Mrs. Gilman. I'm distressed to see you working so hard this warm weather. You need a rest—a vacation."

"You're mighty neighborly, Captain, to say so—but I don't see any way of taking it."

"Furthermore, your daughter is too fine to be clerkin' here day by day. She should be in a home of her own, sure."

"She ought to be in school," sighed the mother, "but I don't see my way to hiring anybody to fill her place—it would take a man to do her work."

Mrs. Gilman Took to Keeping Boarders—the Refuge of Widows

"It would so. She's a rare little business woman. Let me see, how old is she?"

"Eighteen next November."

"She seems like a woman of twenty."

"I couldn't run for a week without her," answered the mother, rolling down her sleeves in acknowledgment that they had entered upon a real conversation.

"She's a little queen," said Haney.

It was very hot and the flies were buzzing about, but the big gambler had no mind to these discomforts, so intent was he upon bringing his proposal before the mother. He straightened up in his chair and, fixing a keen glance upon her face, began his attack. "'Tis folly to allow anything to trouble you, my dear woman—if any debt presses, let me know, and I'll lift it for you."

The weary woman felt the sincerity of his offer and replied with much feeling. "You're mighty good, Captain Haney, but we're more than holding our own and another year will see the ranch clear. I'm just as much obliged to you, though; you're a real friend."

"But I don't like to think of you here for another year—and sure Bertie should not stand here another day with every Tom, Dick and Harry passin' their blarney upon her. She's fitter to be mistress of a big house of her own—an' 'tis that I've the mind to give her, and I can for I own two of the best mines on the hill."

The mother, worn out as she was, was still quick where her daughter's welfare was concerned, and she looked at the big man with wonder and inquiry, and a certain accusation in her glance.

"What do you mean, Captain?"

The big gambler was at last face to face with his decision, and without a moment's hesitation he replied: "As my wife—I mean."

Mrs. Gilman sank back in her chair and looked at him with eyes of consternation. "Why, Captain Haney! Do you mean it?"

"I do!" He had a feeling at the moment that he had always been honorable.

"But, but—you're so old—I mean so much older——"

"I know I am, and I'm tough. I don't deny that. I'm forty, but then I'm what they call well preserved," he smiled winningly, "and I have an income of wan hundred thousand dollars a year."

This turned the current of her emotion—she gasped. "One hundred thousand dollars!"

He held up a warning hand. "Sh! that's between us. There are those younger than I, you see, but there is some virtue in money. I can take you all out of this like winkin'—all you need to do is say the word and we'll have a house in Colorado Springs, or Denver—or we'll go to Paris. For what did you think I left my business on the busiest day of every week? It was to see your sweet daughter, and I came this time to speak to her——"

"What did she say?"

"She has not said. We had no time to talk. What I propose now is that we take a drive out to the ranch tomorrow and talk it over. Williams will take her place here. In fact, the place is mine. I bought the hotel this morning."

The poor woman sat like one in a stupor, comprehending little of what he said. The room and all the trees outside seemed to be revolving. The earth had given way beneath her feet and the heavens were opening. Her first sensation was one of terror. She feared a man of such wealth—a man who could in a single morning, by a move of his hand, upset her whole world. His enormous wealth dazzled her even while she doubted it. How could it be true while he sat there talking to her—and she in her apron and her hair in disorder? She rose hurriedly with a desire to make herself presentable enough to carry on this conversation. As she stood weakly she said:

"Captain, I appreciate your kindness—you've always been a good customer—one I liked to do for—but I'm all upset—I can't get my wits——"

"No hurry, madam," he said, with a wave of his hand. "To-morrow is coming."

She hurried out, leaving him alone—with the clock, the cat, and the hostler who was spraying the sidewalk under the cottonwood trees. The gambler, stern, fierce and inexorable, was amazed to find himself reduced to this amazing docility and weakness. He had come to demand, he was remaining to sue. More than this, he was actually quivering with fear of the girl's refusal, and in this fear he rose and went out into the sunsmit streets.

CHAPTER II

LIFE was no longer simple for mother or daughter. It was filled with a wind of terror. To the work-weary mother the promise of relief was very sweet, yet disturbingly empty like the joy of dreams. Haney's power took her breath—clouded her judgment, befogged her insight, and her lease of the hotel was in his hands!

She went back to the dining-room, where her daughter sat eating dinner, in outward calm, but with a numbness in her limbs and a sense of dizziness in her brain. Dropping into a chair at the table the mother gasped out:

"Do you know—what Captain Haney just said to me?"

"Not being a mind-reader, I don't," replied the girl, though she was deeply moved by her mother's white, awed face.

"He wants you!"

The girl flushed and braced both hands against the table, and replied: "Well, he can't have me!"

With the opposition in her daughter's tone Mrs. Gilman was suddenly moved to argue.

"Think what it means, Bertie! He's rich. Did you know that he owns two mines?"

"I know he is a gambler and runs two saloons. You see, the boys keep me posted. I'm not marrying a gambler—not this summer," she ended decisively.

"But he's going to give that up, he says." He hadn't said this, but she was sure he would. "His income is a hundred thousand dollars a year. Think of that!"

"I don't want to think of it," the girl answered, frowning slightly. "It makes my head ache. Nobody has a right to so much money. How did he get it?"

"Out of his mine—and oh, Bertie, he says we needn't do another day's work in this hot, greasy old place! It's his, anyway. Did you know that?"

Bertha eyed her mother closely with cool, bright, accusing eyes—for a moment, then she softened. "Poor old mammy, it's pretty tough lines on you—no two ways about that. You've got the heavy end of the job. I'd marry most anybody to give you a rest—but, mother, Captain Haney is forty if he's a day—and he's a hard citizen, he robs people; and then there's Ed."

The mother's face changed. "A barber!" she exclaimed scornfully.

"Yes, he's a barber now, but he's going to make a break soon and get into something else."

"Don't bank on Ed, Bertie—he'll never be anything more than he is now. No man ever got anywhere who started in as a barber."

"Would you rather I married a gambler and a sure-shot? They tell me Haney has killed his man."

"That may be all talk. Well, anyhow, he wants to see you and talk it over, and oh, Bertie, it does seem a wonderful chance—and my heart's so bad to-day it seems as though I couldn't see to another meal! I don't want you to marry him if you don't want to—I'm not asking you to. You know I'm not—but he is a noble-looking man——"

One of the waiters, half-dead with curiosity, was edging near, under pretense of brushing the table, and so the mistress rose and took up the burdens of his stewardship.

"But we'll talk it over later. Don't be hasty."

"I won't," replied the girl.

She was by no means as unmoved as she gave out. She had always admired and liked Captain Haney, though he never moved her in the same way that the young barber did—for Ed Winchell had youth as well as comeliness, and there is a divine suppleness in youth. A hundred thousand dollars a year! That was enormous—incredible—and he had been coming to their little hotel for a year, this millionaire—"to see me!"

This consideration was the one that moved her most. All the bland words, the jocular phrases of his singular wooing came back to her now, weighted with deep significance. She had called it "joshing," and had put it all aside, just as she evaded the disagreeable ogling of the commercial travelers and the rude jests of the brakemen of her acquaintance.

She was wise beyond her years, this calm-faced, keen-eyed girl, trained by adversity to take care of herself. She knew instinctively that she lived surrounded by wolves, and, much as she admired the big frame and bold profile of Captain Haney, she had placed him among her enemies. Ed Winchell she trusted—loved in girl fashion. And now that the choice was "up to her," as she put it, he became very dear and desirable.

Strange to say, she enjoyed her position there in that battered little hotel. "If it weren't for poor old mother," she thought and paused there.

She went back to the counter with a certain timidity—a self-consciousness new to her, fearing to face the gambler, now that she knew his intent.

The room was empty, all the men being on the walk to escape the heat, and she took her seat behind her desk and gave herself up to the consideration of the life to which the possession of so much wealth would introduce her.

Naturally, she had no experience to help her in defining the possibilities of the future. She could have unlimited new gowns, could travel, and she could save her mother from all drudgery and worry. These things she could discern.

As she looked around the dingy room buzzing with flies a feeling of sadness passed over her. She had been happy in this place, and at the moment she experienced a premonitory pang of the pain she would suffer in going out of its doors forever.

Her people had been twelve years in this small town, and she remembered but little of their home in the leafy town in Illinois from which they came. Her father, an unsuccessful farmer, had proved an unsuccessful miner, leaving them with only an indifferent house in the junction. Mrs. Gilman took to keeping boarders—the refuge of widows—and had grown to the dignity of the Eagle Hotel. This was an achievement both in her eyes and in the estimation of her daughter and son, and the people of the town were democratic enough to draw no social distinctions between one business and another. Mrs. Gilman was well-considered and her daughter was popular with the young people of the church. There were a few, of course—health-seekers—who drew lines against any one not of their way of thinking and doing, but they formed only a small group and were not really a part of the town.

Haney came back an hour later, but read in the cold, serious look she gave him a warning, therefore he spoke but on commonplace subjects, and soon went out and took a seat on the walk.

Some way, this meekness on the part of this powerful man moved the girl, and a little later she went to the doorway and said to the crowd generally: "It's a wonder you fellows wouldn't open a melon or something."

Haney put his finger to his mouth and whistled to the grocer opposite. He came on the run, for he knew Haney.

"Roll up a couple of big melons," said Haney largely. "We're all drying to cinders over here."

The loafers cheered, but the girl said in a lower voice: "I was only joking."

"What you say goes," he replied with significance.

She did not stay to see the melons cut, but went back to her desk, and he brought a choice slice in to her.

She took it, but she said: "You mustn't think you own me—not yet." Her tone was resentful. "I don't want you to say things like that."

"Like what?" he asked.

She did not answer. It was really his tone of intimacy which she disliked. It assumed too much.

He went on: "I don't mean to assume anything, God knows. I'm only waitin' and hopin'. I'll go away if you want me to and let you think it over alone."

"I wish you would," she said, not realizing how much this committed her.

He held out his hand. "Good-by—till next Saturday."

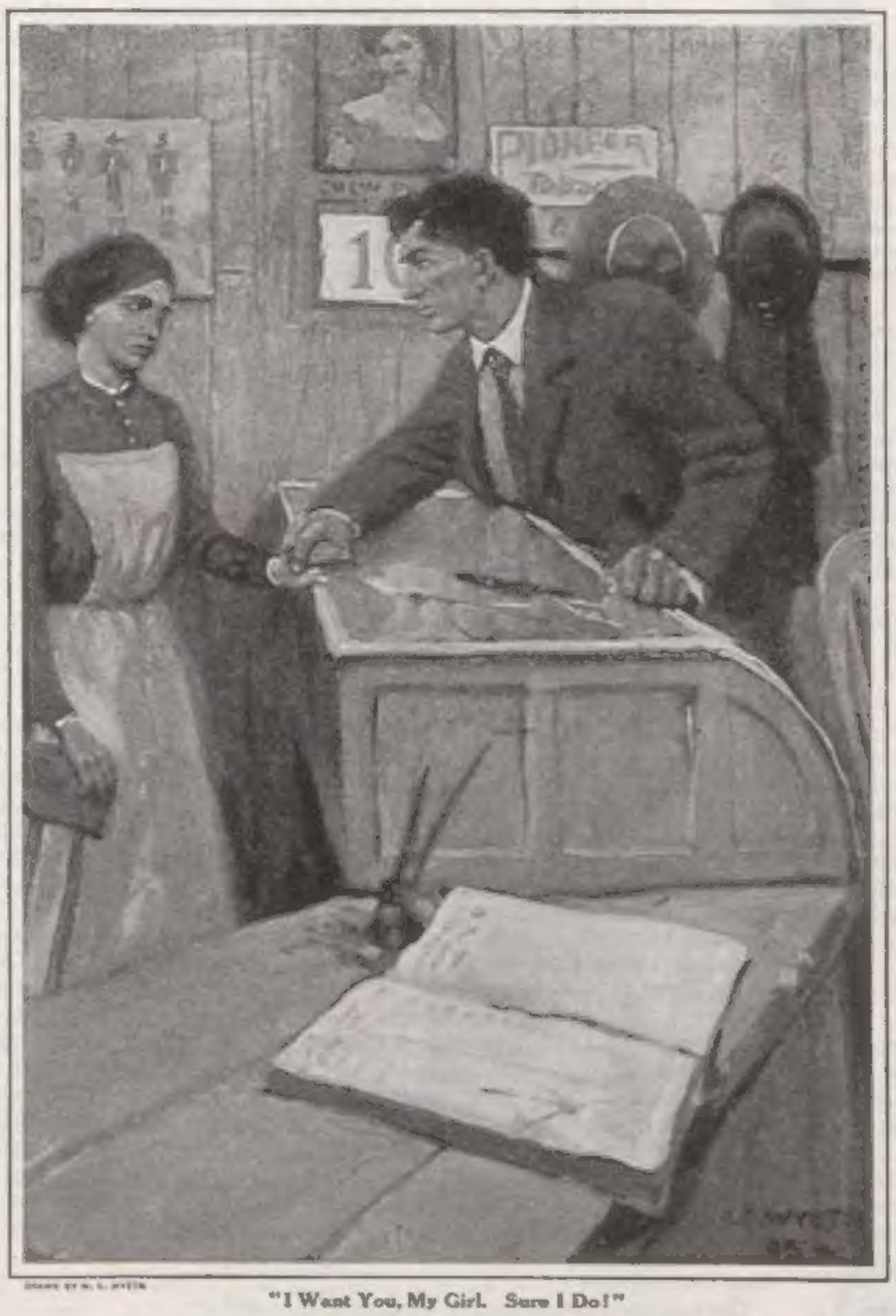
She put her small brown hand in his. He crushed it hard and his bold eyes softened. "I want you, my girl. Sure I do!" And with that he was gone.

CHAPTER III

IT WAS well for Bertha, and for Haney also, that she did not see him as he sat above his gambling boards, watchful, keen-eyed, grim of visage. "Haney's" was both saloon and gambling hall. In the front, on the right, ran the long bar with its shining brass and polished mahogany (he prided himself on having the best bar west of Denver), and in the rear, occupying both sides of the room, stood two long rows of faro and roulette and other outfits. Always of an evening the place was crowded with gamesters, miners and those who came as lookers-on.

On the right side on a raised seat, midway of the hall, sat the proprietor himself, a handsome figure, in broad white hat, immaculate linen and well-cut frock coat, his face as pale as that of a priest in the glare of the big electric light. On the other side, and directly opposite, Williams kept corresponding "lookout" over the games and the crowd. It would be a bold man who would attempt any "shinannigan" with Mart Haney, and his games were reported honest.

To think of a young and innocent girl married to this stern, remorseless gambler, scarred with the gun and the knife, was a profanation of maidenhood—and yet as he fell now and then into dream he took on a kind of savage beauty which might allure and destroy a maiden. Whatever else he was, he was neither commonplace nor mean. The visitors to whom he was pointed out as "a type of our modern Western gambler" invariably acknowledged that he looked the part. He had a smile of singular sweetness—all the more alluring because of its rarity, and it was this smile and the warm clasp of a big soft hand that made him sheriff for four terms in San Juan County, and which would send him to Congress if he set about the task of winning that distinction from the rough men of his district.



"I Want You, My Girl. Sure I Do!"

The sombre look in his face resembled that of a dreaming leopard and was due to the new and secret plans with which his mind was now engaged. "If she takes me—I quit this business," he had promised himself—and yet he loved it. "She despises me in it and so does the mother."

Then he thought of his own mother who had the same prejudice and who would not have taken a cent of his earnings, and who died in poverty, agonizing over her son's promise of purgatory. "I see no harm in the business," he often said. "Men will drink and they will gamble, and sure I might as well serve their wish as any other—better indeed, for no man can accuse me of dark ways, nor complain of the order of my house.

"I am a business man the same as him that runs a grocery store," he argued with his conscience—to no avail, for he knew that the little hazel-eyed girl considered it wrong.

"She's a clear-headed wan," he thought, with a glow of admiration for her. "She's the captain."

He no longer thought of her as his victim—as something to be ruthlessly enjoyed—he trembled before her, big and brave and relentless as he was in the world of men. "What has come over me?" he asked himself. "Sure, she has me repentant."

All through the week his agents were at work attempting to sell his saloons. "I'm ready to close out at a moment's notice," he declared.

At times, as he sat in his place, he lost consciousness of the crowding, rough-hatted, intent men and the monotonous calls of the dealers. The click of balls, the buzz of low-toned comment died out of his ears—he was back in Albany, looking for his brothers whom he had not seen or written to in twenty years. He saw himself with a dainty little woman on his arm, taking the boat to New York. "I will go to the best hotel in the city; the girl shall have——"

He roused himself to a touch on his elbow. One of his agents had a new offer for the two saloons. It was still less than he considered the business worth, but Haney, in this mood, said: "It goes!"

"Make out your papers," replied the other man with equal brevity.

During the rest of the evening Haney sat above his lay-out with mingled feelings of relief and regret. After all, he was a commander here. He knew this business. He loved the companionship and the admiration of the men who dropped round by his side to discuss the camp or the weather, or to invite him to join a hunting trip or some other form of outing. He was liked—there was no question in his mind of that. He felt himself to be one of the chief men of the town, and that he could at any time become their Representative if he chose. For some years (he couldn't have told why) he had taken on a thrift unknown to him before and had been attending strictly to business. He now saw that it must have been from a foreknowledge of Bertha. He had the superstitions of both miner and gambler. The cards had run against him for twenty years; now they were falling in his favor, and he must take advantage of them.

Slowly the crowd thinned out, and at one o'clock only a few inveterate poker-players and one or two young fellows who were still "bucking" the roulette wheel remained, and, calling one of his men to take charge, Haney nodded to Williams and they went out on the street.

As he reached the cold, crisp, deliciously rarified air outside he took off his hat and involuntarily looked up at the stars blazing thick in the deep blue midnight sky. With solemn voice he said to his partner: "Well, 'Spot,' that ends Mart Haney's saloon business. We're all in."

Williams felt that his partner was acting rashly. "O, I wouldn't say that! You may get into it again."

"No—the little girl and her mother won't stand for it, and besides, what's the use? I don't need to do it, and if I'm ever going to see the world now is my chance. I'm goin' back East and see how many brothers I have livin'. The old father is dodderin' round somewheres back there—I'll surprise him, too. Now, have these papers all made out ready to sign by eleven o'clock. I'm goin' down the valley on the noon train."

"All right, Mart, but you're makin' a mistake."

"Never you mind, me bucko. It's my game."

As the big man was walking away toward his hotel a woman met him: "Hello, Mart!"

"Hello, Mag; what's doing?"

She was humped and bedraggled, and her face looked white in the moonlight. "Nothing. Stake a fellow to a hot soup, won't you?"

"Sure thing, Mag." He handed her a five-dollar gold piece. "Is it as bad as that? What's t'old man doin' these days?"

"Servin' time," she answered bitterly.

"Oh, so he is!" replied Haney hastily. "I'd forgotten. Well, take care o' yourself," he added genially, walking on in instant forgetfulness of the woman's misery, for his mind was turned upon his younger brother who was "trooping it," as an Irish comedian, somewhere. "Handsome Larry" they called him on the bills, and personally he really was handsome, for Mart had met him in Denver and talked family matters with him.

It was not a cheerful conversation, for Larry profoundly and flippantly confessed that he didn't hold any family reunions and that all he knew of his brothers and sisters he gained by chance. "They're all great boozers," he said in summing them up. "Tim is a 'ward heeler' in Buffalo—came to see me at the stage-door loaded to the gunnels. Tom is a greasy, three-fingered brakeman on the Central.

(Continued on Page 25)

Private Fortune a Public Trust

By Senator Albert J. Beveridge

THE first thing you have got to do in this life is to support yourself. The second thing you have got to do in this life is to support a family. The third thing you have got to do in this life is to help other people. When you have done these things you have succeeded.

This division of life's activities is the natural, the ideal one. Everything a man does beyond the mere care of himself, wife and children should directly help other human beings outside of the clan of his own kin. He who has ability and energy more than enough to provide for his own owes that excess of energy and ability to the people. If he uses it for himself or his family he indulges in gross selfishness. He indulges in gross folly, too. But, then, is not selfishness always folly?

Behold the man who, having enough money for himself and all who depend upon him, still masses added millions to that sufficiency merely to satisfy his money-appetite, or to fill the golden reservoir from which his children may drink the pleasing but deadly waters of dissipation. That man does folly. Nature punishes him for it, too. This very excess of wealth destroys his offspring mentally, morally, physically. His children degenerate in ability and moral fibre in the poisoned atmosphere of "society" to which their wealth invites them.

These Immediate Ancestors of Our Inheritors of Vast Riches

The successful sons of our vastly rich, the happy daughters of our modern Midases, are so few in number that they are notable. Name me one vigorous, powerful, masterful heir of any American historic money-getter, and I will show you more magazine articles and newspaper sketches about him than you can read in a year. He or she is a curiosity, you see—something so extraordinary that the people are interested.

Ordinarily, the man who has amassed wealth with the unwisdom of selfishness bequeaths to his son, along with the money, a sneering cynicism for all the sound and noble uses to which that wealth can be put. And so these sons and daughters destroy themselves by a life of do-nothingness, an existence foul with the cancerous pleasures. Thus, at midlife his children have sucked, from the golden but fatal orange which their father gave them, an ennui that drives them to desperation.

I say this much at the beginning to burn in upon your very soul, young man, this profound truth: The making of money for the sake of money is folly, and the very basest and most vicious folly at that.

Your First Duty: Make Money

IT IS a commercial age, we are told, and so it is. And that is why you should see to it that the dollar never becomes your ideal. You should never think of money as the *real* reward for your life's work or any part of it. Money is not the reward for your work, young man. The work itself is your reward. The creation of a perfect piece of craftsmanship is your reward. If you are a painter, your picture is your reward. If you are a statesman, the wise law you drafted or the bad one you defeated is your reward.

The money that comes from this work is primarily a measure of that work's excellence, it is true, but really an opportunity for you to do more and better work. But no man will do anything of which he will be proud after a while who says of his task: "There is a noble work completed—*and so many thousands to my bank account.*"

Having hammered it in, then, that the money ideal is a wicked ideal, taking the soul out of your work and beclouding all the sunny happiness of your life, I will not be misunderstood when I say that the very first thing for a young man to understand is that his very first duty in life is to make money.

Self-support is the first duty of man. You are in no position to help the world until you have demonstrated your ability to help yourself.

In proportion as your powers of self-help grow, it is your duty to take on new responsibilities toward others. You see, there must be something upon which your increasing ability to make money can expend itself. Otherwise, it runs riot in destroying habits or in the base passion of the miser.

So, after you have made enough money to live on yourself and are producing a surplus ever so small, the whole of your energies should be devoted to caring for a wife and children and the building of a house. I say the moment you are making the smallest surplus above the amount necessary to support yourself, for I repeat that if you wait for a larger surplus this excess will begin to expend itself in luxuries which will disintegrate you, body and soul, or else will plant the seeds of greed which will strangle you.

There is only one way to keep you a warm-blooded, sane-minded, living, growing man, and that is to keep your responsibilities just a little bit ahead of your earnings. In that way, every dollar you make is absorbed usefully, helpfully, happily; and by one of the most beautiful laws of Nature your producing powers are at the same time increased beyond the demand upon them.

In all of us are powers lying latent, or dormant, if you like that word better. One by one they are called into being by the inspiration of our own activities, by the magic of our exercised usefulness to others and to the world. Does not each of us occasionally have flashes of insight into our own capabilities, which a moment before we would have denied and which, the moment after we have thus briefly seen them, appear too good and extraordinary to be real? There is positively no limit to the powers of the human mind. For example, we all look upon a given situation and say that a certain thing cannot be done, that it is humanly impossible; and yet, when we are put right up to that very situation we ourselves perform that impossible thing.

Thus the mind, the character and all the powers of them keep growing, expanding. Thus our manhood and our womanhood become larger, stronger, nobler, simpler; and we undertake things which to the flabby-muscled and timid-souled appear to be the very recklessness of daring, but which to the man or woman with developed powers are not even unusual, are merely natural and inevitable.

The Measure of Manhood

BUT, mark you, such development can never come from the money ideal. It can come only from the helpful ideal. And so it is that you must keep your responsibilities to others always just a little bit ahead of your income instead of keeping your income ahead of your responsibilities. This will appear questionable only because the old idea has been that of Iago: "Put money in thy purse, Roderigo"; and the old idea has been that the measure of merit is money.

But the measure of merit is not money; at least the measure of merit is no longer money. That is one of the crude things that we have outgrown. We are living in the Twentieth Century now, and not in the days of Shylock. The measure of merit to-day is achievement. The Twentieth Century measure of manhood is human helpfulness.

That is why it is that we no longer respect vast wealth in and for itself. It is not even distinguished to be a millionaire any more. A bright man in Washington coined the phrase "poor rich trash" for all the wealthy inhabitants of that town who have less than ten million dollars. It is not particularly notable, you know, to have less than ten millions. It is not even notable to have more than ten millions.

The millionaire is getting to be quite commonplace.

When a man or a family gets up to one hundred millions or more they then become a curiosity—a sort of monstrous by-product of our industrial civilization. The only way such a person can, in these days, win the favorable regard of his fellow human beings is by making his money do helpful things for the rest of humanity. His millions alone do not give him the entrée even to our respect, much less to our admiration.

The phrase "vulgar millions" has crept into our common speech, and it will disappear only when the new and modern conception of private wealth shall have worked its beneficent results and made all millionaires nothing more than the managers of trust funds for the betterment, not of themselves or their immediate families, but of the race.

A fifty-millionaire may build a palace on Fifth Avenue; but that does not make us even respect him. We get on top of a bus, or one of the "Seeing New York" motor-cars, and glance at these structures as we pass, usually with good, sound, hearty contempt in our American hearts, and say: "For Heaven's sake! What did he do that for?"

Or another of this crowd may go to England, buy his or her way into so-called aristocratic circles, entertain decadent dukes and frowzy duchesses, get his or her name in the columns of the newspapers (for we like to read about the antics of our irresponsible rich), and the common American is not impressed in the least bit.

Would it not be well for foreigners to know that we Americans do not consider the gilded cattle from this country, which the nobility of Europe pays so much attention to, as Americans at all? They are not in the least bit typical of this fine, free, vital, vigorous, honest American people. Perhaps their fathers were, or, at the furthest, their grandfathers. For these immediate ancestors of our inheritors of vast riches were mostly hard-working, God-fearing, simple folk, fresh from the soil, laying, with their vigorous intellect, fearless hearts and granite muscles, the foundation of the fortunes which their commonplace descendants are slathering around all over Europe.

No! The only way in which the master of millions can earn the respect and attention of the humblest American is by using his wealth to help his fellow-man; and the regard of the common men and women of our country is worth a good deal more to these very millionaires than anything else in the world. For none of us liveth to himself.

To Whom the Master Rogues Must Bow

DO WE not see this demonstrated in the growing fashion of practical and systematic philanthropy among our very rich men? One builds libraries which will endure for centuries; another endows universities, whose growth will make them in a few years respectable rivals of many foreign institutions of learning, and which in the distant future will reach far beyond the calculation of any mind in their permanently increasing usefulness to the race. Still another erects mighty cathedrals, such as Emerson describes in his inspired poem, The Problem—places of worship where for all time the humblest and the loftiest may find common manhood and kinship in their common worship of the common Father of us all; a fourth changes a wilderness into a material paradise, making gardens of its swamps and of its hills and dales a fairyland; a fifth pours out his wealth to turn the wheels of some great world-work.

Cynicism with its unwisdom has explained these generosities of the sordid, these benefactions of what the world has believed and Mr. David Graham Phillips so cuttingly called our "master rogues," as the contributions of the criminal to placate the Furies and stay the resistless and never-failing hand of Retribution. But this is not the explanation. It is the rich man's obedience to the growing modern ideal of money—it is his agreement with the increasing popular conviction that, though a man may not be criminal in the accumulation of his wealth, he becomes criminal when he does not use that wealth for the benefit of his race.

And this is a new ideal. Heretofore, the belief has been that wealth should be accumulated for the man's family and his children. The old notion was that a man might do what he would with his fortune. But that concept is passing away so rapidly that it has now almost disappeared.

Beyond a certain point, a man cannot use his wealth for his family or himself. That point passed, he must use his riches for his fellow-man. This is the Twentieth Century ideal of money. This is the belief which has already become a fixture in the minds and hearts of the American millions. And it is an unconscious obedience to that Higher Voice that secretly speaks to the soul of every man—that more and more is making our American millionaires practical and philanthropic distributers of their accumulations for aiding and uplifting Americans whom they never saw and future generations yet unborn and unthought of.

His Children Degenerate in Ability and Moral Fibre

Thus it is that *the day of the private fortune is past.* There are no private fortunes any more. There never can be private fortunes again as that term was understood one hundred years ago, fifty years ago, ten years ago. When a man makes money in excess of all possible honorable uses to which he and his family can put that

money, his fortune ceases to be a private fortune, just as the man himself ceases to be a private citizen.

He could not help this if he would. We could not help it if we would. All the newspapers in the country could not help this condition. If Congress and every State in the Union were to pass laws in addition to the ones already in existence on private property, the *private fortune as heretofore understood could never again be restored.* For the man who is rich to excess becomes by that very fact a public man.

The man in the street and in the furrow, the good women who make heavenly the common homes of the Republic, the street-car drivers, the merchants, the miners who dwell in darkness that we may have light, the sailors on the high sea, and every manner and condition of man and woman, want to know about this man. They want to know what he is doing with his wealth.

No matter whether they ought to want to know about this or not—it is the law of the human mind that they *do* want to know about it. And so the excessively rich man has focused upon him the attention of millions upon millions of his fellow human beings among whom he lives. This concentrated searchlight never leaves him. These eighty millions know about him, know what he is doing, believe what he ought to do.

All this creates a condition which is not alone psychological, although that would be powerful enough. This steady, unvarying intent and intense attention which eighty millions of people are giving to the excessively rich among them is a concrete, definite, practical thing which the Croesus must take into account whether he will or no.

The Only Spot on Earth Where Absolutely Unlimited Debate Is Still Possible

More and more he is taking it into account. More and more he is doing what the millions of his fellow-citizens think he ought to do, and what, in reality, he ought to do, with his wealth. More and more he is conforming to the modern and Christian ideal of wealth. And so every year and every day he is coming to be less and less the owner of a private fortune and more and more the trustee of a public fund.

I say that rich men are being forced to conform to this ideal by public opinion. Your wealthy man cannot get the world's approving recognition in any other way. And after all, the approbation of one's fellow human beings, either now or in the future, is the most powerful influence that moves the souls of men.

"When I am gone, I want my fellow-men to say that I did something with my wealth to make this old world better," said one of the world's richest men. Here was posthumous public opinion working on this thousand-handed money-gatherer.

Public opinion! There is no human force at all equal to it. When statesmen write a new law for a nation they create nothing—they merely make a note of crystallized public opinion. The mass of the statutes of all nations are practically identical. And what are they? The mere setting down in words of the permanent convictions at which the race has arrived.

The Senate of the United States is the most powerful, deliberate and independent body of law-makers the world has ever seen. The chamber in which this body sits is the only spot on earth where absolutely unlimited debate is still possible—the only unviolated sanctuary of free speech remaining among all mankind. There is no power that greatly influences the Senate as a whole—no power but one—public opinion. When the Senate becomes convinced that the Nation has *permanently* made up its mind to a given policy or a particular law, the Senate registers the Nation's mature and settled conviction with the unerringness of a scientific instrument.

Public opinion controls the making of war, directs the conduct of armies, determines the conclusion of peace. The most compelling factor with which the most autocratic ruler on earth must deal to-day is the slow and stubborn thinking of the humblest of his subjects. Sultan, Czar, Kaiser cannot proceed with any policy against the determined disbelief of the millions who surround their thrones; and the "*Drang nach Osten*" of the mighty William, or the search for the unfrozen sea by the Russian autocrat, is merely the obedience by these monarchs of the instinctive, unchangeable impulse of the Russian and the German people whom these crowned ones think they rule, but who, in reality, themselves rule their nominal rulers.

So all-pervading is this mysterious force, so irresistible its power, that there has developed within the last two decades a world-public opinion against which no Nation to-day, however great, can proceed even in its own internal domestic affairs; and in everything beyond a Nation's borders the views of all the rest of mankind must be ascertained before any Government dares take a single step—not only the views of other Governments, mind you (that is not so important), *but the views of other peoples.*

The public opinion of humanity—the result of the mind and conscience of the myriads of common people all around the earth—is to-day the ruling factor in the statesmanship of every Nation.

This public opinion which puts a million bayonets aplunge and hundreds of miles of guns aroar on mammoth battlefields; this public opinion which checks armies in their march and sounds the truce of God; this public opinion which rules the august Senate; this public opinion which, in the last analysis, makes monarchs merely puppets of their people's will—this public opinion is beginning to effect that much more difficult thing than all of these, the humbling of the man of wealth, and forcing him, even against his will, to make his hoarded gold work righteousness for his fellow-man.

More and more this will continue until, in the not distant future, the man of wealth who does not make the accumulated power which he has stored up in bank-vaults work for the world at large will be a moral, social and even a business outcast among his fellows. And no human being is willing to pay the price of a detested isolation in order to keep his dollars earning more dollars for himself or to save the whole mass of his money for the worse than useless purpose of bequeathing it to his children, whom, in nine cases out of ten, that wealth rots and kills.

Men in Process of Decay

IF YOU tell me that there are rich men who are indifferent to public opinion, I answer that such men are already degenerate, and the processes of Nature will soon destroy them and their names from the face of the earth, just as the same processes dissipate their fortunes. It is only men who are great enough and broad enough to understand the ideal this paper presents, and who are strong enough to feel the psychological force of the thought of their eighty millions of fellow-citizens, and who are wise enough to understand the concrete, tangible, business conditions which that thought of the millions creates, who will be able either to increase their wealth or hold on for any length of time to even a small portion of what they have.

You ask me to what end this mighty movement of the world's mind and conscience is tending. I answer that I am noting the movement, not predicting the end. I am stating an existing fact, not prophesying a future result. I have infinite faith that God has placed in human nature all the saving powers and graces, and that every human ill in the end will right itself by the natural operation of human thought and feeling. For human feeling, in the mass, is and always has been along right lines.

The one great lesson of history is that, through all the ages, mankind has steadily struggled upward toward the light, and that the mind and conscience of the myriads of millions of human beings on this earth have in themselves the curative properties for all our human wrongs. And so I think that every human evil will, of itself, right itself in the end. The very movement which this paper has been observing shows the growth of an ideal; shows how the over-lords of wealth are being forced, in spite of themselves, to conform to that ideal; and all without a single law upon the statute-books, all by force of that mysterious but irresistible power—humanity's common and concentrated thought.

No man can say that finally this Twentieth Century ideal of money will not be written into law. If the masters of wealth become the servants of that ideal it will not be written into law, because it will not need to be written into law. But if they resist the ideal, if they cling to the mediæval doctrine that what a man shall do with his wealth is nobody's business but his own, then this thought of the universal mind will some day crystallize into statutes; and we shall have either the accumulation of great fortunes prevented by law or their management so directed by law that they shall serve the country from which they were drawn and the people from whose necessities they were made.

So go right ahead and make money, young man—

> Not for to hide it in a hedge,
> Nor for a train attendant;
> But for the glorious privilege
> Of being independent.

Yes, go ahead and make money—that's your first duty; but understand that the modern ideal of money robs it of its old-time and sordid value—gives it a new and nobler value. Understand that, in this Twentieth Century, money lust will spell your ruin. Understand that the modern ideal demands the use of your excess abilities for your fellow-man.

The Whole of Your Energies Should be Devoted to Caring for a Wife and Children

When you get this thoroughly into your consciousness you will think every day, as you work at building up your business, that the building of it is not the erection of a mere money-machine, but the development of an industry where fellow human beings can work at their best; where the powers of your employees are being constantly developed and their lives daily sweetened; where the whole power of the enterprise over which you preside is for the uplifting of all who have anything to do with it.

And remember, finally, that the profits which come to you from your business—over and above what is necessary for yourself, your wife and your children, and what remains after reinvesting in your plant for its proper development—must be administered as a trust-fund for the Nation of which you are a part and under whose beneficent institutions your God-given abilities have had free play. For the man of large powers must remember that those powers are not his. Who deserves any credit for having a master mind? Not *you*, most certainly. God gave you your resourceful intellect, you who by virtue of it rule your fellows. God gave you that intrepid will, those magnificent lungs, that mighty heart. Your wealth of mental and physical power is not of your own making. They are the equipment with which the Almighty has endowed you.

Very well! do you imagine that He made you a king among men for your own sake? No! He gave you your gifts to use as a sacred trust for the benefit of our common humanity. And he who uses for his own selfish purposes the mind and will and character given him by the All-Father in trust for his fellow-man not only robs his brothers for whom he is trustee, but he cheats the great Ruler of the Universe Himself who bestowed upon this disloyal servant these talents.

I would have every young man, who is going out into life in this money-age, get these views firmly in his heart as a part of his living creed. Yes, and I would have every man, young and old, who is the possessor of excess wealth, ponder deeply this Twentieth Century ideal of money which has taken hold of the mind and conscience of the American people. For be sure, O Lords of Wealth, that, unless you do conform to the thought of these millions and use your great abilities to administer your vast accumulations for human helpfulness, the people will make you do, by written law, what they have failed to make you do by their unspoken thought.

The Big Trees

THOSE who have feared for the future of the famous Big Trees of California may be relieved in mind, for the Government has taken the matter in hand, and, while protecting the forest giants that now exist, will adopt prompt measures for the propagation of the species. Seedlings of the great Sequoia are to be set out by thousands in various national reservations.

The seeds of these huge trees are remarkably small—not so big, indeed, as a buckshot. Plenty of them are easily obtainable, however, and the plan contemplated is to plant them in garden-beds, grow the trees to an age of two or three years, when they are five or six inches high, and then transplant them to the parks. They are slow growers—a fact suggestive of the enormous age of the great Sequoias of California.

The seeds that fall from the Big Trees in their native wilds almost never have a chance to germinate, because the ground is covered with a layer of leaves and other débris some feet in thickness, barring access to the soil beneath. It has been found that, when the trash and brush are burned away, leaving the earth bare, little seedlings spring up in great numbers. Not long ago fourteen hundred seedlings were obtained in this way from under one Sequoia, and all of them were set out in the General Grant Park, in California.

The Only Way Such a Person Can Win the Favorable Regard of His Fellow-Beings is by Making His Money do Helpful Things

THE DOG IN THE WAY

Uncle Peter's Debentures and Eleanor's Heart

BY WILL PAYNE

The Engineer Must Have Hypnotized Him with Visions of an Endless Procession of Stately Ships

I

PETER PETERBAUGH finished reading the newspaper account of the Supreme Court decision against the Peninsular Navigation Company, then sighed deeply, folded his knobby hands over his ample paunch and meditated, with his leathery chin sunk in the ancient stock which he quaintly affected.

This Peninsular Navigation Company was the one blot on his scutcheon, the single aberration in a long and otherwise impeccable life. The engineer must have hypnotized him with visions of an endless procession of stately ships, each paying toll to the canal, and mighty factories to be operated by the water power. He had subscribed for $150,000 of the debentures—which, after this adverse decision, might be worth thirty-five or forty cents on the dollar. However, reason had promptly regained her sway, in part at least, over Mr. Peterbaugh's temporarily obscured intellect; and he had allotted $75,000 of the debentures to the estate of his beloved ward, Eleanor Marshall, the daughter of a deceased nephew. It had occurred to him that if the debentures turned out extraordinarily well he could take them back and give dear Eleanor four per cent. railroad bonds.

The room in which Mr. Peterbaugh sat was the one in which he attended to business and mostly lived. It contained the ingrain carpet, the horsehair sofa, the black walnut desk and chair, and the steel engraving of Washington crossing the Delaware with which it had originally been furnished some forty years before. The bay-window now gave a genre view of a dining-room in the Queen Esther apartments (four feet away), instead of the prairie that it had once looked upon. But Mr. Peterbaugh scarcely noticed the difference. A fat, time-stained ledger, with heavy welts across the back, lay on the desk, and as the master sadly reflected a large old dog, of the mastiff breed, walked before him, tentatively wagging its tail. Sometimes at this hour Mr. Peterbaugh took a constitutional. Now he resolved the dog's doubts by swinging his slippered foot with some vigor against its aged ribs. He then lifted his woebegone eyes to the eight-day clock (with a green tree and a blue robin of equal size on its door), and arose with the heaviness of age and misfortune.

The years had treated Mr. Peterbaugh's character very much like his teeth. There was little left except a large, tough, yellow fang. He was seventy-six; yet the idea of having $75,000 of depreciated debentures in his estate cut him to the heart. Everything else was so beautifully sound and clean. Those neat stacks of gilt-edge bonds and of stocks, every one of which was worth a round premium, might well bring tears of appreciation to a judicious eye. Sometimes the solemn music in church, whither he went twice each Sabbath day, brought thoughts of the future to his mind. Then he always imagined the executors checking over the list of his holdings in a hushed ecstasy of admiration. At such moments his soul was suffused with a sweet and pious triumph. But the rotten spot of the Peninsular debentures corrupted the whole.

Mr. Peterbaugh took his stout stick and rusty silk tile and went forth—a figure, as was often observed, picturesquely representative of the older, simpler, nobler days. The attendants at the safety-deposit vaults always treated him with a special deference. One of them ran to assist him in carrying the two strong-boxes to a stall. The larger box was his own. The smaller held the securities of his ward's estate. Mr. Peterbaugh carefully transferred the remaining $75,000 of Peninsular Navigation debentures from his box to Eleanor's, and tenderly laid Eleanor's good Gas Works bonds among his own treasures.

He really hated to do it; but he felt that he could not sleep with a bunch of depreciated debentures on his hands; and at his age sleep was very necessary to his health. He went home, erased an item in the ancient ledger, and rewrote it to suit the altered circumstances.

II

YOUNG Johnstone trudged gloomily down Wabash Avenue. He felt that kind of numb bewilderment which a signal defeat brings to the inexperienced. It was a fine evening. The boarding-house front steps were amply fulfilling their social function for youths of both sexes, freshly nourished by the canned salmon and prunes within. Johnstone glanced up at the chattering young men and young women with a pang of heart-sick envy.

Naturally, Mr. Peterbaugh was unmoved by the fact that his three-story, brownstone-front, bay-windowed

Altogether, the Old Gentleman, Both Terrified and Bold for the Sake of His Property, Made a Rather Uncanny Picture

neighbors had long since hopelessly degenerated from their original state of family dwellings. The ancient dog sat on his doorstep with a dim-eyed detachment from the festivities to right and left. He swayed his tail and lifted his muzzle in sedate welcome to Johnstone, and even this perfunctory friendliness moved the young man to pause and pat the old head.

"They've soaked me, Pete," he confided, under his breath. Pete wagged tamely over the information, and Johnstone rang.

The maid (with a little curly gray chin-whisker) opened the door and said the master was in his room. Johnstone went at the business at once.

"I suppose you've seen that the court went against us, Mr. Peterbaugh."

Mr. Peterbaugh had made his evening toilet by setting a frayed black silk cap, somewhat too small, upon the bald, bony, yellowish dome of his head, where it looked someway like the beginning of a funeral procession. He laid the tips of his fingers exactly together and regarded the young man absently through his gold-bowed glasses. "So I see," he replied.

"Do you think, Mr. Peterbaugh"—Johnstone stopped and swallowed—"Can we raise the money to stave off a receiver and take the case to Washington?"

"I doubt if it would be worth while." Mr. Peterbaugh's voice was as aged as the bark of his old dog, and he spoke with a kind of puttering deliberateness, as though nothing could interest him very much any more. "You might see if Fenton will advance the money," he added calmly—which meant that he wouldn't.

Johnstone understood that, and drew his hand nervously along his cheek. "Of course—it was a great disappointment to me——"

Mr. Peterbaugh looked over at him with a certain vague interest as though it were a picture that caught his dull attention for a moment—the well-set-up figure, bending forward in his chair; the smooth-shaven, youthful, eager face with a world of trouble in the young gray eyes. The aged man even paused a moment to notice the fine, limp white shirt and the thing that looked like a towel which the youngster wore around his neck—college fopperies, he supposed.

Johnstone straightened out a presentable leg, enveloped in a wide flannel garment, and turned restlessly in his chair. "I don't care for myself," he explained. "The street-railroad people offered me a very good job some time ago." He plucked at the brim of his flat, round, felt hat, looking at it steadily. "But I hoped to see those debentures come out—so nobody would lose anything on father's account."

Mr. Peterbaugh's narrow but capable mind was operating with a celerity which his heavy, sallow, deeply-wrinkled face and lightless eyes gave no hint of. "It is certainly regrettable," he said in his mellow, puttering manner, as he softly tapped the ends of his fingers together. "I am exceedingly sorry now that I invested Eleanor's fortune in those debentures."

"You invested—Eleanor's——" Johnstone was unable to proceed. He seemed unable to get his mouth shut.

Blankly regarding the young man, and quite as though he were drooling about the weather, Mr. Peterbaugh continued: "Your father was very enthusiastic about his company; very sanguine, indeed. I had great confidence in him. He assured me it could not fail. In short, I thought it would make a fine investment for Eleanor. I took a hundred and fifty thousand dollars of the debentures for her—on your father's representation."

"Dad believed in it, Mr. Peterbaugh! He believed in it—like the sun coming up!" Young Johnstone choked up and waited a moment. "You know he put in every cent he had and killed himself working at it."

Mr. Peterbaugh did not see that this called for any remarks from him, so he gently tapped his fingers together in silence.

"He believed in it," Johnstone repeated. The line deepened in his forehead and his troubled eyes searched the aged one's face. "But Eleanor—I didn't suppose—I didn't know her money was in the company."

"She has some seventeen thousand dollars besides," Mr. Peterbaugh replied calmly.

"But how—when—how could her money be in it?" the youngster demanded.

"The investment of the funds, you know, and all matters pertaining thereto, were left entirely to my discretion by the will. Entirely to my discretion." Mr. Peterbaugh gently nodded twice as though beating time to it.

Johnstone's nervous eyes began to shine, the muscles of his jaw to stiffen, and the color deepened in his tanned face.

"You ought to take the debentures yourself, then, Mr. Peterbaugh, and give her something else. You've got more money than you know what to do with." He threw out the words with a certain challenging heat.

To Mr. Peterbaugh this was as though he had alleged that his name was Norval or declared an unquenchable resolution to have liberty or death. "Entirely within my discretion," he repeated in his mellow, puttering tones.

Johnstone gnawed his lip and looked around the room—especially at the fat, ancient ledger on the desk which he knew contained the record of Mr. Peterbaugh's investments. He could easily have sprung up and seized the book; but he knew himself to be the possessor of a hasty temper, and he struggled to control it.

He was in the midst of the struggle when the door opened and a young woman appeared. Without crossing the threshold she said, "Let me see you before you go," and shut the door.

It was merely a glimpse. Johnstone arose unceremoniously and pursued it to the sitting-room across the hall.

"You here, Nell?" he gasped. "How came you to come?"

"How come I to came? On a railroad-train, Nebuchadnezzar, with a commutation ticket and a greasy cab at the end."

"But why?" he persisted stupidly; and before she could answer he reached for her impulsively with both hands.

"That will be a plenty, Edward," she observed, with an unmistakable edge on the tone, speaking across the stuffed armchair behind which she had dodged and rearranging her side locks. "Sit down and I will talk to you."

"Well—I will," he replied with some reluctance. "But you sit beside me."

She stooped toward him, a dimple showing in each smooth cheek. "Would it like a rattle, too?" She took up a sofa pillow, dropped it next him, sat demurely at the other end of the sofa—a mate to the one in Mr. Peterbaugh's room—and folded her hands. This teasing had to be taken with her, and he resigned himself to it. Indeed, he gave a sigh of satisfaction.

"It's awfully good to see you," he said hungrily. "You needn't wonder I went dotty. The Supreme Court has decided against us."

"I read it in the paper," she replied.

He looked at her with an eager, yet dubious questioning. If she would only say that that was why she came to town—to brace him up a bit! But, of course, she wouldn't. He dropped it, and wrinkled his brow.

"It would be mighty disappointing—to dad," he said low.

She reached out as far as the sofa pillow and twisted the tassel. "No one can help that now, Ned," she replied, as low as himself.

"No." He drew a long breath. The soft tone eased the constriction in his heart. "The worst of it all is that your money is in it," he added abruptly. "I've just been talking with Uncle Peter. He says he invested about all your money in the debentures." He lowered his voice further. "That's pretty rotten, girl."

"What's rotten about that?" she demanded promptly.

"Why, my father's concern—and your money being lost in it—when he was so fond of you."

"That isn't rotten at all, Ned!" In her earnestness she moved closer. "Not at all. He believed in it. I was fond of him, too. Better be my money than a stranger's—somebody that didn't love him." It occurred to him that she looked very fair in this moment of potentially throwing away a fortune. It certainly cheapened the fortune.

"I know that part," he said. "But that doesn't alter it—his venture losing your money. You know how he would have felt over that."

She regarded him a moment, her eyes grave and sympathizing, and reached her hand across the pillow. "Don't you think, dear, that you give too much weight—too much thought to just that—to what he would feel? No one can change that now."

"Maybe I do," he replied humbly. "You see, I was with him all along at the last, and I saw how he hated it—having to leave, I mean, with everything at sixes and sevens and the company under fire. He'd worked at it a long time. All that made a big impression on me. He was always mighty good to me, girl. It seemed to me if I could manage to pull it around straight I'd feel a lot better—for his sake. Then there was the criticism and all that after he died. I suppose I'll have to chuck it now and go with the street-railroad people," he concluded.

She watched him a moment understandingly—this youngster who had made the bitter fight for his father's

"Nell! Call Uncle Peter! Get Pete Back!"

Emlen McConnell

sake at the very beginning of his career—and she hesitated a moment. "Your father, old man——" Her lax fingers tightened a little over his. "Your father, you know, was what they'd call a passionate, all-afire kind of man, who would let himself be carried away. Perhaps he made mistakes. Anyway, he worked himself to pieces. That's why you are going to take it slow and get fat-headed and frivolous like me." She reached over swiftly and pinched his cheek. "That's why I came to town."

"Oh, well!" he laughed. "There isn't anything reckless I could do if I chose. I suppose you're right enough, though," he confessed with meekness. "My bearings do get heated up some. Now, for example——" He hung on the word a moment, then threw it plumply at her, frowning. "Your investment in these debentures—I don't believe it's on the square for a minute. If you'd get hold of Uncle Peter's book in there you'd find that you bought the bonds to-day—after this decision came out. It was on the end of my tongue to tell him so."

She withdrew her hand to touch up her hair again. "Uncle Peter," she said, "is a man of the highest probity. Or, what's the same thing, you couldn't catch him in a thousand years. Forget that part."

Eleanor counseled against wrath and hasty actions. Nevertheless, when she was left alone she was conscious of that sensation which Johnstone had described as a heating of his bearings. She wrote this note:

Dear Uncle Peter: I hear I am invested in Canal bonds, worth 40 cents on the dollar. I really expected 50 cents. Can't you swop Canals for something one size better?

This she inclosed to slip under Mr. Peterbaugh's door. She was rather intimately acquainted with her Uncle Peter. She knew the note would not be answered, and that little jabs of this kind produced no more effect than tickling old Pete with one's toe. The aged dog simply moved along a little and serenely dozed again. Still, it eased her mind.

III

JOHNSTONE saw the street-railroad people, but put off definitely accepting the job they offered. His brain had a thoroughbred bulldog strain. Letting go was exceedingly difficult and painful. He hated to be beaten when he was right. Above all, he hated the idea of Uncle Peter unloading those debentures on Eleanor. As often as he pictured that good old man in the act—which was many times daily—his cheeks flushed and his teeth clinked together.

He felt in his bones that the well-worn fat ledger on Uncle Peter's ancient desk, if one could lay hands on it, would show that he had transferred the debentures to his ward only after the court decision. It wasn't the money at all, but the thought of being rolled in the mud and walked over in that calm manner by the pious-looking, puttering old gentleman, that spoiled his temper. It got to be a recurring habit with him to plunge his hands deep in his trousers' pockets, set his jaw and observe to the windowpane: "If I could just bring the merry old devil up standing—for once in his life!"

He made several occasions for conversing with Uncle Peter, and his eye shifted, with an itching speculation, to the fat ledger on the desk. It looked so killingly easy to swipe it! He was aware that Mr. Peterbaugh always locked the study door and put the large, old-fashioned brass key in his coat-tail pocket when he went forth; also that he locked it at night, and slept in an alcove off the study, with Pete—successor of a long line of watchdogs—on the floor beside him. When Mr. Peterbaugh was within, the brass key hung on a nail in the door-jamb. Johnstone invented—or, rather, a restless imagination that had someway got loose inside his head, invented for him—a cock-and-bull story about a lumber-room with the key inside. He told this story to a credulous locksmith, who sold him a peculiar pair of forceps and explained the manner of using them.

Meanwhile, Eleanor telephoned her friends at Lake Geneva that she would have to stay in town for some time. Uncle Peter was not robust and needed her, she said, thereby doing that innocent person a grave injustice. She was as gay as ever; and while she laughed she watched the young man's mood under the silken fringe of her lowered eyelashes.

Then, suddenly, through an eleventh-hour effort, the sky cleared. Johnstone one evening sprang up Mr. Peterbaugh's front steps, ignored the dog, brushed by the maid with the budding yet frosted beard, and burst in upon Eleanor. His victorious arms crushed down her slender defenses, and, indeed, as she looked up into his glowing face, she ceased to struggle and stood expectant, breathless, docile within his embrace.

"What do you think, girl?" he cried. "It's all come right—everything! They've dug up that missing evidence. The Supreme Court has granted a rehearing. We're sure to get all that land. Your debentures are worth a big premium right now!" He stopped, released her and laughed with a kind of triumphant helplessness.

She regarded him with something like a touch of awe, her lips parted, and a strange expression stole over her face.

"Why—that's fine, Ned!" She was aware that it sounded somewhat forced, and at once caught his hand. "Come, sit down now and tell me all about it!"

(Continued on Page 58)

SENSE & NONSENSE

Plenty of Room

A VISITING Bishop, in Washington, was arguing with a Senator on the desirability of attending church. At last he put the question squarely: "What is your personal reason for not attending?"

The Senator smiled in a no-offense-intended way, as he replied: "The fact is, one finds so many hypocrites there."

Returning the smile, the Bishop said:

"Don't let that keep you away, Senator. There's always room for one more."

Some One had Foozled

AUGUSTUS THOMAS, the playwright, invented a fine plan whereby he keeps his six-year-old son from shocking his mamma by repeating swear-words. For every new word that the little chap whispers to him privately Mr. Thomas gives him a quarter, on condition that he shall never repeat it again. He had great faith in the prophylactic power of the system until one day last week, when he was chatting with a dozen guests before dinner.

Little Gus, who had been out walking near the golf-links with his nurse, burst into the drawing-room, his blue eyes dancing with enthusiasm, his fair curls flying, his pink cheeks extended in a triumphant smile.

"Oh, papa, papa!" he cried; "I've just heard a new one that's worth a dollar!"

T. Roosevelt, Employer

A CHARACTERISTIC story of President Roosevelt was thus told not long ago by an old ranchman, who was with him in Wyoming:

"He was Teddy to us all, and he carried water and helped around generally, though he was boss of the ranch. One day the foreman came in and said:

"'I'm going out on the range, Teddy, and will divide all the mavericks I find. I'll brand half for you, half for me.'

"'No, you won't,' said Roosevelt, 'and you'll take your discharge at the end of the week. A man that would steal *for* me would steal *from* me.'"

Mortality and Dressed Turkeys

THERE is a poultryman in Rhode Island who once sent a consignment of dressed turkeys to a merchant in Pennsylvania having the reputation of being a very "close buyer." It had been the custom of this dealer always to claim an allowance for something or other alleged to have been spoiled during the shipment of the consignment. Before the sending of the turkeys above referred to the Pennsylvania man had dealt exclusively in live fowls. Whether or not the correspondence clerk of the Rhode Islander mixed things does not appear; but, at any rate, the shipper was surprised to receive a complaint from Pennsylvania to the effect that four of the turkeys were dead when they reached their destination. A paragraph was added, asking for a deduction from the bill on that account. Whereupon the poultryman evolved the following reply:

"It is with regret that I have to advise you I cannot make the concession requested. It is the custom of my firm to require all patrons desiring live dressed turkeys to notify us in advance, so that we may forward them in heated cars. Turkeys without feathers and insides are liable to take cold if shipped in the ordinary manner. The mortality among dressed turkeys was very large this year."

A Houyhnhnm Critic

SIR HENRY IRVING needed a horse to ride in the production of King Henry V, and at the last moment learned with dismay that the regular Lyceum Theatre horse was off his feed and couldn't act a little bit. The distinguished manager-tragedian was pacing his office in profound agitation when the assistant property-man appeared, leading a bent-legged person whom he presented as "Mister 'Erring, a most reliable job-master"—English for livery-stable keeper.

"I've 'eard of your bit o' trouble, Sir 'Ennery," said Mr. Herring sympathetically, "and I'm 'appy to say I 'ave the very 'orse you need, sir. 'E's 'ad a lot o' styge experience, along of actin' under Mr. Beerbohm Tree ——"

At the mention of his deadly rival's name the Irving eyebrows leaped upward two inches.

"And 'e's a noble beast, too," the job-master continued, unconscious of the silent sneer at Mr. Tree. "But 'e 'as one fault, sir, and I won't keep it from you: ev'ry time Mr. Tree mounts 'im on the styge 'e groans a long groan, most dismal-like, an' ——"

"Hah!" Sir Henry interrupted with a snort. "Hah! Something of a critic, I perceive!"

The Language of Flowers

By Carolyn Wells

ASTERS—I am very wealthy.
STOCK—I have been successful in Wall Street.
PHLOX—I shear lambs.
RUBBER PLANT—I love to look at you.
DAISY—You're it.
BURR—I'm stuck on you.
OYSTER PLANT—Will you dine with me?
MINT—Do you live in Philadelphia?
ANISE—Cordially yours.
COSMOS—You're all the world to me.
MARIGOLD—I mean business.
POPPY—May I speak to your father?
ORCHIDS—I am extravagant.
PALM—Will you accept my hand?
TUBEROSES—May you die soon.
BLUEBELL—I will telephone you.
MOCK ORANGE BLOSSOMS—I am only flirting with you.
MOON FLOWERS—I'm just crazy about you.
BOX—Will you go to the opera with me?

A Thanksgiving Pointer

By Nixon Waterman

A turkey's age can be told, they say,
By the teeth—now don't pooh-pooh it—
For it's not by the turkey's teeth—nay, nay!—
But the teeth that try, Thanksgiving Day,
When the bird is cooked, to chew it.

The Feast Day

By Nixon Waterman

Again draws glad Thanksgiving near,
The richest feas T of all the year.

Now get your tUrkey, young and fat,
And stuff it fUll of this and that.

Of fruits and beRries, sauces make,
To match your woRld of pies and cake.

Ask kith and KIn from everywhere
To come, your KIngly feast to share.

Lay by your carEs, and for a day
Let thankful friEndliness hold sway,

While old and YOung His love recall,
Whose tender bountY keeps us all.

On Halleluiah Hill

By Frank L. Stanton

I

W'en I secs de storm a-comin', den you hears me singin' still—
Not 'way down in de low grounds, but on Halleluiah Hill!
An' I *rides* de Storm, I tell you!—makes de halleluiah trip,
Wid de rainbow fer a bridle, an' de lightnin' fer a whip!

II

From de Hill er Halleluiah ter de livin' light I go!
De Wind blow danger signals, an' de Thunder holler, "Whoa!"
But I never stop ter lissen, though de rains er trouble fall,
'Twel de bright light say "Good-mawnin'!—How's yo' family, an' *all?*"

No Choice of Weapons

SHORTLY after the Civil War, Senator Vance was lecturing in Boston. "Fellow-citizens," he began: "you *are* my fellow-citizens. We all belong to this great country. We of the South wanted to leave you, but you would not let us go, and now we are with you to stay. I belong to you. You belong to me."

A voice in the rear of the hall called:

"Aren't you the man who said one Southerner could whip ten Yankees with a cornstalk?"

Instantly Vance replied: "Yes, my friend. I am the man. I said that one Southerner could whip ten Yankees with a cornstalk. I believed it then and I believe it now. The trouble was that the Yankees didn't want to be whipped that way."

Practical Civil Servants

THERE are those who consider Civil Service examinations a farce. Here are two instances which contain, nevertheless, a strong argument to the contrary, if looked at in the right light:

A man who applied to run an elevator in the Washington post-office found a question concerning the force of the position of the moon in the solar system. Every other applicant answered the question in some way—all wrong. This man wrote: "There is nothing in the position and force of the moon in the solar system that will affect my properly performing the duties of the office for which I have applied." He received the job.

At a mentality examination in the Army, for promotion, the officers were asked: "Given a stretch of marshy land, how would you bridge it?" One, a practical civil engineer of no mean ability, gave elaborate diagrams and rules for all possible bridges over swamps. He received .65. Another, who knew absolutely nothing about engineering, wrote: "With the cheapest material easily at hand that would serve the purpose." He received one hundred.

Joseph's Postscript

THERE lives near Richmond, Virginia, a family of some social distinction, who have in their employ a small negro boy. Much to the annoyance of the ladies of the household, this piccaninny for a long time would persist in neglecting his nominal duties and would idle about the grounds of the place. Finally, one day the mistress of the establishment, adopting a strategic course, handed the boy pencil and paper, saying:

"Here, Joe! Write me a letter."

With a grin the lad obeyed. In a short time there came from him a shrill call:

"Missus Blank, I've got it wrote! It says: 'Dear Missus—Kin I go down to the croquet court and see 'em play croquet? Respectfully yours, Joe Jones.'"

Mrs. Blank, not yet ready to allow him that recreation, said:

"Very well. Now, write me a postscript."

Then she forgot all about Joe. Some hours afterward she chanced to observe a note stuck in a door-jamb. Opening it, she read the message first written by Joe, and underneath it this postscript: "I have went."

It Worked Both Ways

SOME years ago there came to Washington a Representative in Congress from Iowa who was an ardent champion of the cause of prohibition.

One day a friend from home dropped in to see the Congressman. During the course of his stay he had occasion to use his pocket-knife, which the Representative much admired. This knife had in it a hook, "designed," so the friend said, "to remove stones that might become fastened in a horse's hoof on a rocky road." Finally, seeing the intense admiration of the Congressman for the knife, the friend gave it to him. When the statesman had reached home and had shown the gift to his wife, she laughed.

"John," said she, "any man who has served three terms in the State Senate, been Lieutenant-Governor and had two terms in Congress, must be a pretty good man if he doesn't know a champagne-opener from a hoof-cleaner."

Somehow the story got out and was copied by nearly every newspaper in Iowa. One day the Congressman met the newspaper-man whom he understood to be the author of the first squib in the matter.

"You did me a great service," smilingly said the Representative to the correspondent. "All the Prohibitionists are taking my wife's views of my ignorance, and all the 'anti's' are insisting that I'm a devil of a good fellow for imposing so successfully on my wife. It works in my behalf whichever way you take it."

FLAHERTY PURSUED

Two Widdas, a Maid an' Patrick Sarsfield

By MAUDE L. RADFORD

OSBORNE entered Flaherty's restaurant late in the evening looking for a warm welcome after his two weeks' absence.

"Well, Robert Immit, the sight uv ye's good fur sore eyes!" cried Flaherty, leaving his till, and patting Osborne affectionately on the back. "'Tis lonely I'd have been wid Kathleen gone fur her vacation, too—did I tell you I give her six weeks to visit her brother in Milwaukee? if it hadn't been for Pathrick and the childer and some good neighbors."

"Don't add too many," said Osborne. "Come and have dinner with me. How's business?"

"Fine," said Flaherty, seating himself opposite Osborne "'Tis not that it have grown so much more, but, Robert Immit, me neighbors have come to appreciate how good me place is. Belike I've no more and no less vanity than most, but I am proud to have the people in me own warrud drop in like."

"I thought plenty of your boys did," remarked Osborne, considering the familiar menu

"Yes, but not the women so much. Troth, 'tis thim always thinks no wan kin cook like the likes uv thim. But there's t'ree that does be dhroppin' in on me uv late: Mrs Callahan—her that lost her husband lasht spring whin the glucose facthory burned, poor sowl; and Mrs. Cahill, the widda woman that does janitor worruk over to the Dante school; and Miss O'Bryan, her that's housemaid over to the sittlemint."

Osborne gave his order.

"Make it two," said Flaherty to the waitress. "Well," he went on, "Mrs. Callahan, she thinks the tay here's grand, an' Mrs. Cahill fair begged fur our rayceipt fur kitchup—Kathleen puts it up herself, d'ye see? while Miss O'Bryan, her that's housemaid to the sittlemint, says me cook bates theirs all holla. Well! if here isn't Mrs. Callahan comin' in!"

He rose to welcome a small sidling woman with fine languishing eyes and untidy pretty brown hair, who edged herself through the doorway, her head on one side.

"Sure, Misther Flaherty, I'm late wid some shoppin'," she said softly; "and I t'ought I'd jist come in and have a cup uv yer foine tay."

"Sit ye down," said Flaherty "This is me frind, Misther Osborne. Sure, 'tis me luck, Mrs. Callahan, that ye shud have been caught twict late wid yer shoppin' this wake."

Mrs. Callahan smiled gently at Osborne, and took a seat beside Flaherty.

"Sure, don't pull yer chair away, Mr. Flaherty," she said. "I've plinty uv room. I'm not the big uv a bee's knee at the bist, and all alone in the worruld, too."

"Ah, poor crathur," said Flaherty sympathetically. "I was jist sayin' to Misther Osborne—why, here's Pathrick Sarsfield and Mrs. Cahill!"

A gaunt woman with piercing gray eyes and a set smile on her thin lips entered, holding young Patrick Sarsfield firmly by the wrist. Patrick's face was red and indignant, and his small body showed revolt in every angle.

"Ah, good avenin', Misther Flaherty—and Mrs. Callahan! This is a pleasure," said Mrs. Cahill, darting a sour glance at Mrs. Callahan. "Well, Misther Flaherty, as I come home from me late shoppin', who do I see but dear little Pathrick sellin' his last paper! And the t'ought jist struck me uv a suddint that I'd go wid the dear child and have some uv yer foine tay."

"Sure," said Flaherty hospitably. "Pathrick Sarsfield, where are yer manners?" he added, as the boy finally wrenched himself away with an angry glare.

"Ah, the dear childer is always ristless at his age," said Mrs. Cahill, dropping her eyelids to conceal a murderous glint of the eyes at Patrick. "Yes, sure; the dear child does remoind me uv me own Terence. Much alike they are."

"I ain't," said Patrick sullenly, as he took a seat by Osborne. "Terence is two years oldher and red-headed besides, and I kin lick him."

"I'd have t'ought Terence was siveral years oldher nor Pathrick," said Mrs. Callahan, intercepting the reproof Flaherty was about to give.

"Well, he ain't," snapped Mrs. Cahill "I marrid young," she explained sweetly to Flaherty, "and Terence was me furrust and only wan."

"Well, sit down, Mrs. Cahill," said Flaherty. "The tay'll be along. This is me frind, Misther Osborne."

Mrs. Cahill bowed, took a seat on the other side of Flaherty, and smiled thinly at Patrick.

"Ah, childer is the great comfort," she said. "I'm sorry fur you, Mrs. Callahan, wid yer t'ree husbands and all, gettin' none. Ah, I can't tell ye the comfort me Terence is to me." She raised her eyes to the restaurant roof "Niver impident or bould; niver breakin' furniture and sich; niver gittin' round ye wid sly ways; not yit so young that he's fair undher yer fate all the toime."

"That's me, and Hugh O'Neill and Sheelah and the twins," muttered Patrick in Osborne's ear. "She's diggin' at the hull uv us. I'll smash the face uv Terence for this to-morra."

"Eat yer supper, sir!" said Flaherty. "Don't ye know 'tis bad forrum to be whisperin'?" Then, as Patrick reddened, he added: "Take what ye like for supper, alannah. Maybe ye kin have two paces uv pie."

Patrick Sarsfield's face cleared and he gave the waitress an ample order. The others had just begun their meal when the door opened, and a tall, broad, smiling woman entered. She was about the age of the other women, nearing forty, but there was a briskness and a breeziness about her which showed that life had dealt kindly with her vital forces. Her plain, pleasant face lost a little of its agreeable expression as she saw the two widows.

"Good avenin' all," she said abruptly.

"Well, this is an honor," said Flaherty sincerely, shaking her hand. "And were ye doin' some late shoppin', too, Miss O'Bryan?"

Miss O'Bryan had quick wits.

"Shoppin' at eight o'clock, is ut?" she laughed; "and the stores shuttin' at six? Sure, no; I was goin' to the thayter wid a Sout' Side lady, and whin we got to the dure we found our tickets was fur the wrong night."

"Well, 'tis our luck," said Flaherty, as he introduced Osborne and seated Miss O'Bryan at the end of the table. "Sure, I wish young Terence was here, Mrs. Cahill; he'd be the foine company fur Pathrick."

Patrick Sarsfield snorted

"Ah, the dear boy—I wish he was," said Mrs. Cahill. "The pride and joy uv me life!"

She enlarged on his virtues until Miss O'Bryan, slipping into a convenient gap in her talk, remarked:

"That must be why ye've niver marrid agin, Mrs. Cahill It wud niver do to give a foine bye like that a stipfather."

Mrs. Cahill shot a steely glance at her.

"If the right man come along," she said softly. "Sure, Miss O'Bryan, thim that's niver had a chanct to marry at all can't tell what a pore widda'll do whin she is timpted."

"'Tis manny the heart that Miss O'Bryan's broke, I know," said Flaherty gallantly, while Osborne restrained a smile.

The supper wore on, enlivened for Osborne with the innuendoes of the three women. He was interested to see that whenever it was possible the widows combined against Miss O'Bryan. Flaherty was the only innocent one of the party. He talked to each impartially, pressing his food upon them. When the meal was ended he said:

"Well, I guess now I kin lock up and we'll all go home together"

"Sure, Misther Robert does be wanting to shake private wid ye here," said Patrick, with a violent kick at Osborne.

"Yes," said Osborne; "but the ladies ——"

"Oh, they'll git along," said Patrick anxiously; "or I'd be plazed ——"

"Well, ye'll be pleasant company fur aich other, anny-how," said Flaherty genially. "If Misther Osborne nades me, uv coorse I'll have to stay."

The women got themselves out, after a silent contest to see who would shake hands last with Flaherty. When they had gone, Flaherty turned expectantly to Osborne.

"And now, what is ut, Robert Immit? Anny throuble I kin help you out uv?"

"This is Sarsfield's game," said Osborne "I have nothing to say."

Flaherty gazed sternly down on Patrick Sarsfield.

"What do ye mane, ye young sphalpane?"

"Well," said Patrick sullenly; "I want Misther Robert to tell you thim women is afther you."

"Afther me!" cried Flaherty. "Ye've an onhealthy imagination, Pathrick Sarsfield. Think shame to yoursilf!" He turned to Osborne. "What d'ye t'ink uv a bye'll be talkin' disagreeable like that uv t'ree dacint women?"

"I'm afraid, Flaherty," said Osborne laughing "I'm afraid he's right."

"Don't ye see?" cried young Patrick Sarsfield, with a kind of triumphant despair. "They t'ink the five uv us childer nade a mudder, and they're all thryin' to be ut."

Flaherty's face was crimson.

"Tell that to the marines," he said helplessly.

"Well, I know," said Patrick. "Don't I know how me faather was run afther whin me mudder died? The neighbors that wasn't marrid chased him up like thim t'ree is chasin' you up—they did, Uncle Dan. Sure, they was praisin' his strenth and his singin', and all"

"Just as they praise your tea," suggested Osborne.

"Oh, I hate to belave it!" groaned Flaherty.

"I bet if Kathleen was home she'd had thim out," said Patrick. "She'd uv told ye. Whin Mrs. Cahill grabbed holt uv me to-night ut all come over me like a flash."

"Well, they won't git me," said Flaherty with an emphatic slap on the table.

"That's what me faather said whin 'twas p'inted out to him," said Patrick pessimistically; "but nawthin' saved him but dyin'"

Flaherty sighed.

"Well, maybe Mrs. Callahan may have had some sich notion; she's so used to marryin'," he said. "Oh, tare and ages, Robert Immit, I bet she meant me whin she said ut!"

"Said what?" asked Osborne, lighting a cigar.

"Why," said Flaherty slowly; "she was talkin' uv the loneliness uv bein' alone—begob! they've all talked uv that ——"

"So did thim women afther faather; I heard 'em," interpolated Patrick.

"Well," continued Flaherty, "and I was falein' sorry fur her; and says I: 'Ah, Mrs. Callahan, the Lord has dealt harrud on you, takin' yer husbands this way.' Robert Immut she looked at me with what, as I t'ink back on ut, seems a haythenish leer, and says she: 'Still all, He ain't so fur out wid me, fur, whin He takes wan, I take another.'"

Osborne shouted with laughter.

"And maybe," went on Flaherty hopelessly—"maybe Mrs. Cahill may have some sich notion. Sure, I'm sorry fur her: a lone widda wid a bye to bring up She was askin' me advice, sayin' how well I was bringin' up Sarsfield and the rist ——"

"She was jist worrukin' ye," said Sarsfield grimly. "Yer dead easy, Uncle Dan."

Flaherty looked at him angrily.

"Well, ye'll not be sayin' Miss O'Bryan has anny t'oughts—a woman like that wid no expayrience in bringin' up childer, and, she tells me, plinty of chances."

"Thin why didn't she take thim?" asked Sarsfield gloomily. "No, that kind is the worrust that has niver been married and is gittin' on in years. I heard me mudder say so. Sure, they git to falein' that it's now or niver, and they do their bist to make it now."

Osborne leaned back exhausted

"They can't take you to church against your will, Flaherty," he said.

"No; but they kin pester me life out, now I know what they're afther."

"Whin Kathleen comes home," said Patrick, "she'll trun thim down."

"Not a worrud to her," said Flaherty fiercely. "She'd niver let me hear the ind uv it." He looked down on Sarsfield in a sudden burst of exasperation, and added, "You got me into this, Pathrick Sarsfield, adoptin' me as you did; and now, begorry, git me out uv ut."

Young Sarsfield took the command seriously. With a sad heart he resigned temporarily from his position as pitcher of the Desplaines Street ball-team, and prepared to spend his leisure time in the society of Mrs. Callahan, Mrs. Cahill and Miss O'Bryan. As he delivered a newspaper to each, and as Mrs. Flynn, Flaherty's housekeeper, was neighborly with all three, he found no lack of excuse for calling on them. The part of his task from which he most recoiled was the assumption of friendship with Terence Cahill—an assumption which bid fair to alienate one or two of his most loyal companions. But Sarsfield felt, quite simply, that whatever Flaherty wanted must be accomplished. Having a direct way of reaching a point, he began close operations in a day or two.

He was sitting in Mrs. Callahan's untidy front room listening to stories of the late Mr. Callahan, each of which ended with Mrs. Callahan's significant hope that her next man would do betther by her. When she made a convenient pause, Sarsfield sighed and said:

"Well, I must be goin', Mrs. Callahan. I dinnaw kin I be havin' these little talks wid you much more."

"And why not?" asked Mrs. Callahan.

"Sure, Kathleen's comin' back. She's cuttin' short her vacation becuz she don't like to be away from Uncle Dan and me."

"Oh, she is, is she?" said Mrs. Callahan. "I always t'ought she kep' by Flaherty pretty close—and her engaged, too!"

"She'd have marrid long ago," said Patrick, "on'y she can't make up her mind to lave us."

"Whin does she be comin'?" asked Mrs. Callahan reflectively.

"Oh, in a day or two."

He next imparted this manufactured information to Miss O'Bryan, as he gave her the afternoon paper.

"Well," she said, darting a quick look at him, "befure she comes I'll be tellin' yer uncle good-by. Kathleen don't like ladies in the rest'rant."

"That she don't," agreed Patrick. "She does be so fond uv me and Uncle Dan she likes to tak to him herself."

Miss O'Bryan looked at him musingly.

"Well, Pathrick," she said, "I like you. Yer a nice bye, and the falein's comin' to me that ye have yer head on yer shoulders."

Patrick, already somewhat cloyed with the compliments of the two widows, took this remark lightly.

When a few minutes later, he told Mrs. Cahill of the impending arrival, she said, half to herself: "A day or two A lot kin be done in that time," and put on her bonnet to go at once and take a cup of tea with Flaherty Sarsfield neglected business to accompany her, for he had constituted himself a bodyguard to Flaherty When they arrived at the restaurant they found Mrs. Callahan and Miss O'Bryan making the most of their time

The ladies prevailed upon themselves to stay to dinner with Flaherty, Mrs. Cahill assuring him repeatedly that she was not neglecting her Terence, who was going to have a bite with one of the neighbors. When Osborne came he found Flaherty, perspiring and crimson, maintaining a ghastly amiability. He sat at the head of a table with Sarsfield at his right, and at the left a vacant place for Osborne, with a chair ostentatiously tipped against it. But distance did not diminish the attention of the three guests

When Osborne strolled over to the piano after the meal they still sat, their heads leaning toward Flaherty. Patrick Sarsfield followed Osborne, and related the result of his first step.

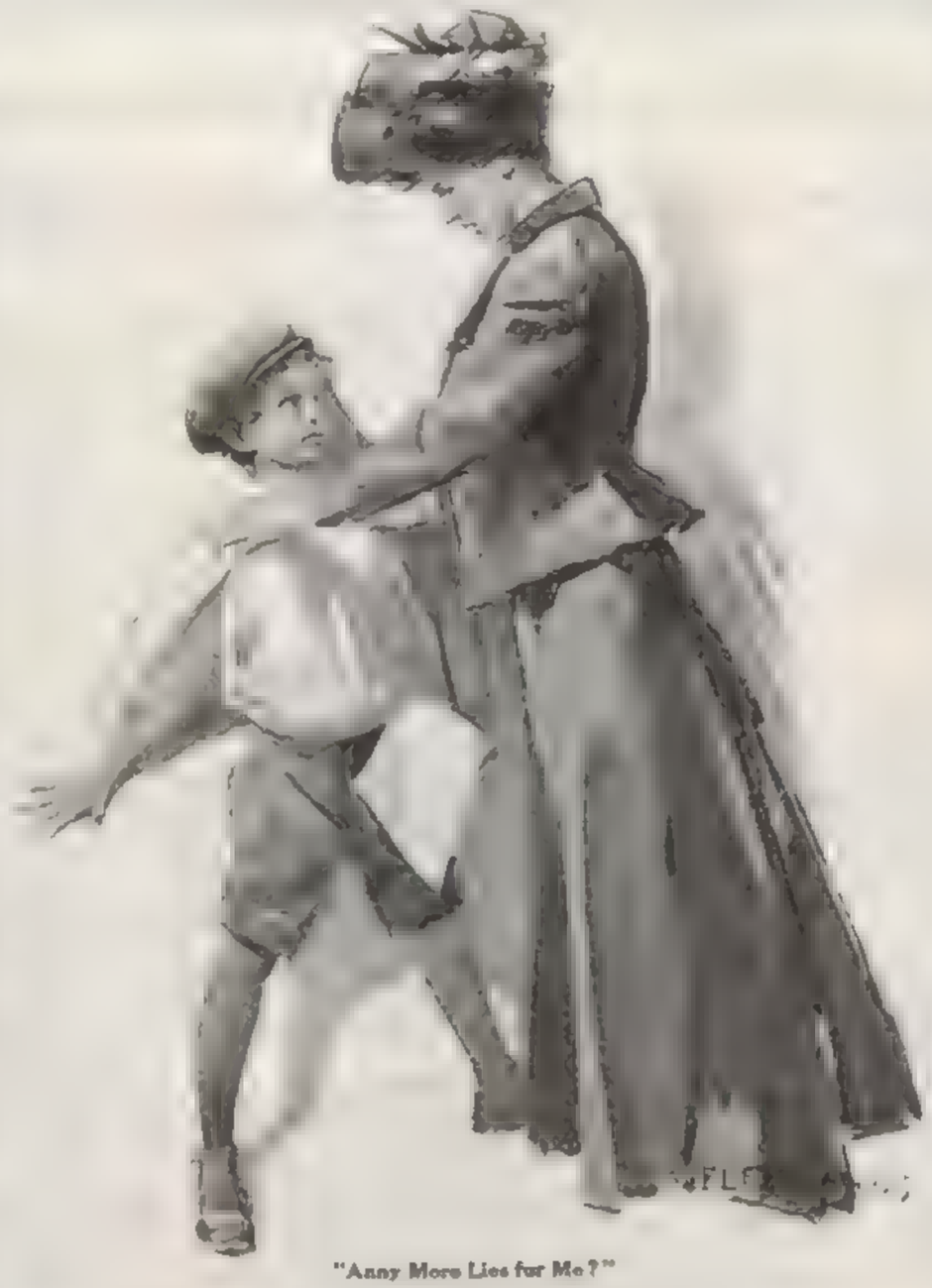
"Sure, I t'ought the very name uv Kathleen'd skeer thim off," he whispered with a backward glance at the three women; "and ye see what the desateful crockodiles done on me, thinkin' they'd git in their licks befure she come."

"Evidently your first movement was a tactical blunder, Sarsfield," said Osborne, playing softly.

"Huh?" inquired Patrick.

"You fell down on yourself," translated Osborne.

"I did. And what to do nixt, I dinnaw. I was t'inkin' uv tellin' aich uv thim that Uncle Dan said she was as ugly as if she was made fur spite. I heard me mudder tellin' her



"Anny More Lies for Me?"

sister bruk off wid a man becus she was tould he said that uv her—and niver a worrud uv ut did he say at all."

"I wouldn't do it, Patrick," advised Osborne, striking into "Agadhoe." "It's a terribly dangerous thing to say to a woman. You never know how they'll take it. How would you like one of them to come and put poison in your Uncle Dan's tea?"

"Ah, what are ye givin' us!" asked Patrick contemptuously. "Sure, 'tis a shmall t'ing to be tould yer ugly. You nor me wouldn't moind ut."

Osborne smiled complacently into the mirror above the piano.

"Do you remember the way you acted when Larry Doyle told you you'd no more strength than a sick cat?" he asked.

"Ah, that's diffrunt," said Patrick.

"So the women think. I tell you, Sarsfield, you can't say a worse thing to a woman than to reflect on her personal appearance. Those women would never rest till they got even with Flaherty."

"I dinnaw shud I take yer advice," said Patrick perplexedly, leaning against the piano. "You have niver been marrid."

"I might remark that you haven't, either."

"Ah, but I'm l'arnin' about thim," said Patrick with a deep sigh, and a baleful glance at the unconscious guests.

Osborne laughed.

"Well, I'm engaged, Patrick, and that has taught me something. No, if you say that and if they believe it, they'll take it out on him at his weakest point—maybe through Sheelah or the twins."

"All right," said Patrick hastily. "I'll t'ink up somethin' else."

The result of his cogitation appeared the next day.

"I suppose," he said to Mrs. Callahan, after listening to an account of some of the iniquities of her late consort—"I suppose, now, he niver let you have yer own way."

"Niver," sighed Mrs. Callahan, rocking gently in an unsteady chair. "I niver cud call me sowl me own."

"And ye wanted to, I suppose?" insinuated Patrick, curling his legs around his chair.

"Sure; but everyt'in' I wanted to do he made me do somet'in' ilse—or thried ut."

"Sure, I wonder is the men all alike?" sighed Patrick. "There's me Uncle Dan, now—begorry, anny wan in his famuly's got to walk the sthraight line, they have. He always gits his own way, and we jist jump to the minnut whin he sphakes. And as fur untidyness"—Patrick looked around the cluttered little room—"sure, if ould Mrs. Flynn didn't kape our place nate as a pin, he'd not let her in the place."

"Ah, but to be ordhered around be a man like Misther Flaherty'd be a pleasure," said Mrs. Callahan. "Sure, he'd know betther what was right nor anny poor woman. We'd all got the right to obey him."

Patrick thought her opinion was correct, but he was sorry she held it.

"Well," he thought, as he walked to Mrs. Cahill's, "Mrs. Callahan's a soft wan, but Mrs. Cahill's not to be led about be the nose."

"Well, darlin'!" Mrs. Cahill greeted him with a loving hug; "and here you come wid me daily paper. 'Tis sorry I am Terence isn't in to play wid you."

"I'd rather talk to you," said Patrick sincerely.

He was quite astute enough to know that the women were really flattered by his visits.

"Ah, Hivin bless you!" Mrs. Cahill again enveloped him. "Maybe the day'll come whin we'll be together more, avic."

"I hope so," said Patrick, sitting down as far as he could from her without offense. "It wud be rale noice to play wid Terence all the toime. Is he like Mr. Cahill was, Mrs. Cahill?"

"Ah, some," said Mrs. Cahill, picking up a jacket and beginning to sew.

"Did Mr. Cahill let you have yer own way, Mrs. Cahill?"

"That he did." Mrs. Cahill jerked her head emphatically and sewed violently.

"And you like yer own way?"

"Sure, I do; and I always git it, too."

Patrick brightened, and then pulled a long face.

"I wisht we did at our house," he said; "but Uncle Dan won't let anny wan have their own way but him."

Mrs. Cahill smiled grimly.

"If 'twas put to him right he wud," she said. "He ain't met the person yet wud put ut to him right. But indade," she added, changing her tone, "Misther Flaherty's a very raisonable man. No woman cud hilp makin' his way hers."

It was with a rueful face that Patrick took his way to Miss O'Bryan's, carrying her daily paper.

"And here's me young gossoon come for his daily talk," said Miss O'Bryan as she met him at the side door. "How's the family, Pathrick?"

"Pretty well," said Patrick. He leaned against the steps and looked up at her shrewd, wholesome face. "I'm a little tired mesilf."

"What's the matther? Studyin' too harrud at school?"

"Naw. I'm jist tired uv niver gittin' me own way," said Sarsfield. "Uncle Dan's that masterful, Miss O'Bryan, we kin harrudly call our sowls our own. Oh, but he's grand and good to us," he added with a throb of compunction; "and I suppose 'tis right fur childer to do jist what he says. But 'tis harrud on ould Mrs. Flynn."

"Sure, Pathrick, you've got the great sympathy," said Miss O'Bryan; "I'd fair love to have ye fur a son uv me own." She laughed pleasantly. "The house'd niver be dull wid you," she added; "and whin is Kathleen comin'?"

"She's goin' to stay away a bit longer," said Patrick hastily.

"I've begun to t'ink as much," said Miss O'Bryan with another laugh

Patrick left her a little puzzled That evening when Flaherty was absorbed in counting the money in his till, the boy told his proceedings to Osborne

"I'm afraid that was another false step, Sarsfield," Osborne said "All women like to be bossed"

"Not Mrs. Cahill," said Patrick.

"That kind like to tyrannize over a weak man," Osborne replied, "but are the first to capitulate to a strong one."

"Somehow, it don't seem natural," mused Patrick.

Neither Patrick nor Osborne was experienced enough to know that ninety-nine women out of a hundred firmly expect to manage the men they marry.

Patrick stared reflectively at the window of the restaurant.

"How would it do," he whispered hopefully, with a quick glance at Flaherty, "fur me to tell aich uv thim that he was goin' to marry wan uv the others?"

Osborne considered.

"If they weren't given to talk, it might," he said, lighting a cigar; "but, as it is, I'm afraid it might compromise your Uncle Flaherty. Besides, it's a lie easily discovered to be one. And suppose the lady you picked out should go so far as to speak to the priest ——"

"Sure, I belave they'd go to anny len't'," said Patrick with irritation. "Well, I'll thry to t'ink uv somet'in' ilse. I dinnaw but I may have to give up. If 'twas anny uv thim, I'd rather it ud be Miss O'Bryan."

"I think Flaherty would, too," remarked Osborne. "But see, he's closing his till, and our conference is over."

Patrick felt discouraged. All his schemes came to naught, and yet he was giving up so much for them Every day he passed the vacant field by the railroad yards where the baseball team was playing with a new pitcher. The long street on which he lived held entertainment in almost every shop-window or narrow alleyway. There was never a spare hour in which he had not to turn aside the remark of a friend: "Aw, come on; what's the matter wit' you?" All the many joys of boyhood he had to give up to stay with three women, two of whom kissed him. The bitterness of his deprivations stimulated him to a fresh plan. He first visited Mrs. Cahill, with the convenient daily paper for excuse, choosing a time when Terence was absent.

"Sure," she cried, with her accustomed bony embrace, "Terence is jist gone."

"Ah, I haven't the wish to play," said Sarsfield, sitting heavily by the kitchen table; "I'm clane heart-scalded."

"Huh?" ingenred Patrick

"What's the matther?" asked Mrs. Cahill, vigorously peeling potatoes for supper.

"'Tis about Uncle Dan. But I betther not tell you. No, I can't."

"Ah, do! ah, do!" said Mrs. Cahill. "Sure, ain't I like a mother to you?"

"Ah, little chancet have I uv a mudder," said Patrick. "Mrs. Cahill, do you cross yer hearrut niver to tell?"

"Sure, I'll not tell!" Mrs. Cahill held her knife suspended in the air

"Well, thin, Uncle Dan's money's all gone—what he had laid away, you know. He owes the alderman—oh, hunerds and t'ousands; and a mortgage on the rest'rant——"

Mrs. Cahill dropped her knife.

"Is ut the trut' yer tellin' me, bye?"

"Sure ut is."

Mrs. Cahill was not a stupid woman, but she measured the intelligence of every child by that of her own stupid Terence.

"Ah, dear, ah, dear, ye have scorched the hearrut out uv me wid yer news!" she said, pushing away her potatoes. "Run home, bye; I can't talk wid you anny more!"

Patrick departed jubilantly, and told his news with less finesse than usual to Mrs. Callahan. But though Mrs. Cahill was not especially credulous, Mrs. Callahan was. However, she did not display the distress Patrick had expected.

"Too bad, too bad," she said. "But, Pathrick, he's the smarrut man; he'll soon make plinty more. Besides, well, sure, what's money?" She paused. "Well, if iver I marry agin," she said, "me man kin have all me money and wilcome. Yes; I've done pretty well be me furrust t'ree husbands; the foorth ll have the noice little nest-egg. I'll go over and tell yer uncle how——"

"Not a worrud!" shouted Patrick. "You promised!"

"Sure, I'll on'y say somet'in' like if iver he did git poor ——"

"Don't, don't!" said Patrick. "He'll turrun ag'in' ye if iver ye do."

Mrs. Callahan promised, but he felt as if she did it only to pacify him.

"Sure, you can't thrust the deceptious sarpints," he thought, as he went to call on Miss O'Bryan; "and here I've walked off wid Mrs. Callahan's paper!"

Miss O'Bryan took her paper from him with a humorous smile.

(Continued on Page 36)

LADY BALTIMORE

By OWEN WISTER

Author of The Virginian

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VI—(Continued)

I SUPPOSE I must have been silent after finishing this letter.

"No bad news, I trust?" John Mayrant inquired.

I told him no; and presently we had resumed our seats in the quiet charm of the flowers

I now spoke with an intention. "What a lot you seem to have seen and suffered of the advanced Newport!"

The intention wrought its due and immediate effect. "Yes. There was no choice. I had gone to Newport upon—upon an urgent matter, which took me among those people."

He dwelt upon the pictures that came up in his mind. But he took me away again from the "urgent matter." "I saw," he more briskly resumed, "fifteen or twenty—most amazing, sir!—young men, some of them not any older than I am, who had so many millions that they could easily ——" he paused, casting about for some expression adequate—"could buy Kings Port and put it under a glass case in a museum—my aunts and all—and never know it!" He livened with disrespectful mirth over his own picture of his aunts, purchased by millionaire steel or coal for the purposes of public edihcation.

"And a very good thing if they could be," I exclaimed. He wondered a moment.

"My aunts? Under a glass case?"

"Yes, indeed—and with all deference be it said! They'd be more invaluable, more instructive, than the classics of a thousand libraries."

He was prepared not to be pleased. "May I ask to whom and for what?"

"Why, you ought to see! You've just been saying it yourself. They would teach our bulging automobilists, our unlicked boy cubs, our alcoholic girls who shout to waiters for 'high-balls' on country club porches—they would teach these wallowing creatures, whose money has merely gilded their bristles, what American refinement once was. The manners we've lost, the decencies we've banished, the standards we've lowered, their light is still flickering in this passing generation of yours. It's the last torch. That's why I wish it could, somehow, pass on the sacred fire."

He shook his head. "They don't want the sacred fire. They want the high-balls—and they have money enough to be drunk straight through the next world!" He was thoughtful. "They are the classics," he added

I didn't see that he had gone back to my word. "Roman Empire, you mean?"

"No, the others; the old people we're bidding good-by to. Roman Republic! Simple lives, gallant deeds, and one great uniting inspiration, Liberty winning her spurs. They were moulded under that, and they are our true American classics. Nothing like them will happen again."

"Perhaps," I suggested, "our generation is uneasily living in a bad 'quarter-of-an-hour'—good old childhood gone, good new manhood not yet come, and a state of chicken-pox between whiles." And on this I made to him a much-used and consoling quotation about the old order changing.

"Who says that?" he inquired; and upon my telling him, "I hope so," he said: "I hope so. But just now Uncle Sam aspires to descend."

I laughed at his counter-quotation. "You know your classics, if you don't know Tennyson."

He, too, laughed. "Don't tell Aunt Eliza!"

"Tell her what?"

"That I didn't recognize Tennyson. My Aunt Eliza educated me—and she thinks Tennyson about the only poet worth reading since—well, since Byron and Sir Walter at the very latest! Neither she nor Sir Walter come down to modern poetry—or to alcoholic girls." His tone, on these last words, changed.

Again, as when he had said "an urgent matter," I seemed to feel hovering above us what must be his ceaseless preoccupation; and I wondered if he had found, upon visiting Newport, Miss Hortense sitting and calling for "high-balls."

I gave him a lead. "The worst of it is that a girl who would like to behave herself decently finds that propriety puts her out of the running. The men flock off to the other kind."

He was following me with watching eyes.

"And you know," I continued, "what an anxious Newport parent does on finding her girl on the brink of being a failure."

"I can imagine," he answered, "that she scolds her like the dickens."

"Oh, nothing so ineffectual! She makes her keep up with the others, you know. Makes her do things she'd rather not do."

Between the Silent Walls of Commerce Desolated

"High-balls, you mean?"

"Anything, my friend; anything to keep up."

He had a comic suggestion. "Driven to drink by her mother! Well, it's, at any rate, a new cause for old effects." He paused. It seemed strangely to bring to him some sort of relief. "That would explain a great deal," he said.

Was he thus explaining to himself his lady-love, or rather certain Newport aspects of her which had, so to speak, jarred upon his Kings Port notions of what a lady might properly do? I sat on my gravestone with my wonder, and my now dawning desire to help him (if improbably I could), to get him out of it, if he were really in it; and he sat on his gravestone opposite, with the path between us, and the little noiseless breeze rustling the white irises, and bearing hither and thither the soft perfume of the roses. His boy face, lean, high-strung, brooding, was full of suppressed contentions. I made myself, during our silence, state his possible problem: "He doesn't love her any more, he won't admit this to himself; he intends to go through with it, and he's catching at any justification of what he has seen in her that has chilled him, so that he may, poor wretch! coax back his lost illusion." Well, if that was it, what in the world could I, or anybody, do about it?

By the Empty Windows from Which Prosperity Once Looked Out

His next remark was transparent enough. "Do you approve of young ladies smoking?"

I met his question with another: "What reasons can be urged against it?"

He was quick. "Then you don't mind it?" There was actual hope in the way he rushed at this.

I laughed. "I didn't say I didn't mind it."

He fell off again. "I certainly saw very nice people doing it up there."

I filled this out. "You'll see very nice people doing it everywhere."

"Not in Kings Port! At least, not *my* sort of people!" He stiffly proclaimed this.

I went back. "But is there, after all, any valid objection to it?"

He was off on a preceding speculation. "A mother, or any parent," he said, "might encourage the daughter to smoke, too. And the girl might take it up so as not to be thought peculiar where she was, and then she might drop it very gladly."

I became specific. "Drop it, you mean, when she came to a place where doing it would be thought—well, peculiar?"

"Or for the better reason," he answered, "that she didn't really like it herself."

"How much *you* don't 'really like it' yourself!" I remarked.

This time he was slow. "Well—well—why need they? Are not their lips more innocent than ours? Is not the association somewhat ——?"

"My dear fellow," I interrupted, "the association is, I think you'll have to agree, scarcely of *their* making!"

"That's true enough," he laughed. "And, as you say, very nice people do it everywhere. But not here. Have you ever noticed," he now with continued transparency inquired, "how much harder they are on each other than we are on them?"

"Oh, yes! I've noticed that." I surmised it was this sort of thing he had earlier choked himself off from telling me in his unfinished complaint about his aunt; but I was to learn later than on this occasion it was upon the poor boy himself, and not on the smoking habits of Miss Rieppe, that his aunt had heavily descended. I also reflected that if cigarettes were the only thing he deprecated in the lady of his choice, the lost illusion might be coaxed back. The trouble was that *I* deprecated something fairly distant from cigarettes. The cake was my quite sufficient trouble; it stuck in my throat worse than the probably magnified gossip I had heard; this, for the present, I could manage to swallow.

He came out now with a personal note. "I suppose you think I'm a ninny."

"Never in the wildest dream!"

"Well, but too innocent for a man, anyhow."

"That would be an insult," I declared laughingly.

"For I'm not innocent in the least. You'll find we're all men here, just as much as any men in the North you could pick out. South Carolina has never lacked sporting blood, sir. But in Newport—well, sir, we gentlemen down here, when we wish a certain atmosphere and all that, have always been accustomed to seek the *demi-monde*."

"So it was with us until the women changed it."

"The women, sir?" He *was* innocent!

"The ladies, as you Southerners so chivalrously continue to style them. The rich new fashionable ladies became so desperate in their competition for men's allegiance that they—well, some of them would, in the point of conversation, greatly scandalize the smart *demi-monde*."

He nodded. "Yes. I heard men say things in drawing-rooms to ladies that a gentleman here would have been taken out and shot for. And don't you agree with me, sir, that good taste itself should be a sort of religion? I don't mean to say anything sacrilegious, but it seems to me that even if one has ceased to believe some parts of the Bible, even if one does not always obey the Ten Commandments, one is bound, not as a *believer* but as a *gentleman*, to remember the difference between grossness and refinement, between excess and restraint—that one can have and keep, just as the pagan Greeks did, a moral elegance."

He astonished me, this ardent, ideal, troubled boy; so innocent regarding the glaring facts of our new prosperity, so finely penetrating as to some of the mysteries of the soul. But he was of old Huguenot blood, and of careful and gentle upbringing; and it was delightful to find such a young man left upon our American soil untainted by the present fashionable idolatries.

"I bow to your creed of 'moral elegance,'" I cried. "It never dies. It has outlasted all the mobs and all the religions."

"They seemed to think," he continued, pursuing his Newport train of thought, "that to prove you were a dead game sport you must behave like—behave like ——"

"Like a herd of swine," I suggested.

He was merry. "Ah, if they only would—completely!"

"Completely what?"

"Behave so. Rush over a steep place into the sea."

We sat in the quiet relish of his Scriptural idea, and the Western crimson and the twilight began to come and mingle with the perfumes. John Mayrant's face changed from its vivacity to a sort of pensive wistfulness, which, for all the dash and spirit in his delicate features, was somehow the final thing one got from the boy's expression. It was as though the noble memories of his race looked out of his eyes, seeking new chances for distinction, and found instead a soil laid waste, an empty fatherland, a people benumbed past rousing. Had he not said, "Poor Kings Port!" as he tapped the gravestone? Moral elegance could scarcely permit a sigh more direct.

"I am glad that you believe it never dies," he resumed. "And I am glad to find somebody to—talk to you know. My friends here are everything friends and gentlemen should be, but they don't. I suppose it's because they have not had my special experiences."

I sat waiting for the boy to go on with it. How plainly he was telling me of his 'special experiences!' He and his creed were not merely in revolt against the herd of swine; there would be nothing special in that, I had met people before who were that, but he was tied by honor, and soon to be tied by the formidable nuptial knot, to a specimen devotee of the cult. He shouldn't marry her if he really did not want to, and I could stop it! But how was I to begin spinning the first faint web of plan how I might stop it, unless he came right out with the whole thing? I didn't believe he was the man to do that ever, even under the loosening inspiration of drink. In wine lies truth, no doubt, but within him was not moral elegance the bottom truth that would, even in his cups, keep him a gentleman, and control all such revelations? He might smash the glasses, but he would not speak of his misgivings as to Hortense Rieppe.

He began again. "Nor do I believe that a really nice girl would continue to think as those few do, if she once got safe away from them. Why, my dear sir," he stretched out his hand in emphasis, "you do not have to do anything untimely and extreme if you are in good earnest a dead game sport. The time comes, and you meet the occasion as the duck swims. There was one of them—the right kind."

"Where?" I asked.

"Why—you're leaning against her headstone!"

The little incongruity made us both laugh, but it was only for the instant. The tender mood of the evening, and all that we had said, sustained the quiet and almost grave undertone of our conference. My own quite unconscious act of rising from the grave and standing before him on the path to listen brought back to us our harmonious pensiveness.

"She was born in Kings Port, but educated in Europe. I don't suppose until the time came that she ever did anything harder than speak French, or play the piano, or ride a horse. She had wealth and so had her husband. He was killed in the war, and so were two of her sons. The third was too young to go. Their fortune was swept away, but the plantation was there, and the negroes were proud to remain faithful to the family. She took hold of the plantation, she walked the rice-banks in high boots. She had an overseer, who, it was told her, would possibly take her life by poison or by violence. She nevertheless lived in that lonely spot with no protector except her pistol and some directions about antidotes. She dismissed him when she had proved he was cheating her; she made the planting pay as well as any man did after the war; she educated her last son, got him into the navy, and then, one evening, walking the river-banks too late, she caught the fever and died. You will understand she went with one step from cherished ease to single-handed battle with life, a delicately-nurtured lady, with no preparation for her trials."

"Except moral elegance," I murmured.

"Ah, that was the point, sir! To see her you would never have guessed it! She kept her burdens from the sight of all. She wore tribulation as if it were a flower in her bosom. We children always looked forward to her coming, because she was so gay and delightful to us, telling us stories of the old times—old rides when the country was wild, old journeys with the family and servants to the Hot Springs before the steam cars were invented, old adventures, with the battle of New Orleans or a famous duel in them—the sort of stories that begin with (for you seem to know something of it yourself, sir) 'Your grandfather, my dear John, the year that he was twenty, got himself into serious embarrassments through paying his attentions to two reigning beauties at once.' She was full of stories which began in that sort of pleasant way."

I said: "When a person like that dies, an impoverishment falls upon us; the texture of life seems thinner."

"Oh, yes, sir! I know what you mean—to lose the people one has always seen from the cradle. Well, she has gone away, she has taken her memories out of the world, the old times, the old stories. Nobody, except a little nutshell of people here, knows or cares anything about her any more; and soon even the nutshell will be empty." He paused, and then, as if brushing aside his churchyard mood, he translated into his changed thought another classic quotation: "But we can't dawdle over the tears of things; it's Nature's law. Only, when I think of the rice-banks and the boots and the pistol, I wonder if the Newport ladies, for all their high-balls, could do any better!"

The crimson had faded, the twilight was altogether come, but the little noiseless breeze was blowing still; and as we left the quiet tombs behind us, and gained Worship Street, I could not help looking back where slept that older Kings Port about which I had heard and had said so much. Over the graves I saw the roses, nodding and moving, as if in acquiescent reverie.

VII—THE GIRL BEHIND THE COUNTER

"WHICH of them is idealizing?" This was the question that *I* asked myself, next morning, in my boarding-house, as I dressed for breakfast: the next morning is at least I have always found it so—an excellent time for searching questions; and to-day I had waked up no longer beneath the strong, gentle spell of the churchyard. A bright sun was shining over the eastern waters of the town. I could see from my upper veranda the thousand flashes of the waves; the steam yacht rode placidly and competently among them while a coastwise steamer was sailing by her, out to sea, to Savannah, or New York; the general world was going on, and—which of them was idealizing? It mightn't be so bad, after all. Hadn't I, perhaps, oversentimentalized myself to the case of John Mayrant? Hadn't I imagined for him ever so much more anxiety than the boy actually felt? For people can idealize *down* just as readily as they can idealize *up*. Of Miss Hortense Rieppe I had now two partial portraits—one by the displeased aunts, the other by their chivalric nephew; in

both she held, between her experienced lips, a cigarette; there the similarity ceased. Well, I must meet the living original before I could decide whether (for me, at any rate) she was the "brute" as seen by the eyes of Mrs. Gregory St. Michael, or the "really nice girl" who was going to marry John Mayrant on Wednesday week. Just at this point my thoughts brought up hard again at the cake. No; I couldn't swallow that any better this morning than yesterday afternoon! Allow the gentleman to pay for the feast! Better to have omitted all feast; nothing simpler, and it would have been at least dignified, even if arid. But then, there was the lady (a cousin or an aunt —I couldn't remember which this morning) who had told me she wasn't solicitous. What did she mean by that? And she had looked quite queer when she spoke about the phosphates. Oh, yes, to be sure, she was his intimate aunt! Where, by the way, was Miss Rieppe?

By the time I had eaten my breakfast and walked up Worship Street to the post-office I was full of it all again; my searching thoughts hadn't simplified a single point. I always called for my mail at the post-office, because I got it sooner; it didn't come to the boarding-house before I had departed on my quest for royal blood, whereas, this way, I simply got my letters at the corner of Court and Worship Streets and walked diagonally across and down Court a few steps to my researches, which I could vary and alleviate by reading and answering news from home

It was from Aunt Carola that I heard to-day. Only a little of what she said will interest you. There had been a delightful meeting of the Selected Salic Scions The Baltimore Chapter had paid her Chapter a visit. Three ladies and one very highly-connected young gentleman had come—an encouragingly full and enthusiastic meeting. They had lunched upon cocoa, sherry and croquettes; after which all had been more than glad to listen to a paper read by a descendant of Edward the Third; and the young gentleman, a descendant of Catherine of Aragon, had recited a beautiful original poem, entitled "My Queen Grandmother." Aunt Carola regretted that I could not have had the pleasure and the benefit of this meeting: the young gentleman had turned out to be, also, a refined and tasteful musician, playing upon the piano a favorite gavotte of Louis the Thirteenth. "And while you are in Kings Port," my Aunt said, "I expect you to profit by associating with the survivors of our good American society—people such as one could once meet everywhere when I was young, but who have been destroyed by the invasion of the proletariat. You are in the last citadel of good-breeding. By the way, find out, if you can, if any of the Bombo connection are extant; as through them I should like, if possible, to establish a chapter of the Scions in South Carolina. Have you met a Miss Rieppe, a decidedly striking young woman, who says she is from Kings Port, and who recently passed through here with a very common man dancing attendance on her? He owns the Hermana, and she is said to be engaged to him."

This wasn't as good as meeting Miss Rieppe myself; but the new angle at which I got her from my Aunt was distinctly a contribution toward the young woman's likeness; I felt that I should know her at sight, if ever she came within seeing distance. And it would be entertaining to find that she was a Bombo; but that could wait; what couldn't wait was the Hermana. I postponed the Fannings, hurried by the door where they waited for me, and, coming to the end of Court Street, turned to the right and sought among the wharfs the nearest vista that could give me a view of the harbor. Between the silent walls of commerce desolated, and by the empty windows from which Prosperity once looked out, I threaded my way to a point upon the town's eastern edge. Yes, that was the steam yacht's name: the Hermana. I didn't make it out myself, she lay a trifle too far from shore; but I could read from a little fluttering pennant that her owner was not on board; and from the second loafer whom I questioned I learned, besides her name, that she had come from New York here to meet her owner, whose name he did not know, and whose arrival was still indefinite. This was not very much to find out; but it was so much more than I had found out about the Fannings that, although I now faithfully returned to my researches, and sat over open books until noon, I couldn't tell you a word of what I read. Where was Miss Rieppe, and where was the owner of the Hermana? Also, precisely how ill was the hero of Chattanooga, her poor dear father.

At the Exchange I opened the door upon a conversation which, in consequence, broke off abruptly; but this much I came in for:

"Nothing but the slightest bruise above his eye. The other one is in bed."

It was the severe lady who said this; I mean that lady who, among all the severe ones I had met, seemed capable of the highest exercise of this quality, although she had not exercised it in my presence. She looked, in her veil and her black street dress, as aloof, and as coldly scornful of the present day, as she had seemed when sitting over her embroidery; but it was not of 1812, or even 1840, that she had been talking just now: it was *this* morning that somebody was bruised, somebody was in bed

The handsome lady acknowledged my salutation completely, but not encouragingly, and then, on the threshold, exchanged these parting sentences with the girl behind the counter:

"They will have to shake hands. He was not very willing, but he listened to me. Of course, the chastisement was right—but it does not affect my opinion of his keeping on with the position "

"No, indeed, Aunt Josephine!" the girl agreed. "I wish he wouldn't. Did you say it was his right eye?"

"His left." Miss Josephine St. Michael inclined her head once more to me and went out of the Exchange. I retired to my usual table, and the girl read in my manner, quite

She was Still Surveying Me with the Specimen Expression

correctly, the feelings which I had not supposed I had allowed to be evident. She said:

"Aunt Josephine always makes strangers think she's displeased with them."

I replied like the young ass which I constantly tell myself I have ceased to be: "Oh, displeasure is as much notice as one is entitled to from Miss St. Michael."

The girl laughed with her delightful sweet mockery.

"I declare, you're huffed! Now don't tell me you're not. But you mustn't be. When you know her, you'll know that that awful manner means Aunt Josephine is just being shy. Why, even *I'm* not afraid of her George Washington glances any more!"

"Very well," I laughed, "I'll try to have your courage." Over my chocolate and sandwiches I sat in curiosity discreditable, but natural. Who was in bed—who would have to shake hands? And why had they stopped talking when I came in? Of course, I found myself hoping that John Mayrant had put the owner of the Hermana in bed at the slight cost of a bruise above his left eye. I wondered if the cake was again countermanded, and I started upon that line. "I think I'll have to-day, if you please, another slice of that Lady Baltimore."

"I'm so sorry! It's a little stale to-day. You can have the last slice, if you wish."

"Thank you, I will." She brought it. "It's not so very stale," I said. "How long since it has been made?"

"Oh, it's the same you've been having. You're its only patron just now."

"Well, no. There's Mr. Mayrant."

"Not for a week yet, you remember."

So the wedding was on yet. Still, John might have smashed the owner of the Hermana

"Have you seen him lately?" I asked.

There was something special in the way she looked "Not to-day. Have you?"

"Never in the forenoon. He has his duties and I have mine."

She made a little pause, and then, "What do you think of the President?"

"The President?" I was at a loss.

"But I am afraid you would take his view—the Northern view," she mused

It gave me, suddenly, her meaning. "Oh, the President of the United States! How you do change the subject!"

Her eyes were upon me, burning with sectional indignation, but she seemed to be thinking too much to speak. Now, here was a topic that I had avoided, and she had plumped it at me. Very well; she should have my view.

"If you mean that a gentleman cannot invite any respectable member of any race he pleases to dine privately in his house ——"

"*His* house!" She was glowing now with it. "I think he is—I think he is—to have one of *them*—and even if *he* likes it, not to remember—I cannot speak about him!" she wound up; "I should say unbecoming things." She had walked out, during these words, from behind the counter, and as she stood there in the middle of the long room you might have thought she was about to lead a cavalry charge. Then, admirably, she put it all under, and spoke on with perfect self-control. "Why can't somebody explain it to him? If I knew him I would go to him myself, and I would say, 'Mr President, we need not discuss our different tastes as to dinner company. Nor need we discuss how much you benefit the colored race by an act which makes every member of it immediately think that he is fit to dine with any king in the world. But you are staying in a house which is partly our house, ours, the South's, for we, too, pay taxes, you know. And since you also know our deep feeling—you may even call it a prejudice, if it so pleases you—do you not think that, so long as you are residing in that house, you should not gratuitously shock our deep feeling?'" She swept a magnificent low courtesy at the air

"By Jove, Miss La Heu!" I exclaimed, "you put it so that it's rather hard to answer."

"I'm glad it strikes you so."

"But did it make them all think they were going to dine?"

"Hundreds of thousands. It was proof to them that they were as good as anybody —just as good, without reading or writing or anything. The very next day some of the laziest and dirtiest where we live had a new strut, like the monkey when you put a red flannel cap on him—only the monkey doesn't push ladies off the sidewalk. And that state of mind, you know," said Miss La Heu, softening down from wrath to her roguish laugh, "isn't the right state of mind for racial progress! But I wasn't thinking of this. You know he has appointed one of them to office here."

A light entered my brain: John Mayrant had a position at the Custom House! John Mayrant was subordinate to the President's appointee! She hadn't changed the subject so violently, after all.

I came squarely at it. "And so you wish him to resign his position?"

But I was ahead of her this time.

"The Chief of Customs?" she wonderingly murmured.

I brought her up with me now. "Did Miss Josephine St. Michael say it was over his left eye?"

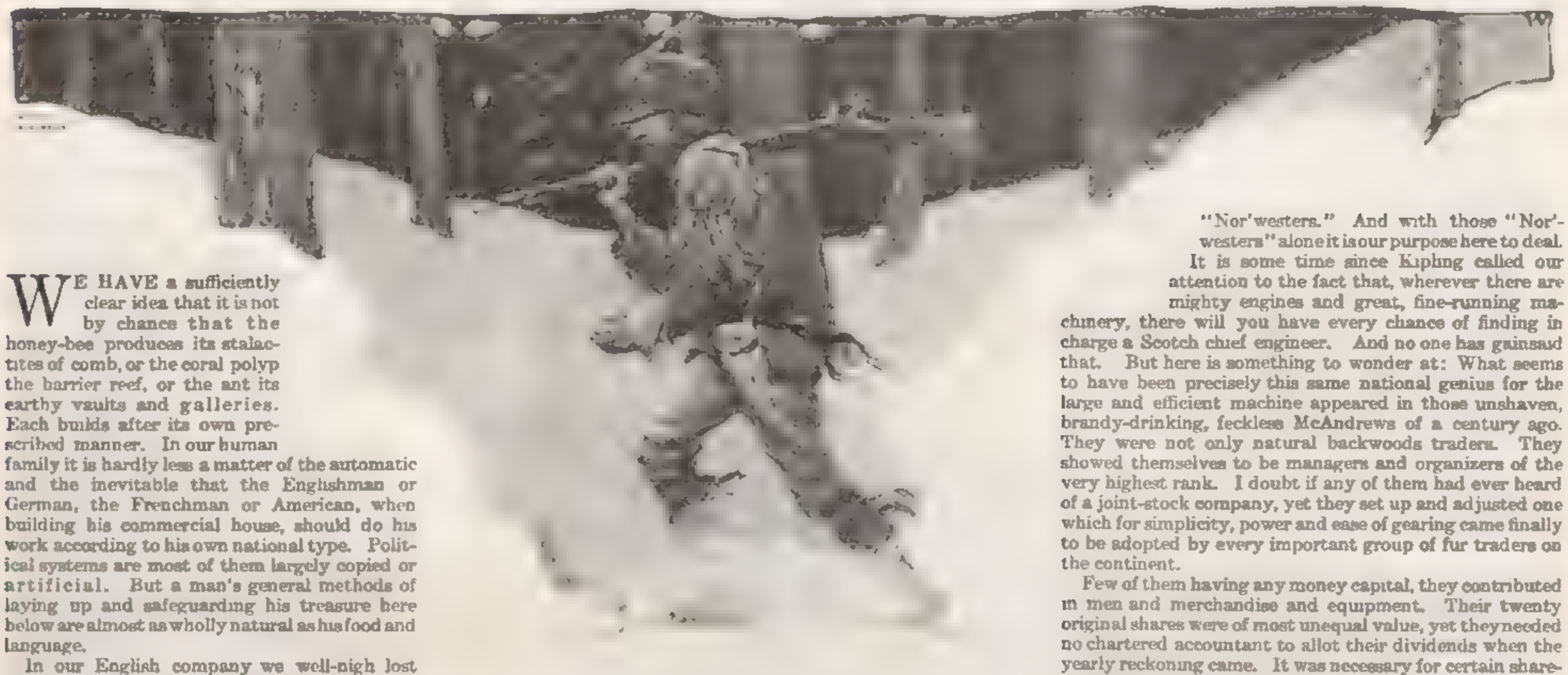
The girl instantly looked everything she thought. "I believe you were present!" This was her highly comprehensive exclamation, accompanied also by a blush as splendidly young as John Mayrant's had been while he so stammeringly brought out his wishes concerning the cake. I at once decided to deceive her utterly, and therefore I spoke the exact truth: "No, I wasn't present."

They did their work, my true words; the false impression flowed out of them as smoothly as California claret from a French bottle.

(Continued on Page 81)

THE NOR'WESTERS

By ARTHUR E. McFARLANE



WE HAVE a sufficiently clear idea that it is not by chance that the honey-bee produces its stalactites of comb, or the coral polyp the barrier reef, or the ant its earthy vaults and galleries. Each builds after its own prescribed manner. In our human family it is hardly less a matter of the automatic and the inevitable that the Englishman or German, the Frenchman or American, when building his commercial house, should do his work according to his own national type. Political systems are most of them largely copied or artificial. But a man's general methods of laying up and safeguarding his treasure here below are almost as wholly natural as his food and language.

In our English company we well-nigh lost sight of the question of nationality in the study of its amazing longevity. We come now to a company that was no less typically Scotch, and not the Scotch of dubious, three-times-thinking Lowlanderdom, but Highland, Celtic Scotch, and as swiftly, fiercely Highland as the claymore.

When, in 1746, Charles Stuart rode down into the Midlands, there rode or strode along with him sundry thousands of shaggy gentlemen from Loch Lomond and Ben Nevis who were snortingly contemptuous alike of sewn breeks and the settled calm of England. The smash of Culloden Moor spilled them over the round world like shot from a ripped-up bag. Some became soldiers of fortune in Spain. Many led brigades in France and the low countries. Count Fersen, commander of one of the warships captured with Port Arthur, is a lineal descendant of MacPherson of that ilk. He settled where he fell, which few of his brother warriors did. For years they wandered up and down through Europe, and then some of them began to turn their restless way toward Americe. Generally their getting-off place was Montreal.

But they did not long remain there. They desired air and space, and above all something to do battle with. Lacking privateers to captain or revolutions to manœuvre, they began instinctively to push westward into the wilderness. Sault Ste. Marie was not far enough, nor Mackinaw, nor the head of Lake Superior. They went always farther, craving new adventures, or, if you like, looking for more trouble. Yet, strangely enough, they picked few quarrels with the Indians. Moreover, since the only way to pass through them in comparative peacefulness was by way of barter, by bartering did they go.

And, in the end—one might say quite unintentionally—they became the greatest company of explorers ever successively let loose in the interior of North America. Alexander Henry and Thomas Curry, the two Frobishers, Alexander MacKenzie, who went to the very Arctic and then twice to the Pacific after that; David Thompson, who followed the Columbia to its mouth, only to find to his dour chagrin that Lewis and Clark had got there before him; Simon Fraser, who clambered back and forth through the northern Rockies as if they had been the Grampian Hills, and who coasted glacier heads with his Aberdeen dirk for a brake—you have only to look at the map to see how they printed their broad Scotch names from the forty-fifth parallel to the seventieth.

They had bartered as they wandered. But for that breed to take to buying and selling as a regular occupation was certainly the last thing for amateur prophets to foretell. How, then, did they arrive at it? Exactly as scores of soldiers of fortune of our own time have come to engage themselves in prospecting for gold on the Zambesi, or in delimiting this or that African hinterland, or in marketing the wild animals of Borneo. For that Highland band the soldiers of fortune of the wilderness were the fur traders. Pond and Pangman, the "*Bostonnais*"; Cadot and Laroque and Chaboillez from Quebec, these men were living the life of *their* soul's desire; and fur traders one by one the new arrivals almost all became. It is probable that for every type of man there is prefitted and foreordained some species of business enterprise. Those clansmen had seen their own.

From the beginning no white men who ever traded with natives seemed by nature better adapted for that work. They appeared to understand barbaric weaknesses by intuition, possibly because those barbaric weaknesses largely were their own. They freighted their canoes with brandy, and gimcrackery tinsel ware, and bolts of flaring plaids or Turkey red. They did not do their bartering from behind stockades. Every midsummer they gathered together at the most central portage they could find and spread forth their merchandise as at some wild backwoods fair. Thither the Indians would come in thousands and exchange their furs under a hypnotism of pure marveling. It was years before they awakened to the fact that sable skins were of much greater value than muskrat.

A Brotherhood with the Savage

WHEN those Scotchmen went farther up country and sat down to fraternize with a new tribe, it was exactly as one clan might fraternize with another. "They did eat anything which the savages did eat"—and they drank turn and turn till the red men could drink no more. Then they fought with them like old friends, gouging and biting in an eye-fixed silence, even as did the Algonquins and Chippewas themselves. They took Indian women as spouses—"country wives," they called them—and in all ways put themselves entirely at the mercy of their copper-hued brothers-in-law. Not one of those summer meetings but ended with several killings. But the Scots brigade commonly broke out of it not only with their own skins, but all those choicer skins which had been brought to market.

Slowly, too, like milk whirling in a churn, they were in the way to become one corporate body. As a matter of history, the "Northwest Company" can date itself from 1783. But that virulent Celtic acidity, which again and again bubbled hotly up in it, kept it for long enough from attaining to any state of final and absolute cohesion. In 1785 those unscrupulous Bostonians, Pond and Pangman, by working on the feelings of certain Scots who had been left outside, all but succeeded in rending the new company asunder. In 1795 the "X Y Company" split off from the larger corporation, and fought it with joyous ferocity until 1804. Similarly there were other hot-nosed Highlanders who broke away and joined with John Jacob Astor both in his Southwest Company and in his venture in Oregon. But all this is merely incidental. Few of those seceders but in the end came back to the parent group, the clan of the "Nor'westers." And with those "Nor'westers" alone it is our purpose here to deal.

It is some time since Kipling called our attention to the fact that, wherever there are mighty engines and great, fine-running machinery, there will you have every chance of finding in charge a Scotch chief engineer. And no one has gainsaid that. But here is something to wonder at: What seems to have been precisely this same national genius for the large and efficient machine appeared in those unshaven, brandy-drinking, feckless McAndrews of a century ago. They were not only natural backwoods traders. They showed themselves to be managers and organizers of the very highest rank. I doubt if any of them had ever heard of a joint-stock company, yet they set up and adjusted one which for simplicity, power and ease of gearing came finally to be adopted by every important group of fur traders on the continent.

Few of them having any money capital, they contributed in men and merchandise and equipment. Their twenty original shares were of most unequal value, yet they needed no chartered accountant to allot their dividends when the yearly reckoning came. It was necessary for certain shareholders, or "partisans," to stay behind in Montreal to act as importers and forwarders to the interior. They accepted this duty in turn. But in the interior was the actual life of the company. Active service alone gave the shareholders any earnings worth considering. Sleeping partnerships were not merely without honor; they were made to the last degree unprofitable. A "partisan" might steadily increase the value of his share by reinvestment, but he might put his money into no other enterprise whatever; he could preserve his own financial life in only one way, that of preserving the company's with it. Hopeful sons were permitted to hope; to inherit a partnership the heir must have proved himself, to the entire satisfaction of the company, throughout a seven years' apprenticeship in the woods. The same conditions were binding upon any one who desired to buy out a "partisan." Individual competency was made everything, and there were no armchair directorships. When the members met in annual session, a two-thirds vote ruled absolutely. The Northwest Company contained as little useless timber and as little gingerbread trimming work as a well-built modern battleship.

And let it be said at once that it was all-conqueringly successful. The Nor'westers went farther and traveled faster as an organized corporation than they had as single "free-traders" and explorers. They moved down through the country now covered by Michigan and Minnesota and the Dakotas till they met the French trappers from St. Louis. They poached from the Russian otter "runs" on the Alaska coast. They followed the Pacific slope south into the Spanish country. And as for those great northerly domains of the Hudson's Bay Company, to take beaver out of them was their particular joy. To an untrammeled largeness of ideas, too, they united largeness of method. The Indian canoe as they found it was a poor fiddling affair which would hold two people and perhaps a hundred pounds of baggage. The Nor'westers built canoes that would carry twelve men and from three to four tons of goods; and the "foreman," or bow-paddle, has left his name to our every-day working language. They reëmployed the *voyageurs* set adrift at the breaking of French power in Canada; and thereafter "they cut the capes."

They began with four "great canoes" containing merchandise to the value of $8000 at Montreal. Two years later they brought $125,000 worth of furs to Mackinaw. By 1788 they were sending west sixty canoes, and in those birchen galleons came back peltries to the value of $200,000. At the end of the century they were trebling this figure.

The Sault Ste. Marie rapids gave them a bad "carry." They went to work and around them dug a regular lock-controlled canal; you may see a few rods of it to-day. It was as much a matter for amazement in that wilderness as the bridge at the Victoria Falls must now be for the Matabele.

To get from Lake Superior to the waters of the Northwest they at first made the "*grand portage*," leading to

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of three articles by Mr. McFarlane on the old trading companies.

Pigeon River. It being a ten-mile "carry" over rock, a canal was out of the question. But they got together a squad of men who could take across their hundred and fifty pounds of goods and bring back the same weight of furs in half a working day!

The Indians themselves no longer satisfied them as trappers. They took into their service the boldest of the *coureurs de bois*, unbroken, lawless men whom, no doubt, the Nor'westers liked the better for their very lawlessness. They told them to "bring hame the beaver skins, nae matter the means." And in the year 1799 they could check off 106,000 beaver skins alone.

By this time they had in their employ fifty chief clerks, seventy-one interpreters, thirty-five guides, and eleven hundred and twenty canoe men. At the beginning of the century they decided that their canoes, however large, were no longer adequate to the Lake Superior service. They brought in shipbuilders, and soon had a schooner of their own, the first on that inland sea, and again more of a marvel than a modern turbiner would be on Tanganyika. At the same time they were crying out to the Government for the use of those august "King's ships" already plying on Lake Erie and Lake Huron!

In 1801 they had their own agents in London, and a permanent staff in the bush and on the water of more than two thousand. No other commercial body in America had ever made such progress, or shown signs of attaining to such dimensions. Indeed, service with "the Company" was the only service to which young Canadians and the American youth of the more northerly States aspired. Yet even so the clan of the Nor'westers was in no way satisfied. Its leaders were for paying $5000 a year for the monopoly of the St. Lawrence fisheries; and ten years earlier than old John Jacob Astor they moved craftily to get possession of the fin and fur trade of the American Pacific. They desired greatly, too, to be miners of gold and precious stones. One of them went far within the Arctic circle on a barren quest for silver. Heaven alone can say what an acceleration there might have been in the course of history had he gone a little farther westward and found the gold of the Klondike. But, without mining the yellow metal, in 1803 their sales in London brought them in some $1,860,000.

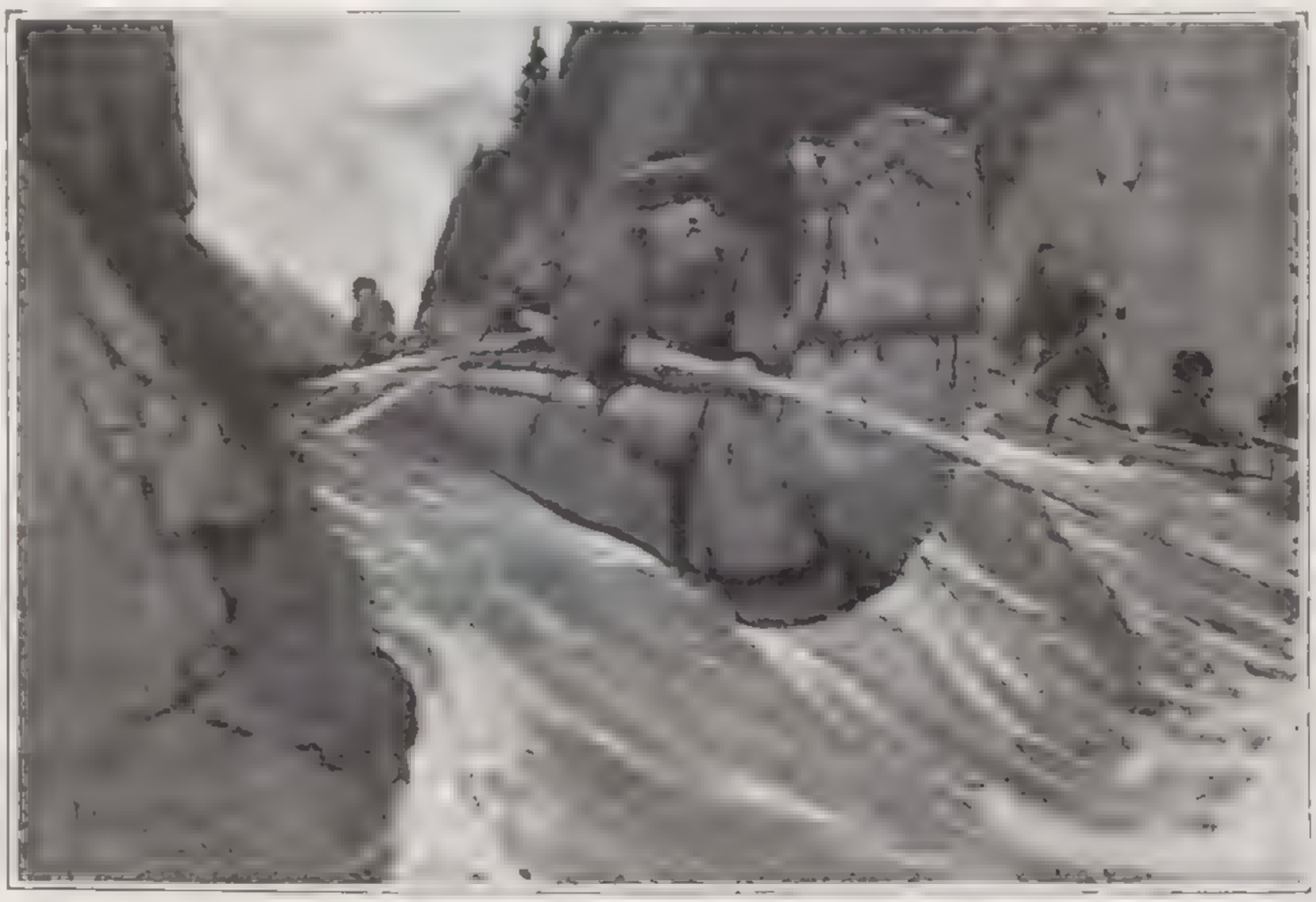
Yet merely to chronicle their business development would be wholly to ignore the Nor'westers "as they really were." With their gathered wealth they became even as emperors and kings. They had medals struck in honor of themselves, and wore them upon their affairs of state. They encouraged the arts and sciences. They had their agents write learned reports on the manners and customs of their subjects—Hurons and Algonquins, Sacs and Saulteurs. In David Thompson they had their own "Surveyor and Astronomer," and they sent him forth not merely to carry the transit over their dominions (dominions which the Hudson's Bay Company still, in its senility, persisted in claiming as its own) but to observe the beauties of Nature and take note of all natural and unnatural phenomena. Upon one of his journeys, David passed within a few miles of Bone Cabin Quarry and all its dinosaurs! Would that he had stumbled upon a few of them, if only that there might have been left us some picture of the faces of those enthroned McTavishes and McPhersons and McLeods when he told them his preposterous tale of it!

In St. Gabriel Street, Montreal, was the Beaver Club, their royal encountering-place; and all the great and famous who came visiting their city they regarded merely as envoys sent out to gather some partial story of their grandeur. Thomas Moore, and Lord Selkirk, and Washington Irving, them they feasted as they would never feast again this side Valhalla. Upon one occasion they drank healths to their visitors from Wednesday sundown till Saturday midnight. Nor indeed was there any physical reason for their stopping then. It was solely—as ye might well know without any telling—that for all their greatness they were not of that sacrilegious tribe who think it a light matter to break the Sabbath.

Each Nor'wester, too, as he won his wealth, gathered a clan together and built him a castle. Simon McTavish was already the "Sieur de Terrebonne," with 10,500 acres between him and all presumptuous encroachment. Nothing could satisfy Geor e Keith but a fortress somewhere north of Tay. John McLaughlin later set up his castle—though under other conditions—at the mouth of the Columbia, and his lady rode about on a steed covered with strings of bells and silver trappings "like any queen's."

The "partisans" were known by their first names, too, not *familiarly*—forfend that any man should make *that* error!—but as Guelphs and Hapsburgs and Hohenzollerns are known among the ordinary. Fort William, their great bartering stronghold on Lake Superior, was called after William McGillivray, even as James Bay to the north of it was named after James II, a late brother sovereign of Great Britain. To Fort William, early every summer, went two partners from Montreal to visit the "winterers." And had you seen them as they moved slowly westward you would have talked no more of durbars and imperial progresses. In mighty, high-prowed canoes like state barges did they go, with a score of retainers to swing the paddles and a pair of pipers fore and aft never ceasing to skirl the chanters; nor did they ever play anything less nobly belligerent than: "Si coma leum, codagh na sha!" ("If you will it, war!")

And when those "partisans" had their annual conclave! It was like that of as many Van Tromps and De Ruyters back from sweeping the seas! In the centre of Fort William was the great banqueting-hall, wherein two hundred men could dine at once. Upon the wall at one end was a huge



The Nor'westers Built Canoes that Would Carry Twelve Men

painting of the Battle of the Nile, it being well known that Nelson got his plan for that engagement from his ship's boy, Finlay McLehose, of Glencoe. Facing it was a stupendous map of the territories of the Nor'westers; and if it included Georgia and a portion of the Gulf of Mexico, no matter for that. Finally, in imposing line to right and left, were the portraits of those imperial "partisans" themselves.

The ceremonies began with each chieftain dining his own following. And we have it on record that one battalion of fourteen consumed at a single sitting (so greatly did they honor their over-lord) forty whitefish, one ham, one skin of dried meat, with salt, sugar and the like, seven flagons of rum, one flagon of wine, and sixty-one and a half fathoms of Spencer twist tobacco. And if you secretly doubt that they finished this last at one sitting, faith will come to you when you remember what unparalleled examples as fire-eaters they had in their masters.

Then, while all the "commonty" colleagued together with Indians, French and half-breeds in one week-long, continuous wassail outside the gates, the Nor'westers and their lieutenants met within. And there was no country-house talk, I warrant you, but tales of battle, of rival companies swiftly overthrown, and at all times the spread of the might and gospel of Scotland.

At the head of the table sat Duncan McDougall, who had just come down from Athabasca. There, in the winter lack of other amusements, he had poured certain phials from his medicine-chest into the rum he was selling the Chippewas. And one of them had risen at length from his couch of affliction and given him laconically to know that "when the leaves grew green upon the portage he would remember him." "Whilk," explained the McDougall, "I'll not denee was fine for rhetorick! But I was e'en relievit when ane o' his brithers stickit him the morrow's morn!"

The echoes have come down to us, too, of a long-remembered argument which took place at that board. It was upon the subject of slavery, which may seem to have been safe enough. And so it was until one ill-minded bachelor "partisan" saw fit to call attention to the fact that practically all those who were defending slavery were married men. Never did the great Northwest Company come closer to disruption!

I think it must have been the delicate humor of "MacDonald Grand" which saved the situation. MacDonald Grand—or, as we should less pointedly express it, MacDonald the Great—was seven feet high, and had a four-foot beam; but what distinguished him even in a world of famous men was his hair. It was ginger red, and he had more of it upon his head and face than any Red River "king of the herd." His eyes looked forth from a jungle of it; his ears and nostrils bristled like brushes. His speech was husky with it, and it was his own vaunt that it grew half-way down his throat. No Delilah had ever dared to approach that Samson with the treacherous shears of fate. He still wore the kilts, too, scorning the blizzards of the Kootenay, where stood his private fastness. And sooth to say, his mighty calves bore a plumage more spinous than the trunk of the yucca palm. So it was that when some one inquired of MacDonald Grand if he had no fear of the Canada "bull thistles," he earned his reputation as the wit of the Nor'westers by putting aside his locks, and shouting in his pride: "*Bul' thustles! Bul' thustles!* A'm theenkin' it's the bul' thustles need bewar' o' *me!*"

It was at that table that sat David Stuart and Alexander MacKay, who later joined Astor's expedition to the Columbia, and sailed to the Columbia by way of Cape Horn and the Sandwich Islands. And when they made stop at Honolulu, purely from a sense of duty, they gathered the natives about them and showed them reels and strathspeys, hornpipes and sword-dances. And they ended with orations in Gaelic, that those unblessed islanders might learn at last what a really great language was.

These were things which the Nor'westers loved to dwell upon. Nothing seemed to them, indeed, more befitting the time and thought of man, save of course the pledging of ceremonial toasts. In this each chieftain of them had his turn. In turn, too, came the departed potentates upon the wall. Then was honor done to each famous post and portage upon that great map made for them by David Thompson. And following that, again, came Finlay McLehose and Lord Nelson, and the victory they had so gloriously gained. Then did the time arrive for those Nor'westers to show old Night the thousand-eyed how completely they were still in possession of all their powers and faculties. Most often they seized tongs and bellows, pokers and fire-shovels, and kneeling in a swaying line they rowed and roared amain from Thunder Bay to Gatineau:

Row, brothers, row, for the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past!

(Continued on Page 33)

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ It is better to have a swelled head than a shriveled brain.

¶ With the professional politician profession is nine points of the game.

¶ The bright things we forgot to say are always said before we get another chance.

¶ It is better to have loved and lost than to have been driven temporarily to South Dakota.

¶ A good reputation is like a good wife—hard to get, pleasant to keep and jealous of divided affection.

¶ When the child quits crying for the moon it needs attention. Otherwise it may become a pessimist.

¶ To be happy, do the thing you most want to do. If that is not possible, be as happy as you can by doing the thing you next most want to do.

¶ Neither yellow newspapers, yellow politics nor yellow fever can discourage Roosevelt. He is the Prince of the Red Corpuscles and his color neither runs nor fades.

¶ With one eye on America and the other on Japan, John Bull may soon need an oculist. But he will not call in Emperor William, even though he be the greatest I specialist living.

Delightful—but Dangerous!

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has now reached a height of popularity that is as dangerous as it is delightful. "Oh, Hannibal, you know how to win victories, but not how to use them!" cried the general whose advice against the fatal going into winter-quarters after Cannæ was disregarded. To win popularity is difficult; to win it meritoriously is still more difficult; to justify it, to keep it—there's the superlative of difficulty.

The President has demonstrated his ability to do. He has made a pace of his own career. His is now the hard task of equaling or surpassing his own record. To fall back is to become a failure, a "used-to-be," a "was-he-an-accident?"

Delightful—but dangerous! And yet, again, how attractive to a confident, aggressive spirit.

Who Will be Hurt?

PROBABLY the able president of the Great Northern has been misquoted. Press dispatches make him say that if the Interstate Commerce Commission is given the initiative in regulating freight rates the "country will be strewn with railroad corpses."

Mr. Hill is intimately acquainted with the physiology of railroads and he knows that, as a matter of fact, they never die. For all temporal purposes they are immortal. Various things may happen to the men who own them. Overenthusiasm on the part of the management in the matter of issuing bonds may result in receiverships and reorganizations. But the railroad itself never misses a heart-beat. The tracks are there. The trains run. Persons and goods are moved just as before. Mr. Hill will recall that he earnestly assisted in giving the Burlington road, to a superficial view, a highly dropsical appearance—by boosting its stock to two hundred dollars a share and capitalizing it in bonds at that figure. Yet the road was really as healthy as ever, and was able last year to move over twenty million tons of freight. If the Interstate Commerce Commission should take to slashing freight rates, Mr. Hill might personally be strewn with a large amount of depreciated Great Northern stock; but the railroad that he built would never know the difference. His dividends might be only five per cent. instead of seven, and he would, perhaps, be unable to issue to stockholders at one hundred dollars a share $25,000,000 of new stock worth three hundred dollars a share in the market, as he has just had the pleasure of doing. But not a rail would come up, nor a tie fall out, nor an engine-wheel turn the less briskly. If the Great Northern had raised that $25,000,000 by issuing stock at its market value of about three hundred dollars a share, the dividend requirement would have been less by more than a million dollars a year, and a million dollars a year would give an appreciable reduction in freight rates.

A man of Mr. Hill's eminence must not be encouraged to depress the public with funeral prospects. He must look on the bright side.

The Foe of Plague

IT IS likely that Professor Behring has indeed found a substance that will make the human body immune to the attacks of the bacilli which produce the several forms of what is popularly called consumption. His is good news, perhaps the best that has ever come at a given moment from the laboratories of science. But, taken by themselves, all these preventives and cures are subordinate in importance to the never-sensational progress of sanitary science. Professor Wallace noted that no sooner did science discover a remedy for any particular disease of great distinctive effect than some other disease pushed forward to maintain the general average of mortality from disease. Why? Because the cause of all diseases, the conditions that made the tissues of the body easy prey, were unaffected.

That cause? Those conditions? Bad air; bad water; bad food; utter lack of proper care of the body. It doesn't especially matter what is the name of the disease that carries a man off; the central fact is that he is dead. And the great truth always to keep in mind is that he would have lived, though the plague raged round him, had he kept his body strong.

The Financial Flying Machine

THE statement of the aged president of the wrecked Allegheny bank that "This will break up the Republican party in Pennsylvania" is probably too pessimistic. It is doubtful whether this disaster will even have an appreciable effect in discouraging attempts to operate a bank in such manner as to solve the problem of aërial navigation in finance.

It seems that the cashier of the Allegheny concern made large, ill-secured loans to Republican politicians, who would influence the State Treasurer to deposit important sums of public money with the bank, which sums, when deposited, the cashier loaned to his political friends, who, thus stimulated, induced the fiduciary department to make further deposits with the bank, which, in turn, the cashier loaned to the politicians in order that they might be moved to secure more State deposits. The motor whizzed hopefully, the little wheels spun around, the wings flopped, the rudder moved, and it really looked as though we were going to fly—but, alas, it ended in the same old smash that has invariably attended all the countless efforts in this line. Many an ardent banker has tried it, tugging manfully at his own boot-straps, pouring out the bank's money to somebody because that somebody would bring him in more money to be poured out to bring in more money to be poured.

The result has always been the same. Most of the experimenters have broken their necks. Scientific books lay down the hard-and-fast rule that every dollar which a bank lends on unsound security is equal to an elevation of one inch from the surface of the earth, and that, until the law of gravitation ceases to operate, it will have to fall that inch. How far it can fall without breaking wide open depends, of course, upon the size and strength of the concern. This is a very simple rule; also, very prosaic. It leaves nothing for the imagination. In spite of the frightfully uniform record there will always be some enthusiast to try flying. It is so tempting, and at moments it looks—almost—as though you could do it.

The Man and the Title

IT WOULD be interesting to know what Witte thinks, in the bottom of his heart, of the title of "Count" and of the cross and ribbon, or whatever it was, that the Czar gave him. When the present Emperor of Germany "deigned" to confer upon Bismarck the title of Duke of Lanenburg, Bismarck said to his intimates: "Lanenburg; Duke of Lanenburg! What a nice name to use when one travels incognito." Who will ever think of Witte as a "creation" of the puny prince, vacillating and fainting, alternately swelling and collapsing on the Russian throne?

The day has passed when a sovereign can do anything for a somebody. He can make a nobody a little more ridiculous by giving him a title, but when he tries to condescend to a somebody he simply calls attention to the anachronism in his own pretensions.

The English are getting round to the true use of titles. The dominant party sells them in exchange for campaign contributions, the transaction being covered by polite fiction.

Why They Married

IN THE discussion of the latest form of exploiting the savings of the credulous by means of syndicates, one feature has been thus far neglected. How comes it that so many women—upward of fifty thousand—have yielded up their hoardings to the Bigamist Syndicate? The students of human nature tell us that women are, as a rule, less influenced by considerations of sentiment in making marriages than are men; we must, then, look for some explanation other than the blandishments of the professional husbands employed by the B. S.

Was it not to a great extent their very tranquillity and coolness in matters of the heart that beguiled these unfortunate women? The chief argument with which the professional husband laid siege was not love, but his ability to give the woman a house and freedom from toil. It is the argument that is responsible for so large a proportion of the marriages—and, ultimately, for a much larger proportion of the divorces.

Into what ugly morasses does the longing for the life of loll and loaf lead us poor human beings! The B. S. is simply our old friend, the get-rich-quick syndicate of Wall Street, in another disguise.

Tempting Our Brothers

WE HAVE had denunciations of the hypocrisy of the grafters; and now the grafters are taking their turn and are denouncing the hypocrisy of the denouncers of graft. And it must be admitted that the new crusade has a large element of justice.

"Put yourself in his place" is a good old proverb that everybody quotes and nobody heeds. Much of the shrieking against our rotten financiers and politicians is the frenzied outcry of those who have a lesser graft or no graft at all, and are exceeding wroth thereat. Given an opportunity to exploit one's fellow-men, the average man will hunt hard for reasons why he is doing his duty in "doing" his fellow.

The whole point of the matter is not personal but general. That certain men, having opportunities to graft, have grafted, each man to the extent of his ability at self-deception or at disregard of self-respect—this part is important only as it may spur us on to abolish the opportunities. We have been tempting our brother to stumble. He has stumbled, and that is wrong. But we did the tempting—in our culpable ignorance of finance and politics—and our punishment is just, and will not cease until we repent and do right.

The Ship and the Farmer

THE American Bankers' Association has "enthusiastically" recommended a ship subsidy. The same association, we believe, heartlessly derided the late Senator Stanford's plan to establish a vast system of Government warehouses in the agricultural regions, the treasury to lend its surplus to farmers at low interest on the hay, wheat and garden-sass stored in the warehouses.

This shows the great part that sentiment plays in business. You cannot get up any romantic fervor over the farmer. You cannot picture him going into action with the Stars and Stripes nailed to his mizzen-mast. He plows the cornfield; not the briny main. So why should the Government make him Christmas presents? With the shipbuilders it is entirely different.

The real argument is that ocean rates are now so low that ship lines must receive Government bounty in order to operate profitably. In other words, foreign Governments pay large sums out of their treasuries in order that our goods may be carried over seas at low rates. In all other directions it is considered good policy to let the other fellow do the business that nets a loss. But not on the vasty deep. We should have a merchant marine in case of war. True, under modern naval conditions the principal use in war of a merchant marine is to furnish targets and prizes for the enemy's battleships. But think of the glory! If we should go to war with a first-class Power to-day her cruisers might scour the seas without finding over half a dozen American merchant ships to knock holes in. This is certainly a humiliating position.

INTERNATIONAL FINANCE AS A POWER FOR PEACE

By James Speyer

Of Speyer & Co., Bankers, New York, London and Frankfort

IT WILL probably be admitted without serious contradiction that the extension of commerce and commercial advantages is to-day the mainspring, the "*leitmotif*," of the policy of civilized peoples. Each nation is desirous of extending its commerce, and only too often does the resulting commercial rivalry lead to customs struggles, international irritation and complications, and thereby becomes a strong contributory cause to wars.

It is merely stating a commonplace to say that such complications and wars are the greatest enemies of commerce, not only by diminishing or stopping the free intercourse between peoples, but also by destroying the fruit of commerce—wealth. A great part of this wealth is represented by the savings and investments of a nation, and it is therefore not entirely a theoretical question to ask whether these savings of each nation could not be employed in such manner as to render such disturbances of its commerce less frequent and severe.

So far it has been the aim of the Governments of rich nations to limit, as far as possible, the investment of the savings of their own citizens to their own enterprises and securities—government, railroad and industrial. An exception has, from time to time, been made in favor of investments in less powerful and less civilized countries, in whose advancement foreign capital has played such an important part. Many examples might be cited showing the importance of the financial link uniting such countries to their financial godmother, and its power for peace, as well as the influence, and even supremacy, which often is the result of such investments in less developed countries.

The minds of some of the leading men of the United States are occupied just now with the consideration of the extent to which the wealth of the United States, if employed in financing Central and South American countries, would further the maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine.

But should not the few really great World Powers also make an effort in their own interest to encourage their citizens to invest their savings in the enterprises and securities of other civilized nations? If the people of one country were to become financially interested in the affairs of another country, this would, in the course of time, produce not only more frequent intercourse, but really substantial mutual interests and good will. One great nation would not so readily go to war with another when the savings of its citizens would thus be jeopardized. Is it, for instance, conceivable that France, who to-day owns such an immense amount of Russian securities, would think of going to war with Russia, even if there were no political alliance or understanding? Clearly not. International financial links would, moreover, naturally lead to more accurate knowledge of the conditions—financial, social, economical and political—of other nations, and such closer study and more accurate information would have the effect of explaining many obscure things, showing other points of view and creating other peoples' legitimate aspirations, and of removing many misunderstandings which otherwise might have the gravest consequences. "*Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner.*"

Some reasons might well be cited in favor of continuing the old, almost universal, practice of exclusiveness in this respect, and an avoidance of the dangers which a new departure would entail.

But it is not difficult to point out the beneficial result of such an interchange of investments; it is more difficult to indicate in a few lines a practical way for bringing about such a desirable end. There are many factors that enter into this matter. There are national prejudices and sentiment to overcome, and sentiment does play a greater part in business matters than is often supposed to be the case. There is also the character and the return of the investment to be considered. Moreover, it would be necessary for nations to do away with the artificial discrimination enforced in many countries against "foreign" investments, such as higher stamp and other taxes imposed thereon in favor of home securities. The arbitrary laws excluding "foreign" securities from the list of funds in which savings-banks and trustees of each country may lawfully invest would have to be modified, and for nations desiring a wider market for their securities it would be advisable in many cases to adapt their form, as regards denominations and currencies, to the customs of the people who are to buy the same, just as the merchants and great manufacturers adapt their goods to the market which they seek.

Although such a community of interest, if once established between the few great Powers on a large scale, would make each less inclined to provoke a conflict with another which would jeopardize the value of the securities in which the savings of their own people are invested, there surely will occur periods in a nation's history when no such financial consideration will, or should, prevent a nation from taking up arms. The wars of the last fifty years, however, have shown what heavy financial burdens these conflicts impose, even on the victorious nation, and that financial considerations play a greater part in modern times than they did of old. How much weight such considerations may have had in inducing Russia and Japan to make peace must be left to the future historian to decide, but it is surely a very important matter to consider whether this war would have been commenced, or how long it would have lasted, or how soon it would have ended, if neither of the belligerents had received financial assistance from neutral Powers. These Powers, who so scrupulously preserved neutrality as laid down by international law, and who saw to it that such neutrality was maintained, did not hesitate to assist the belligerents in the most efficient way with funds to carry on the conflict. Both belligerents had counted on their friends, and it was, under the prevailing rules of international law and comity, right and proper that such financial assistance should be extended.

To-day, when the second International Peace Conference at The Hague is about to assemble, it does not seem a wild flight of imagination to suggest that the signatory Powers might agree to maintain in future what, for want of a better term, might be called "financial neutrality." In case two Powers went to war without first submitting their grievances and differences to arbitration, as provided by The Hague Protocol, why should not the other Powers bind themselves not to assist either of the belligerents financially, but to see to it that strict neutrality was preserved by their citizens? Rich nations with an extended commerce are vitally concerned in maintaining peace, and if no financial assistance could be obtained from the outside, few nations would, in the face of the most effective neutrality of the other Powers, incur the peril of bankruptcy, and the inevitable wars of the future would at least be shorter.

These suggestions may seem Utopian and difficult of practical accomplishment, and they are outlined here in a very incomplete manner.

There are many business men who think that when one of their number writes an article for a newspaper or a periodical, expressing his opinion on more or less abstract subjects, it is an indication that he has joined the ranks of the theorists, and he thereby easily loses caste as a practical man of affairs. If, nevertheless, I take this risk by submitting the foregoing suggestions, I do so actuated by the desire to assist to a slight extent in reaching the goal toward which the efforts of so many thoughtful men are now directed.

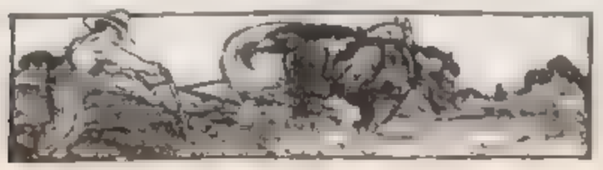
In all financial matters of importance one should only move slowly and with the greatest caution, but I believe that in the course of time measures upon the lines I have suggested will be approved and demanded by public opinion of the great nations, and will then be carried into effect.

Nobody, it seems to me, is in a more favorable position to take the lead in such an international matter than the United States and President Roosevelt, who has just given the civilized world such a remarkable proof of a disinterested desire and power for peace upon earth and good will toward men.

Our Native Fur Trade

MOST of the people who are now buying their winter furs have the impression that they are patronizing a foreign market. Not so. Our Southern States send us mink, otter, wildcat, raccoon and opossum skins, all used in one way or another in the retail fur trade. Louisiana ships numbers of small yellow raccoon skins. Louisiana and Mississippi together still send out a few bear skins. So, from one corner or another of our own country, the furs still come in, and the fur trader is confident they will always continue to do so.

Curiously enough, the steadiest and most regular source of supply in small furs is close at home. Thousands of fox skins come from Ohio and Michigan, not to mention Maine and the other New England States. Illinois and Indiana furnish thousands of musk-rat skins and a goodly number of mink skins. Wisconsin and the upper peninsula of Michigan send out quantities of marten, fox, lynx, mink, fisher, and, once in a while, an illicit beaver, along with an occasional good otter skin. A good skunk skin may be found anywhere from Texas to Minnesota, and it is worth a couple of dollars if dark. A dark mink skin may be worth three dollars. All of these small animals seem to withstand civilization. The plow of Belgium in Illinois or the plow of Russia in North Dakota may come to supplant the share of the native-born; but each plow will turn a furrow which will hide a mink and its litter, and, even with the pelts of her young worth three dollars each, mother mink will manage to survive. Small furs will remain a fairly constant quantity in spite of civilization.



Freaks and Fakes of Forecasting

By HENRY J. COX

United States Weather Bureau Office, Chicago

THE whims of fortune that enliven the routine of the weather forecasters are worthy a volume rather than a brief sketch, and at least a full chapter in such a volume should be devoted to the fake prophets who gain a precarious livelihood by preying upon the credulity of a public which does not understand where science leaves off and charlatanry begins.

From an early period in the history of the world an effort has been made to foretell the weather. The variations in the weather were first associated with a certain appearance of heavenly bodies, and the task of forecasting was given to the astronomer, until Copernicus, in the sixteenth century, solved the problem of the solar system. Later, astrologers entered the field, but the quackery of their work was established before the end of the seventeenth century, and about that time the science of meteorology had its birth, following the invention of the thermometer by Galileo and that of the barometer by Torricelli. One by one the various countries have established official weather services and forecasts have been made.

To-day the best that science can do is to permit predictions for periods of thirty-six to forty-eight hours in advance, with an average percentage of verification of eighty-two or eighty-three per cent. True, the old almanacs contained forecasts for an entire year, but the authors of these publications had more regard for quantity than for quality. But in looking down the pages of these almanacs one is struck with the constant repetition of the sentence, "About this time look out for rain."

There is some ground for belief that there are cycles in the weather, but the basis of cycles has never been established and the rotation often ceases abruptly and disappears without any apparent cause. Moreover, the theory of averages cannot be relied upon.

As far as known, Napoleon was first to endeavor to make use of the knowledge of average conditions. It was early in the nineteenth century, when he was planning his famous march through Russia, and he called upon Laplace, the astronomer and physicist, to calculate when the cold was likely to set in severely along the line of march. The latter found that on an average it did not occur until January. The emperor made his plans accordingly, but a sharp spell of cold came in December, and the army which had started out with so much promise was lost before it could return. Only one hundred thousand men of the original six hundred thousand ever got back to France

Parceling Out the Weather

There are several alleged forecasters in different parts of the country who issue predictions for a season and even a year in advance, but these have absolutely no basis. The authors are charlatans, and their status with reference to the science of meteorology is similar to that of quack doctors in the field of medicine. They simply parcel out the various kinds of weather in patches, putting first for instance, a warm wave, then a little rain, later a cold wave for a few days with snow, then a blizzard, the usual January thaw, and finally a reasonable amount of fair weather. The order of these conditions could safely be reversed and the forecast for January and February transposed, without lowering in the least the percentage of verification. In fact, a reversal of periods will often result in improvement. The quack forecasters hoodwink the people under the guise of "planetary meteorology," but they might just as well tell us that they feel of the goosebone or consult the groundhog. They pretend to place much dependence upon the mysterious movements of the mythical Vulcan, although scientists unanimously agree that there is no such heavenly body.

Nothing quite so much enrages the fake forecaster as the charge that his predictions are in any manner based on the United States weather map. He invariably scorns the insinuation. Naturally, it gives the scientific forecaster a peculiar satisfaction to catch one of these fakirs napping. Their tricks are difficult for the layman to detect, but there is a general belief among official forecasters that you have only to scratch a fake forecaster to find a concealed weather map.

One of the most interesting experiences I have ever had in relation with the work of fake forecasters occurred immediately upon my return to Chicago from a summer trip. A severe drought had been in force throughout the principal grain States for some time and its indefinite continuance seemed imminent. Of course, this condition caused tremendous excitement in the corn pit of the Board of Trade, and on the ultimate issue hung the fortunes of a certain daring speculator who was said to be running a corner.

The Prophet and the Plunger

A few months before this a prophet, of the "planetary" sort, had arisen in the Southwest and astonished the credulous public with his predictions. His fame was swollen by the diligent coöperation of the local correspondent of the metropolitan dailies, which gave many columns of space to his "prophetic forecasts." According to the newspaper accounts he had scored a high average of hits. Every farmer, grain buyer and speculator in the zone of the drought—and beyond it—had formed the habit of reading this man's predictions, and now, in the intense and almost tragic strain of a widespread crop peril, they hung upon his words with a solemnity that was pathetic.

Inevitably, in times of this kind, the telephone of the Weather Bureau's local stations are kept busy and many Board of Trade men make personal calls at the office to get special information. Some of these men casually intimated to my assistants that the big plunger was in close touch with the weather prophet from the Southwest and had him on his staff. Whether he was supposed to control the character of the prophet's predictions, or was simply furnishing the "inside information" on which he was basing his own operations, was not included in the information.

One day my chief assistant confided to me that a strange man had been coming up to the office so much that the boys had given him the name of the Mysterious Stranger. He was not from the Board and did not seem to be known to the men from there who visited the Weather Office. Investigations disclosed that he had not only made a daily study of the weather map but that he had requested a special report, as any man may under certain limitations.

Intuitively I reached the conclusion that the Mysterious Stranger was the famous "Planetary Weather Prophet" who had six times predicted the break of the drought, only to have the rainless period continue without interruption. With the facilities at my command it was not difficult for me to prove that my guess was right and that the latest fake prophet had been surreptitiously availing himself of all the information of the United States Weather Bureau, notwithstanding his well-advertised scorn of its maps, methods and forecasts.

Fair Weather and Fat Fees

There is excellent reason for the belief that many of these fake prophets make a considerable income from the practice of their profession. Some of them admit it and even boast of their achievements in this direction. Their patronage is by no means confined to farmers, speculators and those whose business is sensitively affected by the weather probabilities. Even the fortunes of pleasure-seeking sometimes yield contributions to these fakirs. When Willis L. Moore, now chief of the Weather Bureau, was in charge of the Chicago station, a man of eccentric appearance called at the office and asked for an interview with Professor Moore. Suspicion was at once aroused as to the nature of the man's calling and he was therefore asked to send in his card or give his name and business—a requirement by no means customary, as Mr. Moore was very accessible to all who had a legitimate excuse to see him.

In response to a request for a card the man, to our surprise, promptly drew from his pocket a card on which was printed his name, followed by the initials W. P. (Weather Prophet), and the announcement: "Picnics and excursions a specialty." This man actually drove a thriving business in retailing his weather predictions to the managers of picnics, excursions and all kinds of out-of-doors pleasure parties. He worked his graft through the Sunday-school and society organizations. Apparently he had called on Professor Moore for the purpose of crowing over him and asserting his superiority of the "planetary" over the scientific method of predictions.

The favorite device of these fakirs is to arrange with a newspaper to exploit their predictions and to have the local forecaster interviewed by a reporter who so handles the matter that the United States Weather Bureau is placed in the position of being in a contest for the highest average of forecast verifications. This is a clever trick on the part of the prophet, but it will not work a second time with any forecaster who appreciates the dignity and spirit of the Bureau and its service. When a fake forecaster has achieved sufficient notoriety to make it profitable he usually puts out some kind of a publication which serves as his source of revenue.

Many curious experiences serve to prevent the routine of the forecaster's life from becoming monotonous. So persistent have been the newspapers in playfully ascribing to the "weather man" control over the elements instead of a very limited power in prognosticating their condition that a certain portion, at least, of the public has come to take the same attitude. On one occasion, when the fate of the market had hung, to all practical purposes, on the morning's forecast, I decided to pay a quiet visit to the Board of Trade and see the excitement. After watching the turmoil from the gallery I had descended and was about to leave the building when I met an acquaintance who insisted upon taking me to the smoking-room on the trading floor. There I was studying the faces of the men—some alight with the glow of triumph and some heavy and black with defeat—when I chanced to catch the eye of a speculator who had more than once been to the office for special reports. I had forgotten his name, but as I came near him it was evident that he fully identified me. His face was at once stern and desperate, and, with an oath, he exclaimed: "I'll get your scalp—d——n your forecasts!" In his heart that man regarded me as the author of the weather itself as well as of the forecast.

The Bride and the Burglar

Not all the episodes in a forecaster's experience, however, are concerned with the world of speculation. Once, just as I had completed a forecast and had it formulated on the blank before me the telephone bell rang and I answered it. The voice that came to me through the receiver of the instrument was soft and feminine—and unsteady with eagerness and excitement.

"Will you please please tell me, sir, what the weather is going to be to-morrow?" stammered the trembling voice. "I'm very, very anxious about it," she added.

"Fair," I answered. "Can't see any chance whatever for a cloud."

"Oh! I'm so glad," she exclaimed. "You see it's my wedding day—to-morrow is—and it would be just horrid to have it storm. I feel so thankful for your promise that I'm going to send you a box of wedding cake." And send it she did, with a bride's blessing for as fair a June sky as ever smiled.

Occasionally the shadow of tragedy crosses the threshold of the Weather Office, and sometimes, too, the grim hand of the law is held out for the records of the station—records which may determine causes of the utmost importance. When stationed at New Haven, Connecticut, several years ago the house of a wealthy resident was entered and robbed. While the invader was collecting his plunder certain members of the family wakened and saw him as he made his escape. The following day the excitement in the home of the coachman

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who had served this man for several years was greater than that which had thrown the occupants of the big house into sudden terror. The coachman was placed under arrest and his rooms above the stable searched, while his wife was in a state of frenzy from the shock.

The fact that the burglar was evidently acquainted with the interior of the house, and that the proprietor of the establishment was quite positive in his identification, was considered sufficient basis on which to hold the man for trial. When the trial was in progress I was summoned to appear and bring with me the official records of the station. Beside the prisoner sat his pale-faced wife—and opposite them the man he had served for many years. Almost instantly it became apparent that the whole case hung upon the question of the condition of the ground at the time the house was entered by the burglar. The hour of the burglary was definitely fixed because the disturbed householder had looked at his watch immediately after the intruder had vanished.

Very cleverly the attorney for the defense brought out the fact that the premises of the accused had been promptly searched and everything there in the shape of masculine footwear seized. Also it was clearly established that none of these shoes or boots were soiled with mud but still retained the lustre of a polish several hours old. Thus narrowed the case against the coachman down to the question as to whether there had been, at that place, a sufficient rainfall, previous to the hour of the burglary, to have rendered it impossible for a man to walk from the stable to the house without leaving traces of wet and mud upon his footwear. Not only did the records of our office show that the rainfall was in advance of the burglary but that it was very heavy and included the house in question, which was only three-fourths of a mile from the Weather Bureau office.

Naturally the jury decided that the accusation was based on mistaken identity and that the prisoner was entitled to his liberty. The joy of the wife and her gratitude for the Weather Bureau evidence that freed her husband from disgrace and saved him from State's prison can never be forgotten by the writer.

As an Arbiter of Justice

It would seem from at least one of my experiences that the lawyer who summons the weather man as a witness would do well not to take too much for granted. Not long ago I was called into court by a lawyer of considerable reputation with whom I had a pleasant social acquaintance. He represented a client who was being sued for damages on account of an accident due to the fall of a structure. The fact which this attorney wished to establish by my testimony was that the force of the wind was so great that the accident was due to the "act of God" instead of the instability of the structure. Shortly before I was to go on the stand he came quietly to where I was sitting and greeted me pleasantly. I lost no time in saying to him that I had looked up the wind records for the hour of the accident and found that it had been blowing only fifteen miles an hour—just a good fair breeze but by no means a destructive wind.

"Yes, I see," he mused. "By the way, would you mind waiting a few moments after I have left you and then going out as unobtrusively as possible?"

"In other words," I answered, "you wish me to sneak out so that the lawyers on the other side will not see that your star witness has been dismissed without testimony."

"Well, that's about it," he laughed. "The fact is, it would be mighty embarrassing to have the other side notice this little incident, just at this moment."

Of course, I was glad to go out as quietly as possible; but that afternoon I received another summons to appear on the morrow and to bring my records with me.

"Were you not in this courtroom yesterday, at the instance of the defense in this case?" was the first question asked of me.

"Yes," I answered.

That was the beginning of the end so far as the contention of my friend was concerned. In two quick questions the lawyer on the other side secured my testimony to the fact that the rate of the wind at the time of the accident was not excessive. But the jury was particularly impressed with the fact that my testimony had been squelched by the defendant's attorney who had originally called me for the purpose of proving the main contention on which his case must rest: the *actus Dei*. Representatives of the Weather Bureau have been called into court thousands of times. Personal injury cases and suits for recovery on account of damage to perishable goods injured in transit are the principal civil causes in which the weather man is called upon to testify. Naturally, these are in much greater number in the North, where extremes of temperature and storm are common, than in the South.

Demands upon the records of past weather are, however, likely to be less troublesome than are the calls for long-range forecasts. Occasionally a Sunday-school superintendent or the manager of a summer outing makes a request for the probable weather on a date varying from a week to a fortnight in the future.

Weather to Order

The most strenuous demand, however, that I ever received for a forecast was in 1901, in the midst of a protracted drought, when crops were threatened with failure, and excitement among traders in the corn and wheat pits was at concert pitch. A stylishly-attired woman, who was laboring under great strain, came to my office frequently to keep in closest possible touch with the prospective weather. At length she asked for an interview with me and confessed that she had plunged heavily on the market and that if it were suddenly to break and go against her she should be ruined. On the other hand, if she could have only twenty-four hours the advantage of the public in the matter of information of the imminent break of the long drought, her fortune would be made. My careful explanation of the impropriety and impossibility of such an act of favoritism and official partiality seemed to make no impression whatever upon her mind, and she continued to plead her cause until I was obliged to insist upon the termination of the interview. This is by no means the only instance wherein the official forecaster has been importuned to give out to private individuals advance information of a kind calculated to afford them an immense advantage in the market. Time and again traders remarked to the weather man: "Why don't you get into the market? If I had your inside information it would be a cinch."

Perhaps they do not realize that, during what is called a "weather market," not only the weather but even a forecast of the weather for the corn and wheat producing States affects the price of grain, and so makes it impossible for any conscientious forecaster to "take a flyer on the Board of Trade." There has been for many years an unwritten law in the Weather Bureau forbidding such practice, and a few years ago, in order to safeguard the interests both of the Bureau and the public, that wise, prudent chief, Professor Willis L. Moore, issued an order prohibiting all subordinates from trading in futures on the Exchange.

Now and then a request, by mail or wire, reaches the weather man which gives him a glimpse of the pathetic side of life. One day the morning's mail brought me a letter from Madison, Wisconsin, asking what the weather would likely be a week hence. The letter was answered with an explanation of the impossibility of making such a forecast. A few days later another letter came from the same young woman explaining that her mother was a helpless invalid and that her malady was greatly aggravated by the heat; that they were about to remove her to her Eastern home and that unless they could time the journey so as to make it during a comparatively cool spell, the result of the trip might be fatal to the invalid. This case greatly interested me, and I arranged to notify the daughter by wire as soon as I could see the probability of a day of unusual coolness. This I did and was greatly relieved to find that my forecast was correct.

From the calls over his telephone the weather man is given an almost panoramic view of human nature and the various interests that are uppermost in the minds of applicants for weather information. The ice man wants it torrid in summer and frigid in winter; the coal man would eliminate summer altogether and have winter all the year round. But of all the conflicting wishes with regard to the weather it seems to me that those of a certain baseball team manager were the most unreasonable. He had the assurance to ask for sunshine at his own park and a storm at the park of his competitor two miles away.

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BOOK LEAVES

THE GAME AS IT IS PLAYED—THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF POLITICS. BY AN ADEPT.

¶"This volume," says the preface (Plunkitt of Tammany Hall, by William L. Riordan: *McClure, Phillips & Co.*), "discloses the mental operations of perhaps the most thoroughly practical politician of the day." Then follow his titles to fame: Leader of the Fifteenth Assembly District, Sachem of the Tammany Society, Chairman of the Elections Committee, State Senator, Assemblyman, Police Magistrate, and the only man who can boast that at one and the same time he drew the salaries of four offices. Since the preface was written Plunkitt has been ousted from his leadership by The McManus. But that is mere history; the essential truth of the book remains. It is not a defense, an attack, an apology or, in any but an incidental way, a portrait; it is a disclosure of mental operations, a document in the case of the people against the bosses. The interviews which form the body of this exposition—one had almost written exposure—first appeared in the New York daily press, and in the one hundred and eighty-odd small pages of the little book into which they have been gathered they cover every activity of the politician's mind between the confines of a most sincere belief that civil service will be the ruin of the country and loud protestations that Tammany Hall, the only lastin' democracy, will yet be its savior.

Plunkitt is not good company in any sense that made Dooley a delightful companion. He is not witty and he is only humorous by misprision, but his acquaintance is well worth the while of any student of the game as it is played. Perhaps the best comment upon the man's astounding obliquity of vision, as the interviews reveal him, is his complacency in allowing the book to be published at all. If he could see himself in any true light he would have shot the author first.

OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US—A FLATTERING PORTRAIT OF UNCERTAIN LIKENESS, BY THE ABBÉ KLEIN.

¶Two things principally impressed the Abbé Klein on his visit to us—religious tolerance and public education. Time and again he finds occasion in his pages to pay tribute to our good nature and our enthusiasm for knowledge. He quotes with respect the President's declaration, that "we are not perfect, but we love liberty and respect it in all." No doubt, these two aspects of national character were brought home to him with especial force by the recent history of the religious orders in his own country

Au Pays de la Vie Intense, of which the present volume, In the Land of the Strenuous Life (by Abbé Felix Klein: *A. C. McClurg & Co.*), is the author's own translation, was first brought out in Paris and rapidly ran through six editions, attaining in addition the honor of being crowned by the Academy. Indeed, it is a book more interesting to the foreigner than to the native-born. Much of the material which might by a French reader be fairly classed as information is no longer news to us. It is not particularly stimulating, for instance, to read that in Philadelphia they ask you who was your grandfather, in New York how much you are worth, in Boston what you know. Add to this the absence of any effort to rationalize the necessarily scattered impressions of a hurried traveler, and overlay the whole with an urbanity sometimes more gracious than discriminating, and it becomes apparent why the Abbé's pages are more amiable than searching. Could anything be more accommodating than this poetic description of the University of Chicago

"The handsome University to which Mr Rockefeller's millions have piped the Pierian springs."

The Pierian springs and the oil wells how happy! And piped! Nothing but inspiration can account for a felicity like that

¶MARIE VAN VORST has sought, in Amanda of the Mill (*Doubleday, Page & Co.*), to turn to fictional uses the wealth of material she accumulated as one of the authors of The Woman Who Toils. She lays the scene in a Southern town which a shrewd Northerner is "waking up" by the establishment of a large factory. Of course, the employees are oppressed and, also of course, their cause is championed by the hero of the story, a reformed drunkard who turns out to be the disowned son of the unscrupulous Yankee, and who has a decidedly well-studied love-affair with Amanda. The story ends with a flood, vividly described, which wipes out some good and much evil. It is a conscientious piece of work with some excellent realism, but suffers from its author's devotion to a mood decidedly overwrought

¶THE SOUND THEORY that the world would be happy if every one in it obeyed the teachings of Jesus Christ is the structure upon which the Rev. Charles M Sheldon, the author of In His Steps—and the more recent editor of an experimental Christian daily newspaper—builds his new story, The Heart of the World. It is impossible to criticise the theory, but one cannot say so much for the fictional setting. Mr Sheldon is no novelist

¶HUMOR WAS, obviously, the ideal of Mr. Frederick Upham Adams when he took his pen in hand to write John Henry Smith (*Doubleday, Page & Co.*). He intended to give us an up-to-date, out-of-doors romance from the funny point of view, with a good deal of golf and a little automobiling on the side. What he has achieved is another matter The love affair of Smith and Grace Harding is pleasant, and Mr. Adams is clearly a real open-air man. But he isn't a humorist

¶ALL MEN LIKE TO PREACH—except, perhaps, the preachers—and yet few lay-preachers are worth listening to George H. Knox, however, proves himself a shining exception in his two volumes of practical philosophy, What Are You Out For? and Ready Money (*Personal Help Publishing Company*). The title of the second book is by no means the answer to the query expressed in the name of the first, for, though Mr Knox is a man whose point of view is preeminently that of hard common-sense, he has also a workable idealism which gives his counsel nobility as well as wisdom "Get yourself in line," he says, "for the best there is. The people who are succeeding are not more capable than those who are not. *He can who thinks he can*"—a comfortable philosophy, truly

¶VERA, A YOUNG GIRL with Indian blood in her veins; her father, a captain of industry with a sense of humor; a young Easterner, proficient alike in the art of love and the science of commercial traveling; a beautiful wife; an unappreciated husband; an unscrupulous private secretary, and a chronic victim of hard luck—these are the *dramatis personæ* of Alice Winter's novel, The Prize to the Hardy (*The Bobbs-Merrill Company*).

Between them they effect a rather interesting story which has the advantage of moving at a pace that stimulates the somewhat flaccid attention of the chronic novel-reader

¶SARA ANDREW SHAFER'S new volume, Beyond Chance of Change (*The Macmillan Company*), is a simple chronicle of the shifting seasons and of the delights of a charming village. That poetic feeling and delicate humor which characterized Mrs. Shafer's earlier work, The Day Before Yesterday, is still apparent, and, though there is no formal plot, the true narratives of real children have zest in them to banish all monotony

There are few living writers who more sympathetically understand the nature of the child.

¶IT IS A NEW AND KINDLIER Thomas Dixon, Jr., who is revealed in The Life Worth Living (*Doubleday, Page & Co.*), an older but mellower man. A narrative of personal experience, this little book tells how its author sought a real home in the city and found it not, and how at last he realized his ideal when he gave up "nineteen feet of baked mud" in New York for a colonial house in Tidewater, Virginia. The illustrations, which are chiefly reproductions of photographs of Mr. Dixon's house and wooded acres, justify his opinions of what constitutes the happy life.

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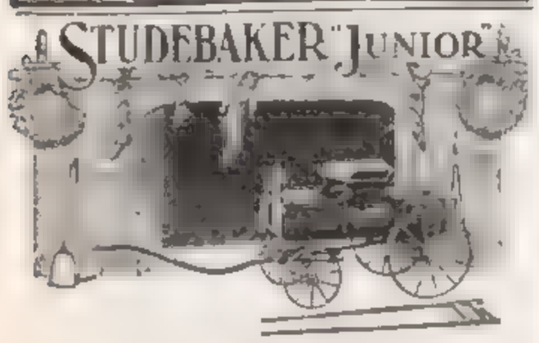

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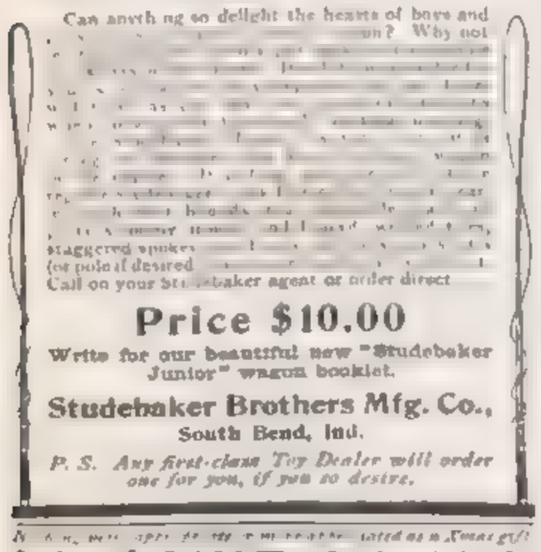

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Oddities and Novelties
OF EVERY-DAY SCIENCE

SCIENTIFIC CIDER-MAKING—THERE IS ONE INDUSTRY IN WHICH EUROPE STILL LEADS AMERICA.

THIS is a great apple country, and yet our cider product is inferior in quality and relatively small in quantity. The cider-making industry is neglected in the United States, Europe being in this respect far ahead of us. France alone produces an average of 300,000,000 gallons of cider per annum.

In Europe special varieties of apples are grown for cider, and the fruit is subjected to careful treatment, not being allowed to ripen fully on the trees, but gathered, stored in bins in lofts, and ground when at exactly the right stage of mellowness. In this way the maximum amount of juice is obtained, and its flavor is best. In the lofts the aroma of the ripening apples is sometimes so intense as to be unpleasant to the nostrils.

A good cider-apple should contain not less than fifty-five per cent. of juice; a fair amount of acids (malic and tartaric), to contribute refreshing quality; a sufficiency of tannic acid, to clarify; and plenty of sugar, to yield alcohol for strength and carbonic acid for sparkle and piquancy. All of these points have been reduced to a scientific basis in Europe, and the whole cider-making industry is based upon exact knowledge of them.

In Germany the cider-makers have gone yet further, utilizing in the fermentation of their product pure cultures of certain yeast microbes. These they obtain in small flasks from government laboratories. When the fresh "must" is sown with these microbes, they multiply in it with great rapidity, giving to the liquor a specially desirable flavor and bouquet. It is an expedient based on exactly the same principle as that of the housewife who employs good yeast in the making of bread for her table.

Recently a number of the most valuable of these yeasts have been reproduced in the United States, and before long they are to be distributed in little bottles for use by our own cider-makers. Something may also be done to encourage the manufacture of "perry" (the cider of pears), which, though largely made abroad, is almost unknown on this side of the water.

HELP FOR THE WILD TURKEY—HE IS IN A BAD WAY, BUT IF HE GOES WE'LL BE IN A WORSE ONE.

THE Government Bureau of Mammals and Birds declares that for the wild turkey, our biggest game fowl, there is only one possible salvation—namely, by partial domestication. Formerly abundant over wide areas in this country this fowl has been pretty nearly exterminated, and, unless something is done for its protection, it will soon disappear altogether.

In early Colonial days there were great numbers of wild turkeys in Massachusetts, and they were so tame that they were frequently seen in the neighborhood of the houses of the settlers, in flocks. At the present time the species is totally extinct in New England. In other parts of the country they have become extremely wild and difficult to shoot, owing to the persistence with which they have been hunted and trapped. But by nature they are not particularly shy, and, in the opinion of ornithological experts, it would not be difficult to encourage their propagation under conditions of at least semi-domestication.

It is hard to realize that, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, turkeys were so abundant that they sold for six cents apiece, though very large ones, weighing twenty-five or thirty pounds, sometimes brought a quarter of a dollar. Nowadays a big wild turkey is worth five dollars. Pot-hunting is largely responsible for the extermination so-called sportsmen commonly shooting them on the roost, or lying in ambush and luring them to destruction by imitating the call-note of the hen in spring. Sometimes they are trapped in pens.

Our domestic turkeys are descended not from the wild turkeys of the United States, but from the Mexican species, which the Spaniards took to Europe. Thus, in a roundabout manner, by way of the Old World, we obtained the bird, which is distinguished most notably from the wild fowl by the fact that the meat of its breast is white. Within the last few years, however, turkey-raisers have utilized the wild gobbler to a considerable extent for breeding, thus modifying considerably the color of the flesh.

The circumstance that wild turkeys have maintained their foothold to some extent in long-settled parts of their old territory—as for example, in Virginia and Maryland—strongly suggests the feasibility of restocking parts of their former ranges with these birds, which, if properly protected, would multiply rapidly, to the great satisfaction of all bird-lovers, and to the joy of the sportsman and the epicure.

FRUITS FRESH THOUGH CANNED—NO NEED TO COOK; YOU CAN JUST CAN WHAT YOU CAN'T EAT.

CANNED vegetables and fruits have not the flavor of the fresh articles because, in order to preserve them, they are subjected to a temperature above the boiling point. In other words, they are cooked.

In future, however, the case will be otherwise, thanks to a remarkable discovery which has been made recently at the Oregon Experiment Station, where fruits and vegetables are now being put up in cans without boiling or cooking, the result being that even after years have elapsed they taste as if fresh from the garden or orchard.

This work, which is being done by Doctor Pernot, depends for its efficiency upon a process of pasteurization. The vegetables or fruits are heated, but not nearly to the boiling point. The temperature to which they are raised is high enough, however, to kill nearly all of the bacteria which cause fermentation and decay. Enough are left alive to spoil the product if the process were applied only once; but, to obtain the result desired, it is applied a number of times, on successive days, and thus all of the microbes are finally destroyed.

In this way a difficulty hitherto supposed to be insurmountable has been overcome. Heating to the moderate extent requisite, it is found, does not injure or alter the flavor of the fruits and vegetables, and they keep quite as well as ordinary canned stuff of the kind.

This discovery, obviously, is one of enormous commercial importance, and will have an important bearing upon the future of one of the greatest of our industries.

ELECTRICAL PLAYTHINGS—THEY ARE ELBOWING THE CLOCKWORK TOYS OUT OF CHILD-LAND.

TOYS for the approaching Christmas are largely electrical. There are motor boats run by electricity, with the aid of small dry batteries, while the same motor power is utilized in the shape of miniature stationary engines, glass bottles being provided in this case to serve as wet cells. With the bottles comes a yellow chemical substance in powdered form, which, according to directions, has only to be put into the glass receptacles, with water, and the machinery will start.

The third rail has appeared in Toydom, being utilized for the propulsion of small electrical locomotives traveling on tracks so constructed in sections as to be adapted for purposes of transportation over the floor of the nursery or playroom. One quite elaborate plaything comprises both a train and a motor car. When the latter crosses the track the engine stops, and when the locomotive gets in the way the automobile pauses.

Inventors in this line are exercising their ingenuity to the utmost in contriving new electrical toys. One such plaything is a railroad station, constructed on quite a large scale, which is brilliantly illuminated by incandescent lights when a switch is touched.

There are also electric signals on the miniature roads, and the headlights of some of the newest toy locomotives are similarly illumined. Not a few, too, of the larger mechanical manikins, such as used to be actuated by clockwork, are now operated by small batteries.

Do you rely on buckets for your fire protection? That's the out of date method. The cost is small but so is the effectiveness. One **Patrol Fire Extinguisher** is equal to forty buckets of water. Water often does more damage than the fire. The **Patrol** is always ready, safe, sure, efficient. There is no other fire extinguisher with the rapidity of action, durability and safety of the

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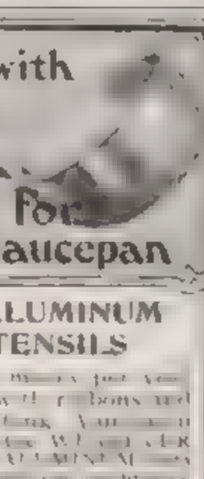

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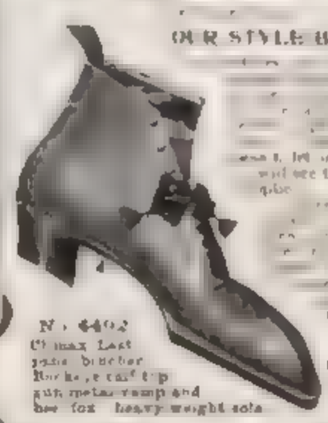

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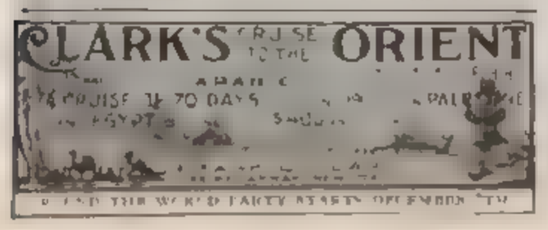

LITERARY FOLK

Their Ways and Their Work

Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd
One of the Many Who Have Graduated From the Newspaper to the Novel

Gaelic for Love or War

BEFORE ever she took up the line of work which led to such successes as Kidnaped by Bettina and Concerning Belinda, Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd had a thorough newspaper training and, for some time, wrote the Wednesday morning literary notes in the New York Sun. When somebody recently complimented her on the strength of the wreck-scene in Bettina, she replied:

"Oh, but for strength I should have learned Gaelic! I am sure it is the 'strongest' of all languages, and I remember an old Scotchman whom I met at Inverness and who solemnly urged me to acquire that ancient tongue. 'It is,' he said, 'the glorious language for love-making and sweering, Miss: ye get such a g-r-r-ip on the words!'"

A New Literary Mystery

THE latest literary mystery is called G B Lancaster. This author's collection of strong, short stories of the Australian bush has already attracted much favorable comment from the critics because of the narratives' powerful masculinity and sometimes almost brutal realism, and nearly every reviewer has had high praise for Mr Lancaster.

The only drawback is that there isn't any "Mr." Lancaster—G. B Lancaster being a woman and Lancaster not being her name She refuses to disclose her identity, and the literary agent who is handling her manuscripts says merely that "she is a woman whom he met in the course of Sunday-school work." That is absolutely all that is known of her, even by her publishers

The Spy and the Novelist

AS IT is not often that the writer of adventure stories is so lucky as to have an adventure of his own, Eugene P. Lyle, Jr., once a Kansas City reporter and now author of The Missourian, may be accounted a lucky man. Mr. Lyle has just returned from a trip to South and Central America, and, while in Venezuela, he saw a good deal of the volatile President Castro. What Mr. Lyle thought of Castro he does not say, but what Castro thought of Mr. Lyle began to be apparent as soon as the American set sail from Venezuela, when he found that a government spy was aboard the boat, watching his every movement.

Mr. Lyle one day left his typewriter and some papers in the main saloon and, returning suddenly, found the spy rummaging among them. Then Mr. Lyle acted. He wrote a "fake" revolutionary note, and left it among his papers. In this note he implicated a great number of President Castro's warmest personal friends in a conspiracy to overthrow the Government. He left the note in a very conspicuous place, and, to his high gratification, saw the spy take it the next day. Subsequently the secret emissary of the Government displayed signs of great emotion, and, when Mr. Lyle left the ship, the spy was hurriedly making his way to a cable-office.

Forced to Buy Gold for a Song

IN FEW businesses probably not even in the stock-market—are there so many surprises as in that of book-publishing Nowhere else—or so the initiates declare does the unexpected more consistently occur than in the world of books: nowhere else does the prospective gold mine more frequently turn out to be salted, or the scrawny, unnoted goose proceed, without warning, to lay golden eggs. A case in point is furnished by the inside history of Looking Backward, which inside history has never, one believes, been, as yet, publicly told

This book, it seems, was far down among the novels on the list of a firm of publishers who were selling out to a new house. The buyers had named acceptable prices for every other item, and at last the rights to Mr. Bellamy's book alone remained to be disposed of

"I guess we don't want this," said the purchasers

"Oh," said the retiring firm, "you'd better take it along and make a clean sweep!"

"Well, what do you want for it?"

"Five hundred dollars.

"We'll give you one hundred."

And so they manœuvred until the bargain was struck at about two hundred and sixty dollars

No sooner had the new firm taken over the book than it began to "go" It has now "gone" to the tune of about 600,000 copies, cloth and paper; and it is a fact that the total amount of money spent in advertising it was exactly twenty-five dollars.

Innocents Abroad

"LITERARY pilgrimages" is a term which has been so abused as at once to raise visions of Trips to Writers in Their Homes, or The Writer Ugly in the House Beautiful, but there now comes from New York the news of a literary pilgrimage in which the pilgrims are the authors themselves. In this case the travelers are Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson, who, each having just completed a novel, are, with Mrs. Tarkington and Mrs. Wilson, bound for a year in Italy.

Mr. Holland's Title

ALTHOUGH the man whose name appears on the title-page of a novel has generally written the story which follows, it not infrequently happens that the title is the work, not of the brilliant author, but of the obscure publisher. In fact, it is in the matter of titles that publishers exercise their most drastic criticism, for the name of a book is one of the vital elements of its success, and the publisher generally thinks that he knows what sort of title the reading public prefers.

A new example of the publisher's handiwork in the detail of titles will be found in Harvard and The Count, a "first novel" by Rupert Sargent Holland which is to appear some time in December. Mr. Holland originally chose for his story the title, Cambridge and The Count, but the publisher at once pointed out that this was wholly inappropriate for a novel of Harvard life such as Mr Holland's book happens to be. Cambridge and The Count, it was argued, suggested the English university, whereas Harvard and The Count immediately determined the scene and, moreover, invited the interest of American college men

Did They Talk Jamesese?

THE critics who found "the influence of Henry James" in Howard Overing Sturgis' Belchamber have now an opportunity to taste the sweets of an "I-told-you-so." It seems that Mr. Sturgis, who is an Englishman, is, in fact, a personal friend of Mr. James, and was, not so long since, a guest with Mr. James at The Mount, in Lenox, the country-place of Mr. James' most notable disciple, Mrs. Edith Wharton.

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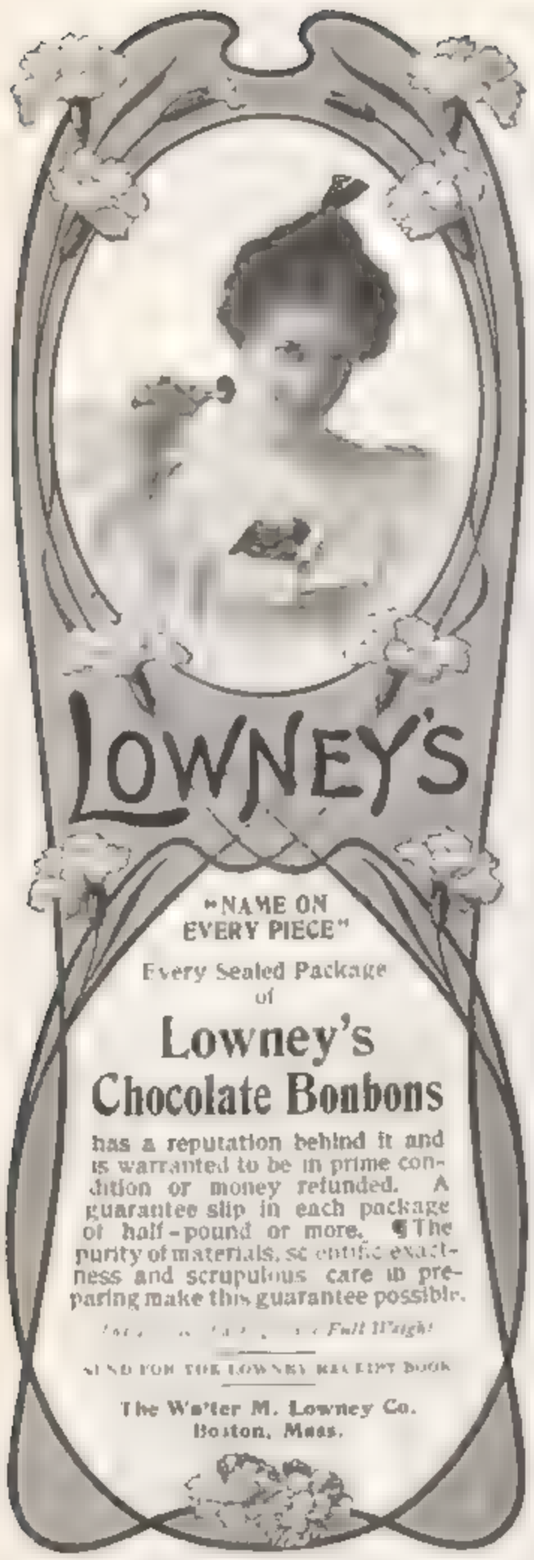
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PLAYER FOLK

Viola Allen, Whose Success as Betty Singleton, in The Toast of the Town, by Clyde Fitch, is More of a Personal Triumph Than a Tribute to the Playwright

Like Master, Like Man

CLYDE FITCH not only has the faculty of inventing quaint and characteristic incidents, but of giving rise to them in his own person. At the time when he was writing Beau Brummel, shortly after graduating from Amherst, he went cold, and perhaps hungry, but was as fastidious as his hero in his dress. An intimate friend of his family, finding him without an overcoat in midwinter, pressed on him a loan of twenty dollars, and invited him to dinner. He came to dine some days later, but without the overcoat. When the subject was delicately mentioned, he said, with dignity: "I *couldn't* wear a twenty-dollar overcoat!"

For years after the success of Beau Brummel he saw play after play go down to failure. Yet he clung to his valet who, as the years passed by, became errand-boy, chambermaid and cook as well. The account for unpaid wages grew larger and larger. Whenever a play was accepted he raised his valet's wages five dollars a month, so that each failure brought a double loss. When his fortunes turned with Nathan Hale the monthly wages had reached fabulous proportions. But so, alas, had the arrogance of the valet, who had too long been accustomed to be master of the situation. The two who had faced poverty together were parted by prosperity.

This valet was a Frenchman, and Mr. Fitch, with his restless black eye and his upturned mustache, has a decidedly foreign aspect. Once, while crossing the Atlantic together, they were the objects of much curiosity to their fellow-passengers. When they appeared on deck together, a German-American lady put her lorgnette to her eyes, scanned them, and was heard to exclaim: "Fvich iss Fitch!"

Nat Goodwin Up Salt River

NAT GOODWIN has of late been taking a cruise up Salt River. Beginning with his rather artificial performance of Bully Bottom in A Midsummer-Night's Dream, and ending (for good, it is to be hoped) with one of the most artistic bits of work he has ever done in the part of the Skipper in W. W. Jacobs' Beauty and the Barge, he has not had a single success on Broadway. But neither he nor his manager has lost the sense of humor. An actor, just in from the road, and ignorant of the late disaster, asked Mr. Daniel Frohman if he might go to see Mr. Goodwin. The manager smiled and said, "Of course!" He added that Mr Goodwin was principally to be seen at his hotel.

Off the stage, Mr. Goodwin is at his best in dinner speeches. A Playgoers' Club has lately been formed in New York in imitation of a similar organization in London. One of its leading spirits is an enthusiast in the cause of Universal Peace, who gave a luncheon some months ago, the purpose of which was to form what he called a Peace Theatre Society as an offshoot of the Playgoers' Club. It was one of those earnest, fantastic occasions. Mr. Goodwin was toastmaster. He said he was a member of the Playgoers' Club because he found himself in a position where he couldn't afford to neglect any means of encouraging folks to go to the play. As to the power of the theatre to promote peace, he expressed misgiving; but added that, if turned to proper use, the energies of syndicate and anti-syndicate, of the leading lady's temper and of the leading actor's vanity, would accomplish marvels.

Acting and Inches

NOWHERE is a commanding stature of such value as on the stage. It would perhaps not be kind to conjecture how much of their popularity Faversham and Hackett owe to their inches. Yet it is a curious fact that many of the greatest actors have been short. Garrick was a "little man," and Booth was scarcely of medium height. Among modern actors, Mansfield is by no means imposing physically, and Sothern is notably short.

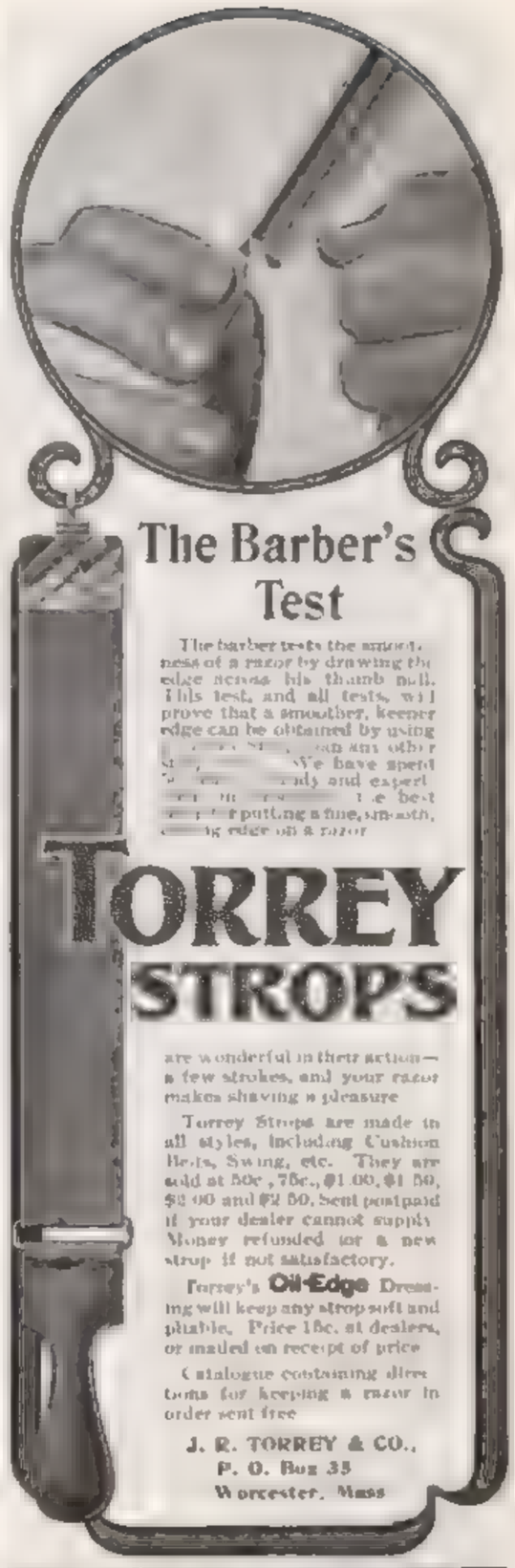
The obvious means of overcoming such a handicap is for the actor to surround himself with a company of his own stature, or less. The general excellence of the cast may suffer, and the door may be closed to many a player who has both size and ability—but no one would be gladder to have things different than the undersized star! Sometimes, however, the cat is let out of the bag. Very few of those who saw Mr. Sothern in The Prisoner of Zenda realized that he was anything less than a man of the most formidable physique. In If I Were King and The Proud Prince, however, he found a stumbling-block. In both plays he had to wear a robe of royal ermine. Now, it happens that his shoulders are as broad as those of a taller man, so that the effect of the flowing robe was to give him the appearance of having been sawed off.

No actor has more successfully simulated a commanding physique than Coquelin. During one of his American engagements, he explained to a circle of New York women, who stood half a head above him, how he managed. All his life he had studied tall men until he was able to reproduce their characteristic attitudes—a slight forward tilt of the head, a drooping of the eyes, and many much subtler traits of those who have been accustomed to look down upon the world from above. By these means, he said, he was able to appear taller on the stage than actors who in reality stood well above him—provided he did not let them come too near!

A Fortune for the Play-Picker

THEATRICAL managers are not saying much about hard times, but their actions speak for them. Several first-class New York houses have reduced the price of seats to one dollar and a half, but with so little profit that the tendency now seems to be to revert to two dollars. People want to see plays because they are good, not because they are cheap, and in view of current standards as to scenery, actors' salaries and authors' royalties, two dollars is not too much. In England the price of a stall is two dollars and fifty-two cents. Some months ago the leading theatres all reduced their newspaper-advertising, with the result that there was a sudden falling-off in the amount of news and gossip in the Sunday papers. Then managers woke up to the fact that they had been getting an awful lot of free advertisement. Lately it has been proposed to abolish the orchestra in all but the houses devoted to musical comedy. The result is an outcry of protest.

The simple fact is that coincident with the recent mania for building theatres there has been a general falling off in the quality of the plays produced in our chief source of supply—England and the Continent. There are more stages than ever, and fewer plays to put on them. The syndicate managers, it is said, still regard the aspiring playwright as if he needed an excuse for living; certainly they have brought out no new talent. But there is a growing band of independent and semi-independent managers who are alive to the fact that their stock in trade is plays and their manufactories authors. To discover a single playwright of ability is to create a fortune.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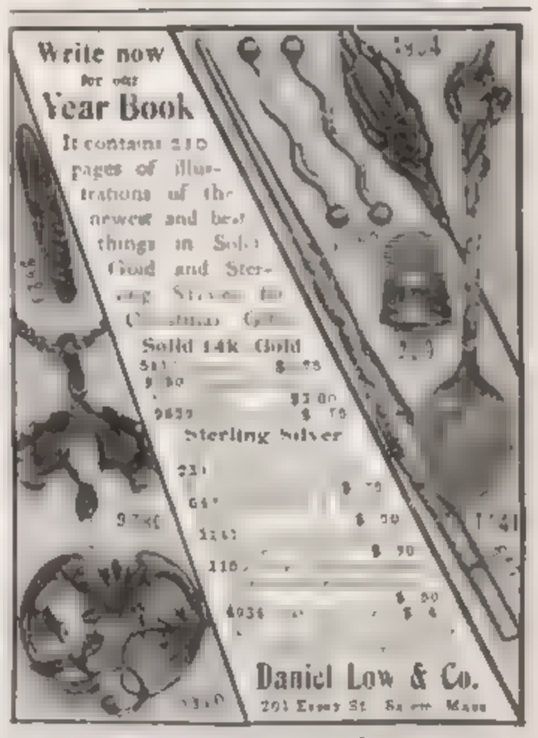
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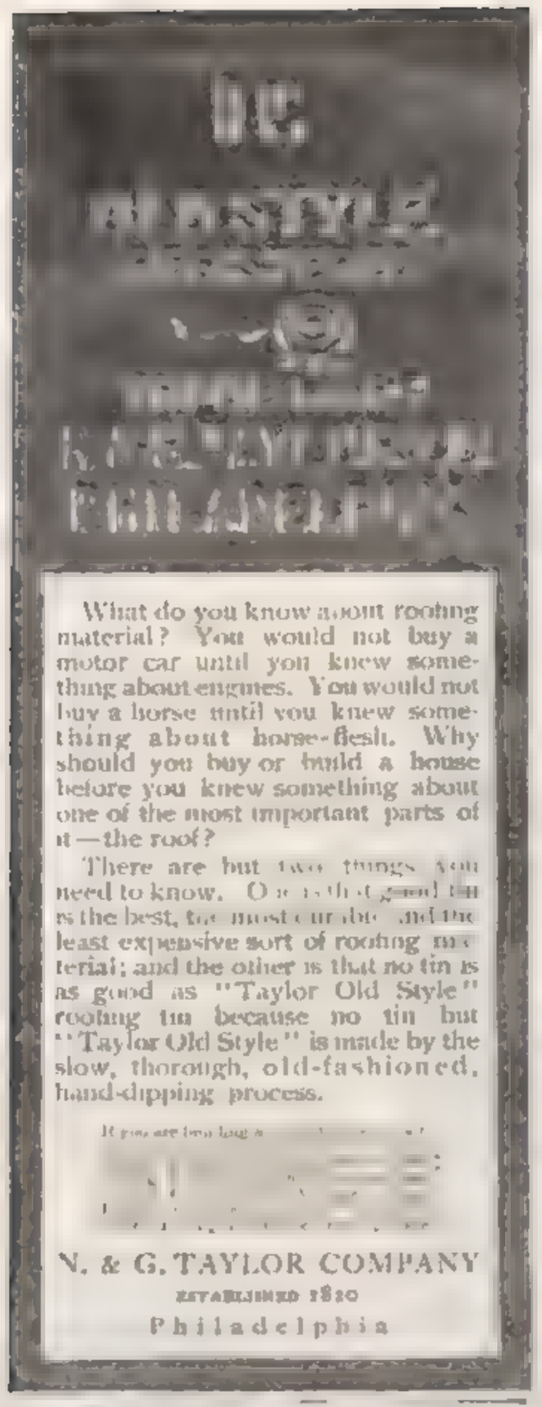

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How Plupy, Pewt and Beany Missed Their Dinner

By Judge Henry A. Shute

THE approach of Thanksgiving opened up a dazzling prospect of mince, apple, squash and pumpkin pie, and chicken, turkey, roast pig, roast goose, nuts and raisins, to our friends Pewt, Beany, Plupy, Fatty, Boog, Whack, Puzzy and others, who had on ordinary occasions displayed appetites of most unusual and extraordinary proportions. The expectations of these lively youths had been kept at fever heat by the daily home preparations for the coming event, and the woefully infrequent opportunities afforded them of snatching, *en et armis*, small portions of the raw materials, such as nuts, raisins, brown sugar, dried currants, preserved ginger and minced meat, and of escaping through holes in the back fence to avoid maternal reprisals.

As each boy was in honor bound to divide equitably such plunder among his friends, on penalty of being called a pig or a "meany," the frequent interchange of commodities led to speculations over the possibility of anticipating the event by a little dinner of their own.

It was a custom in those days—a custom which I am glad to say is practically obsolete to-day—at least in Exeter—for the poorer children to spend the early hours of the night before Thanksgiving in going about the town begging for Thanksgiving supplies. The well-to-do housewife would be called to the door and would find there a boy or girl who would greet her with the time-honored request: "Please gimme suthin' for Thanksgivin'." Sometimes a few kindly questions would elicit sufficient information to convince the good woman that it would be a real charity to cast a little bread on the waters, and the usual result was that the small beggar went away well laden with goodies. Again, a severe cross-examination would frequently end in the headlong flight of the mendicant and his shrill yells of derision when at a safe distance.

This custom was regarded rather tolerantly by the good people of Exeter, and was not looked upon as strictly begging by those who regularly indulged in it, but rather as a fascinating game of chance. Indeed, it was by no means an uncommon thing for children of the better classes to yield to its fascinations, and, evading the vigilance of their natural guardians, to solicit alms with a persistence that in any good cause would have been most praiseworthy, and with a fertility of prevarication that was appalling.

With these shining examples in mind, it was not surprising that our young friends became interested in any project affording the alluring alternative of excitement and probable gain. And so one rainy Saturday afternoon when, gathered in Fatty's barn, they had exhausted the possibilities of "rasslin'," "knockin' off hats," "punchin'," and that most delightful pastime known as "pilin' on," in which when one of two wrestlers was squarely thrown and was recumbent under the body of the victor, any boy present could, by throwing himself on the bodies of the fallen, and yelling "Pile on, pile on!" at once produce a confused mound of squirming, shouting, struggling boys, whose combined weight crushed the unfortunate victim almost flat—so it was that, when these amusements were exhausted, the conversation turned to the delightful subject of Thanksgiving dainties.

"We are goin' to have a sixteen-pound turkey to our house," quoth Boog boastfully.

"Huh, that ain't nuthin'," chimed in Pewt disdainfully. "We are goin' to have Dal Gilmore's big goose, and he weighs most twenty-five pounds, and Ivan and his wife is coming home, too."

"Yah, goose for Thanksgiving!" snorted Whack, resenting the implied superiority of Pewt's household preparations. "Goose is for C'ris'mas—anybody had ought to know that!"

"I ain't neither," insisted Pewt. "Goose is better and costs more than turkey."

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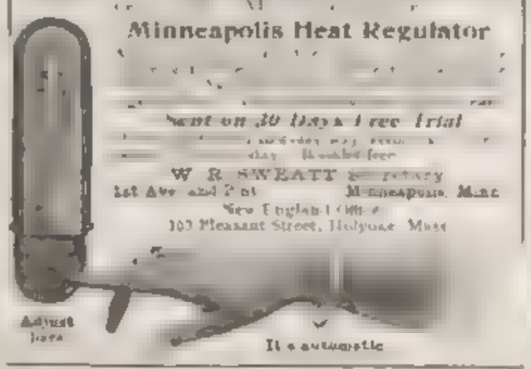

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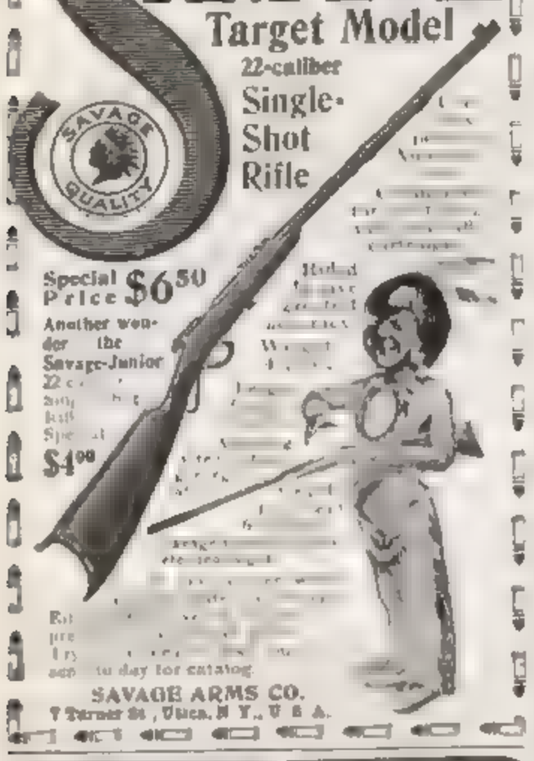

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"Dal Gilmore's old goose is more than thirty years old and tuffer'n tripe," scoffed Plupy, not to be behindhand in the discussion.

"That shows how much you know about it, old Plupy," sneered Pewt. "A goose gits tenderer and tenderer the longer it lives, jest like a rotten apple."

"Well," concluded Fatty ponderously, "you can have your old goose if you want him, but I would rather have turkey and stuffin'."

"M-m-m," said Beany, drawing in his breath succulently, "jest think of the stuffin' and gravy!"

"And the drumsticks!" added Puzzy, rolling his eyes heavenward.

"And the wishbone and a big piece of the breast!" gurgled Billy Swett.

"And the gizzard, and the part that goes over the fence last!" shrieked Beany with heightened emphasis.

"How many kinds of pie do you have, Fatty?" queried Plupy of that plump youth, who was regarded as a *bon vivant* of taste and experience.

"Five," replied Fatty meditatively, and then enumerated with keen enjoyment: "Mince, apple, pumpkin, squash and cranberry. And puddin', too," he continued reminiscently. "And nuts and raisins and figs," he concluded.

"Gosh!" exclaimed his attentive listeners with one accord.

"Don't it jest make you hungry to think of it, fellers?" said Beany, heaving a sigh.

"You bet it does," they responded with fervor.

"Do you know what Fatty Melcher did last year?" continued Beany. "He and Pewt went begging, and they dressed up in old clothes, and they got a lot of cookies, and a whole mince pie, and a half of a squash pie, and a big turnover, and they went down back of Fatty's father's shop and et it all."

"Gosh!" again exclaimed the boys as the same idea struck them simultaneously. "Le's we fellers go!"

"What if they ketch us?" demanded Plupy anxiously.

"Won't do any hurt," said Boog; "everybody expects somebody round begging night before Thanksgiving, and they don't care much who it is."

"My father would lam the stuffing out of us fellers if he should find it out," said Whack.

"Fatty can't," said Beany, "because everybody would know him."

"I won't do it," said Billy Swett with decision.

"Then 'twill have to be Pewt or Beany or Plupy."

"I won't go unless Beany will," snapped Plupy.

"I won't unless Pewt does, too," announced Beany decidedly.

"I'll tell you what," said Fatty. "Pewt and Beany and Plupy can go Wednesday night. Thanksgiving comes Thursday, and we will meet here Wednesday night and we can all eat what they get."

"Aw, now," scoffed Beany, "I guess you fellers think you are pretty smart to get us to take the risk and do the work and then help us eat it up! I guess not much, Fatty!"

"Oh, come now!" said Whack; "what's the use of your being so mean about it? They will know Fatty every time, he's so fat, and they will know he don't need nothin'. If my father hadn't said he would lick us if he ever heard of our going out begging we would do it. Your father hasn't never said he would lick you for it, Plupy, has he? Or yours, neither, Pewt? Or yours, Beany?"

The boys addressed admitted that no such injunction had been laid on them, but sagely opined that paternal relations might be a trifle strained in the event of their detection, whereupon the other boys loudly reassured them.

"Course your fathers wouldn't be mean enough to lick you when they hadn't never told you not to do it," asserted Pile Wood.

"I tell you, Whack," said Fatty in an audible aside to that gentleman, "it takes a pile of pluck to do it. Plupy and Beany and Pewt is jest the fellers to do it."

"Aw, come on now, Plupy!" said Boog. "Jest think what fun it will be! You can lie so good, too," he continued affably.

"Huh," said Plupy, plainly pleased at the flattering words, "I can't lie so good as Pewt. He can lie jest bully, and Beany can, too."

And so, after much urging and specious flattery, the three worthies, Plupy, Beany and Pewt, were persuaded to undertake the task, upon the other boys' promise to go

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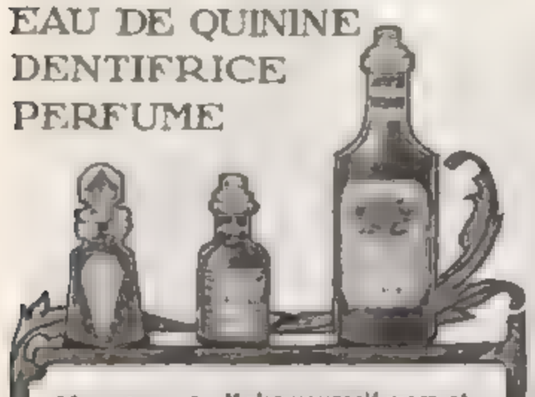

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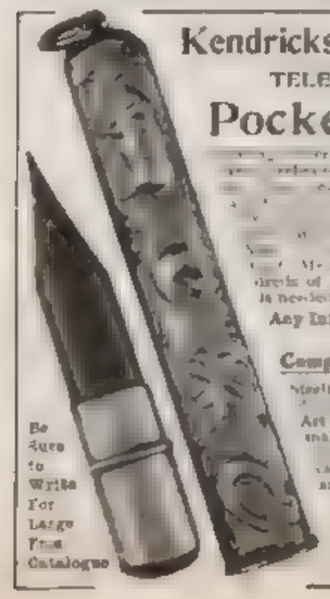

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with them and hang around in the neighborhood of the houses they were to favor with their patronage. This latter arrangement was a suggestion of Fatty's, who evidently distrusted the generosity of the three in any division of the spoil

The agreement so pleased that luxurious youth that, in order to show his appreciation of their noble conduct, he tiptoed into the kitchen of his own house and, in the absence of the cook, successfully raided the pantry and brought away a squash pie and about a peck of doughnuts stuffed into his pockets, which he distributed with the utmost impartiality.

The next Wednesday evening, just after supper, the boys met, as agreed, at Fatty's barn and arranged a plan of the campaign It was deemed advisable that the initial demand should be made at the house of one William Morrill, a most worthy and kind-hearted citizen, whose only failing was a belief that every man, and in fact every boy, was as honest as he.

Straws were drawn for first chance. Plupy, always unlucky in games of chance, drew the shortest straw, and in high spirits the boys "shinned" over the fence and cut through Elm to Court Street, where the old gentleman lived with his sister, old Mother Moulton, the best-natured, most philanthropic and talkative old soul in town

Plupy, urged on by his friends, approached the house with much diffidence, and in answer to his timid knock the door opened and disclosed the ample figure and wrinkled face of the old lady, peering at him through her iron-rimmed spectacles

"Please gimme suthin' for Thanksgiving?" stammered Plupy, pulling his hat down over his eyes, while a row of heads peered over the board fence of the schoolhouse yard, awaiting with much anxiety the result of negotiations.

"Why, bless your soul, you poor little boy! Come in, come right in," said the kind old lady, vigorously hooking the dismayed Plupy, who tried to escape, into the room.

"Now, my poor boy, tell me all about it," she continued; "and take off your hat. It isn't polite to keep your hat on in the house—didn't you know that?"

Thus urged, the desperate Plupy shamefacedly removed his hat, and, as he was perfectly well known to the old lady, she instantly recognized him.

"Sakes alive, Harry Shute, if it ain't you! What in the world are you up to such doin's as this for?" she demanded sternly.

Now, if Plupy had told her frankly she would have laughed and let him go, but, abashed at his position, and somewhat terrified at her sternness, he unfortunately tried to lie out of it

"We ain't goin' to have no Thanksgiving at our house," he said sadly. "We ain't goin' to have no turkey, nor mince pie, nor nothin'."

"For massy sakes, child, what is the matter? Is any one sick?" snapped the old lady, on fire with philanthropic zeal

"No, ma'am," said Plupy with a sigh, "nobody is sick, but father has lost his place in the Custom House, and we can't afford any turkey."

"What! George Shute lost his place, and with a wife and seven children to support! I don't wonder you feel pretty bad about it! Does your mother know you are begging?"

"No, ma'am, she wouldn't like it—but I thought if I could get a nice chicken, or a nice mince pie, I could leave it in the pantry, and perhaps she might think she had made it."

"Well, Harry Shute, I allus did think you was a no 'count sort of boy, but you have got a kind heart—a kind heart," quavered the old lady, wiping her eyes on the corner of her apron. "I'm going right straight down to your house and see your poor, dear mother," she continued, greatly to Plupy's discomfiture, who knew that interesting developments would result from her visit

"I don't believe mother could see you to-night, for she went to bed with an awful headache," said Plupy, lying desperately and shamelessly.

"Well, well, well!" said the old lady "They are going to have an awful hard time now. Hum, hum!"

She packed two mince pies neatly in paper, filled a paper bag with cookies, urged them upon the shrinking Plupy, and then, with many kind words of encouragement, led him out and closed the door behind him. Returning for her shawl and bonnet she made a hurried round of visits through the neighborhood, freely

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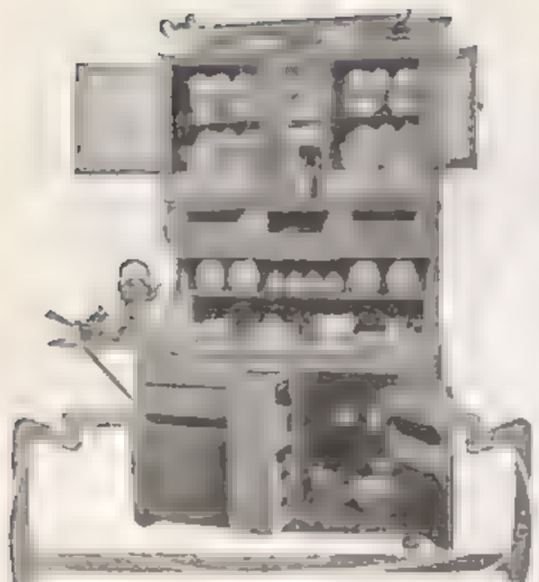

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imparting the information that George Shute had lost his place in the Boston Custom House, and what he would do to support a wife and seven children she, for her part, couldn't imagine—and what was going to become of them all she didn't, for the life of her, know

Upon his return to the boys, Plupy was greatly troubled over the magnitude of his lies, but the reassuring flattery of his companions and the appetizing smell of the provender soon put him at his ease.

Pewt, having drawn the middle straw, next applied at the house of George Smith, on Elliott Street. Unfortunately, Pewt was of so ambitious a nature as to desire above all things to tell a bigger story than Plupy had told, and, as he was not recognized by Mrs. Smith, he began to pour out a pitiful story of how his father and two sisters were down with the smallpox, and was elaborating further and harrowing particulars, when he was told to leave. The good woman added that, unless Pewt hurried away, she would have him arrested; then the door was slammed in his face with great violence, and, a few minutes later, a wild-eyed woman with a shawl over her head was acquainting the neighborhood that smallpox of the most virulent type had broken out in town

The boys were somewhat depressed at the barren results of Pewt's first trial, but at the next place, Mr. John Kelley's, having concocted an equally pitiful but less dangerous recital of a poor father dying with consumption, he so excited the kind-hearted hostess that he came away with a whole roast chicken and an apple pie.

It was now Beany's turn, and at the first place he applied he invented a wholly original story. As he was not recognized, he took the opportunity of representing himself as the son of the beloved pastor of the Second Congregational Church, and, to disarm suspicion further, informed Mrs Kelley, with engaging frankness, that his father had not been paid any salary since May, and that they couldn't have any Thanksgiving.

Now, as this good woman was an ardent supporter of the First Church of the same denomination, and inasmuch as veiled but bitter rivalry had for years existed between the two churches, she lost no time, after she had dismissed "the pastor's little son" laden with good things, in putting on her shawl and acquainting the prominent members of the church that the pastor of the Second Church was actually in need of the necessities of life, that his salary hadn't been paid for a year, and that she should think that people who held their heads so high as the Second Church people had better pay their minister. She added that she had always thought they were upstarts, and that now she knew it.

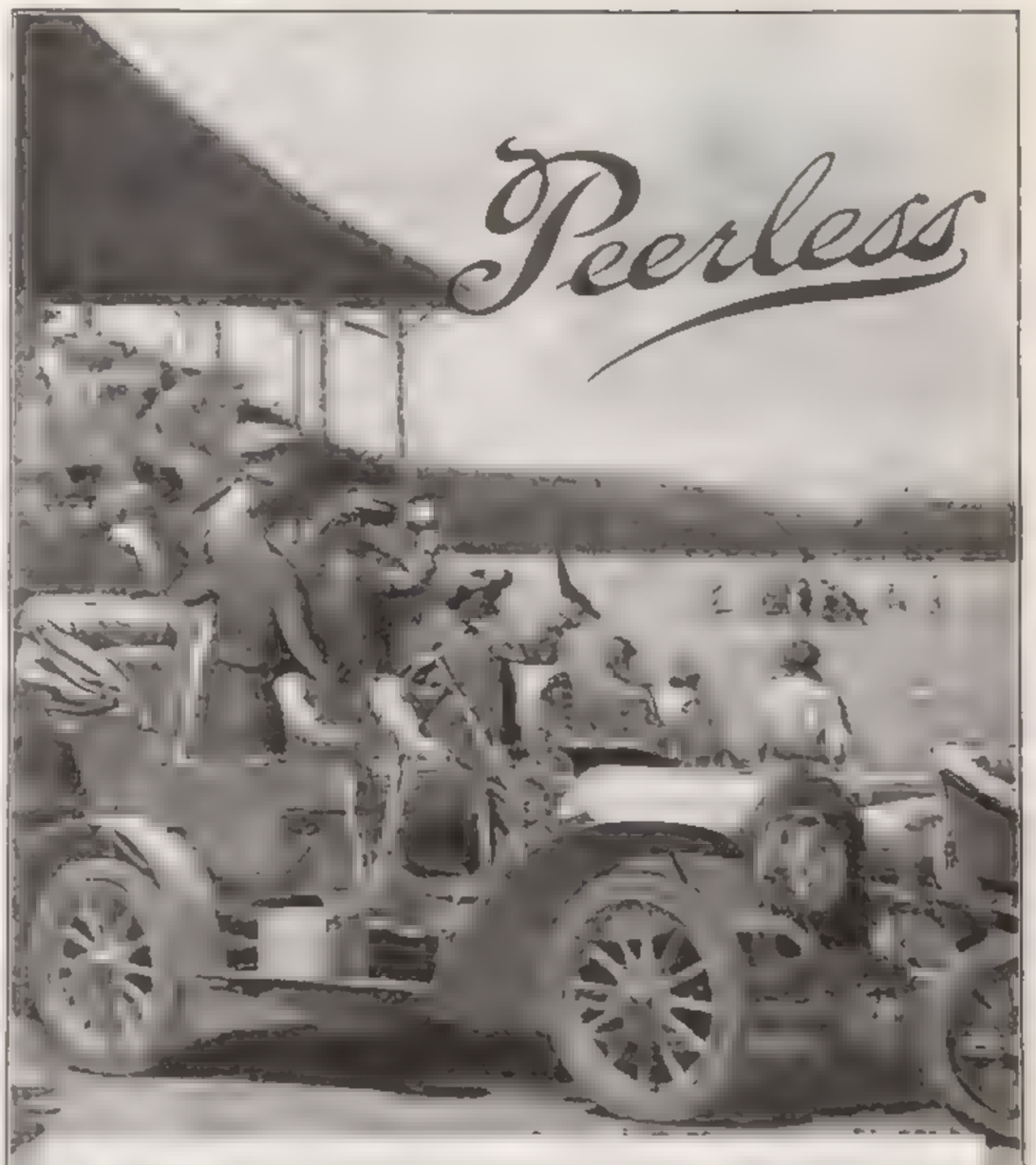
So while the boys, affluent in dainties, were hugely enjoying their feast in the rear of Fatty's barn, the most sinister rumors were flying through the little town.

Three such disquieting rumors were sufficient to stir the whole community to a boiling heat, and great was the amazement of Plupy's father the next day at receiving many visits of condolence from his friends—all of whom had already sent in written applications for the supposedly vacant office. Great, too, was the annoyance of the pastor of the Second Church, a most independent and high-minded gentleman, at receiving many donations and offers of financial aid from members of the alien congregation. But the feelings of the harassed and much abused selectmen, after spending the early hours of the forenoon in trying vainly to locate the infected district, were beyond expression

Indeed, for a long time the source of the information was unknown, but the promised visit of good Mother Moulton gave the first clew to the elder Shute, who, promptly acting on this clew, elicited from the terrified Plupy sufficient information to implicate Pewt and Beany.

It is doubtful if those three miscreants ever spent a more unhappy day. That they lost their Thanksgiving dinner was bad enough, but to be obliged to spend the greater part of that day, accompanied by irate parents, in making reiterated apologies and explanations was bitterness itself; and the sound thrashing each received formed the culminating tragedy of a sorrowful and memorable day.

And as the three fathers, weary but triumphant, separated after their energetic search for the truth, they repeated to each other the familiar words: "Did you *ever see* such cussed boys?"



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How A South Bend Watch Is Adjusted To Heat And Cold.

DOES NOT VARY ONE SECOND A MONTH.

A clock runs faster in winter than in summer.

The pendulum is a weight suspended on a wire which swings back and forth to regulate the clock. If you want the clock to run faster you raise the weight and lower it if you desire it to go slower

All metals are affected by heat and cold.

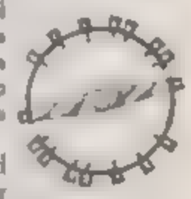
When it is cold the pendulum wire contracts, or draws up, which makes it swing faster. When it is hot it expands, becomes longer, and the clock runs slower.

Clock makers overcome the effects of heat and cold by placing a tube of mercury on the weight of the pendulum so that when it is cold the mercury goes to the bottom of the tube and when it is hot it goes to the top. This always keeps the center of weight at the same place and overcomes the changes made by the temperature.

Instead of having a pendulum, a watch is provided with a balance wheel to regulate the movement. A balance wheel is affected by heat and cold just like a pendulum.

In order to perfectly regulate the movement of the watch and insure correct time the balance wheel must be delicately adjusted so there will be no place on the wheel that is heavier than any other place. This is called poise.

All watches are not adjusted to such conditions. When they become hot the wheel expands. The spoke which runs across the wheel keeps the rim from getting wider in that direction, so it bulges the other way. Cold has the reverse effect.



The balance wheel in all adjusted South Bend watches provides for such conditions. It has a small opening in the rim near the spoke, so when it expands it takes up the open space and when it contracts it can do so without bulging

No adjusted South Bend watch is ever sent out until it has kept perfect time—no change of even a second a month—in a refrigerator at freezing point and in a heater at 100 degrees Fahrenheit. It must also keep perfect time in every position and not be affected by the jars incident on rail road trains, horseback riding and automobiling. We guarantee them to be perfect time keepers. South Bend watches are sold only by reliable jewelers. You can get them nowhere else. If your jeweler does not sell them send us his name and we will mail you an interesting book, "How Good Watches Are Made," and also a little device illustrating the manner in which our watches adjust themselves to every temperature.

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The Test of a Sincerely-Made Coat

LAY the Coat flat on a table, as shown in the picture.

If the Collar then lies *straight* and true, at turn-over line, and at outer edge you may rely upon the Coat being free from *Flat-Iron faking*.

If the Collar lies wrinkled and wavy toward outer edge, when the turn-over line is straight, then look out for a speedy *loss of shape*.

Because such a Coat has probably been cut, and made up, in a faulty manner.

And, its faulty form, and faulty workmanship, had to be covered *temporarily* by Flat-Iron faking, in order to sell it.

You know "Dr. Goose" (the Tailor's hot pressing iron) is the ready "quack" for cases like these—*shrinking* out *temporarily* a *fullness* here, or *stretching* out a tightness there, that should have been *permanently removed* by sincere *hand-needle-work* instead.

All this Flat Iron faking *wilts out* as soon as the garment is worn in damp weather.

—Then the Collar bunks down on the back of your neck.

—Then the left Lapel bulges away from the Vest.

—Then the Cloth wrinkles and looks humpy over your shoulder blades, and—

—Then the Armholes pinch you at every movement.

These are *some* of the defects which are usually *masked* by the hot Flat-Iron, till the Consumer has bought, paid for, and worn the tricky garment.

No other makers of Clothes have ever, to our knowledge, volunteered a *test* by which Flat Iron faking could be detected by the Consumer *before* he had bought and paid for the garments.

We volunteer such a *test* because every garment *we* make is faithfully *worked* into shape by *hand-needle-work*, instead of by the tricky flat iron.

And *we* honestly believe that 80 per cent. of all other Clothes are shaped by the hot pressing iron.

It costs a great deal more to *permanently* shape Clothes, as we do, by sincere hand-needle-work, than to take them temporarily into shape by the Flat-Iron.

That's why *we* want *credit*, and *appreciation* from you, Mr. Reader, for the *sincerity* of our workmanship, and of our style-retention method.

We could not hope to get credit for the *great difference* in construction without providing you with a *tangible* means by which any Consumer can, for himself, *test* that difference.

The extra cost of making Clothes by our Sincerity System *saves you* much on the pressing up of your Clothes, from time to time, during the life of them.

Because, a garment fully shaped by the needle requires *pressing* only at very *long* intervals, if at all.

A garment *faked* into shape by the hot Flat-Iron must be *re-shaped*, by the same faky system, (pressed) *every time it is worn in damp weather*, or it will look shapeless and deformed.

If it is worth anything to you, Mr. Reader, to wear Clothes that *hold their shape*, and *look* as good as they *are*, till worn out, then be careful to find, on your next purchase, the label of the "Sincerity Clothiers." That label reads:—

KUH, NATHAN & FISCHER CO.
CHICAGO

Mart Haney's Mate

(Continued from Page 5)

Mattie married a carpenter and has about seventeen young ones. Mary died, you know?"

"No, I didn't know."

"Yes, died about four years ago. She was like mother—a nice girl. Dad sent me a paper with a notice of her death. He never writes, but now and then, when Tim has a fight or Tom gets drunk and gets into the criminal column, I hear of them."

Larry did not say so, but Mart knew that he was lumped among the other poverty-stricken, worthless members of the family, and he did not undeceive him; but now that he was no longer a gambler and saloon-keeper, now that he was rich, he resolved not only to let his superior brother know of his good fortune and his change of life, but also (and this was due to Bertie's influence) he earnestly desired to help his family.

"We had good stuff in us," he said, "but we went wrong after the mother left us."

As he walked a strange radiance came into the world. The distant peaks of the Sangre de Christo range rose in dim and shadowy majesty to the south, and wondering, astonished at the emotion stirring in his heart, the regenerated desperado turned to see the moon lifting above the crown of the great peak to the east. For the first time in many years his heart was filled with a sense of its beauty.

CHAPTER IV

BERTIE looked older and graver when Haney entered the Eagle Hotel next afternoon, and his heart expanded with a love that was partly paternal. She looked so young and so pale.

She greeted him unsmilingly and handed him the pen with which to register.

"How are you all?" he asked anxiously.

"Mother gave out this week. It's the heat, I guess. Hottest weather we've had since I came to the State."

"Why didn't you let me know?"

She avoided his question. "We're too low here at Junction. Mother ought to go a couple of thousand feet higher. She needs rest and a change. I've sent her out to the ranch."

"You're not running the place alone?"

"Why, cert—that is, except my brother's wife is taking mother's place in the kitchen. I'm runnin' the rest of it just as I've been doing for a year."

He looked his admiration before he uttered it. "You're a wonder!"

"Don't you think it! How does it happen you're down to-day? You said Saturday."

"I've sold my saloons—signed the deeds to-day. I'm out of it."

She nodded gravely. "I'm glad of that. I don't like the business—not a little bit."

He took this as an encouragement. "No, I'm neither saloon-keeper nor gambler from this day. I'm a miner and a capitalist—and it's all for you," he added in a lover-voice, bending a keen glance upon her.

The girl was standing very straight behind her desk and her face did not change, but her eyes shifted before his gaze. "You'd better go in to supper while the biscuit are hot," she advised coolly.

He had tact enough to take his dismissal without another word or glance, and after he had gone she still stood there in the same rigid pose, but her face was softer and clouded with serious meditation.

Winchell, the young barber, came in hurriedly, his face full of accusation and alarm. "Was that Haney who just came in?" he asked insolently.

"Yes, he's at supper—want to see him?"

"See him? No! And I don't want *you* to see him! He's too free with you, Bert; I don't like it."

She smiled a little curious smile. "Don't mix it up with *him*, Ed—I'd hate to see your remains afterward."

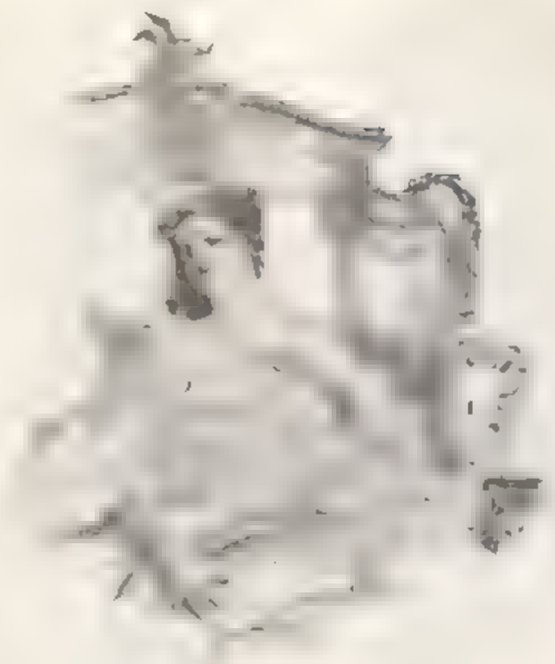
"Bert, see here! You've been funny with me lately." (By funny he meant unaccountable.) "And your mother has been hinting things to me—and now here is Haney leaving his business to come down here the middle of the week."

"It's Friday," she corrected him.

He went on. "I knew he was coming to see you all this time, but I didn't suppose you'd think of marrying an old tout and gambler like him."

"He isn't old and he isn't a gambler—now."

"What do you mean?"



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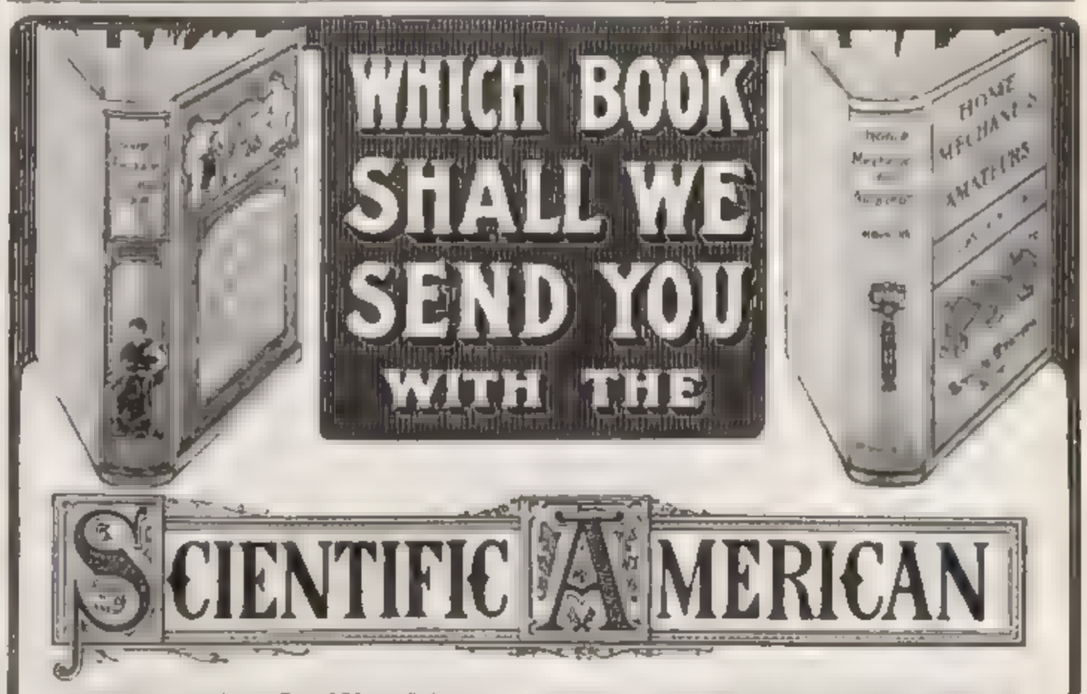

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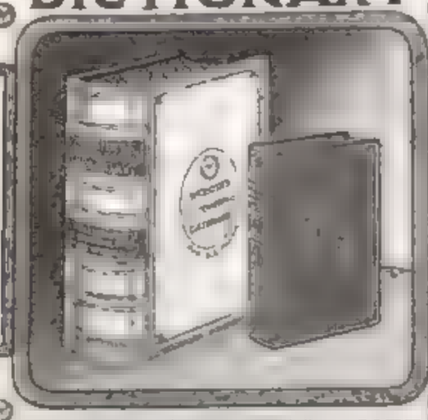

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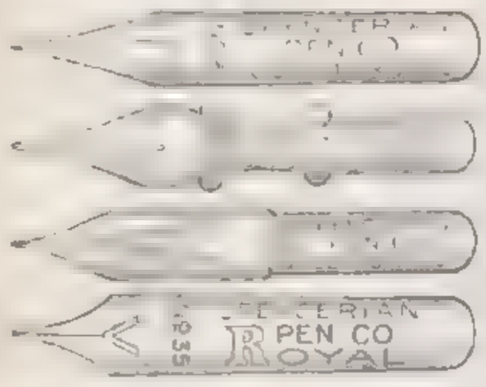

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"He's sold out—clean as a whistle."

"Don't you believe it! He's just palaverin' to get you to think better of him, Bert, don't you dare to go back on me," he cried out warningly; "don't you dare!"

The girl suddenly ceased smiling and asserted herself. "See here, Ed, don't you try to boss me. I won't stand for it. What license have you got to pop in here every few minutes and tell me what's what? You 'tend to your business and you'll get ahead faster."

He stammered with rage and pain. "If you throw me down—fer that—thing I'll kill you both."

The girl looked at him in silence for a long time, and into her brain came a new, swift and revealing concept of the man's essential littleness and weakness. His beauty lost its charm and a kind of disgust rose in her throat as she slowly said, with cutting scorn:

"If you really meant that! But you don't—you're only talking to hear yourself talk. Now you shut up and run away this is no place for chewing the rag, anyway—this is my office."

For a moment the man's face expressed the rage of a wildcat and his hands clenched "Don't you do it—that's all!" he finally snarled. "You'll wish you hadn't."

"Run away—little boy," she said irritably. "You make me tired to-day—I don't feel like being badgered by anybody."

His mood changed. "Bertie, I'm sorry I forget—but don't talk to me that way it uses me all up."

"Well, then, you stop puffing and blowing I've troubles of my own with mother sick and a new cook in the kitchen."

"Excuse me, Bert, I hadn't ought to."

"That's all right."

"But it riled me like the devil to think "

"Don't think," she curtly interrupted; "cut hair."

He saw that she was in a bad mood for his plea and turned away so sadly that the girl relented a little—she called out:

"Say, Ed!" He turned and came back. "I didn't intend to hurt your feelings, but this is one of my busy days and I'm touchy Here's my hand—now shake, and run."

His face lightened, and he laughed, displaying his fine white teeth You're a world-beater, sure thing, and I'm going to have you——"

"Cut it out!" she slangily retorted, and sharply withdrew her hand

She was equally curt with two or three of the "traveling men," who brazenly tried to buy a smile with their cigars. "Do business, boys; this is my office," she said, and they took the hint

When Haney came out from his supper he stepped quietly in behind the counter and said: "I'll take your place. Go to your supper Then put on your hat and we'll drive out to see how the mother is."

The girl acknowledged a sense of relief as she left him in charge and went out to her seat in the far corner of the dining-room—a relief and a dangerous relaxation And even as she sat waiting for her tea the collapse came, and bowing her head to her hands she shook with silent sobs

The waitresses stared, and young Mrs. Gilman came hurrying. "What's the matter, Bertie; are you sick?"

"Oh, no—but I'm worried—about mother."

"You haven't heard anything——"

"No, but she looked so old and so worn. She ought to have quit here a month ago"

"Well, I wouldn't worry. It's higher out to the ranch, and the air is so pure—she'll mend at once—you'll see."

Slowly Bertie recovered her self-possession. She drank her tea in abstracted silence and when she rose she said: "I'm going out there, Cassie; you'll have to look after things. I'll get Joe to 'tend the office."

"You ain't going alone?"

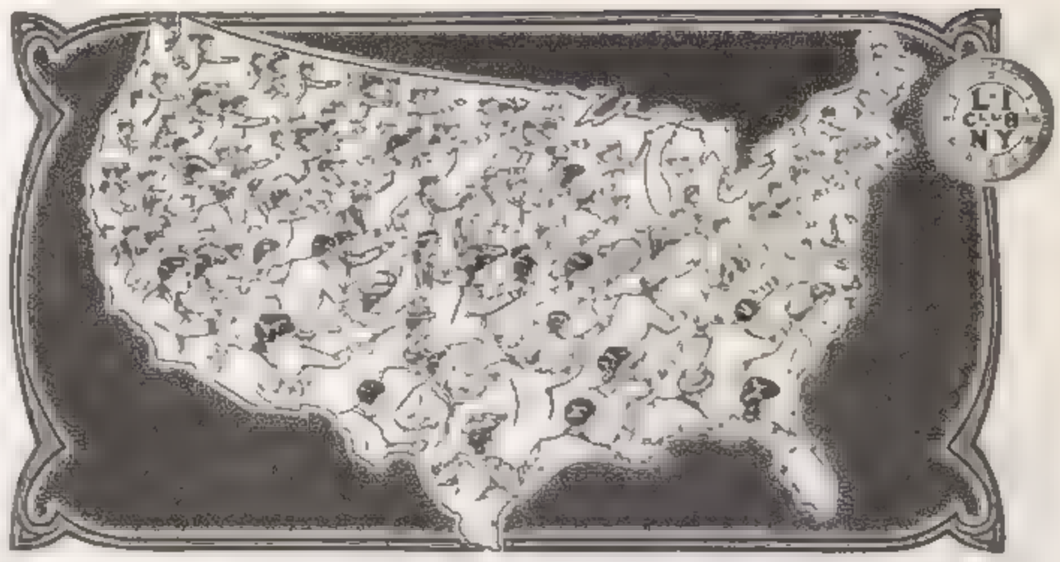
"No, I'm going to have the doctor go out—and then Mart Haney is going to drive me."

"Oh!" There was a kind of surprise and consternation in the face of the young wife, but she only asked: "You'll be back to-night?"

"Yes, if mother is no worse"

CHAPTER V

HANEY had the smartest "rig" in town waiting for her as she came out, but as he looked at her in her white dress and pretty hat of flowers and tulle, he said soberly: "'Tis lined with cream-colored satin the carriage *should* be."



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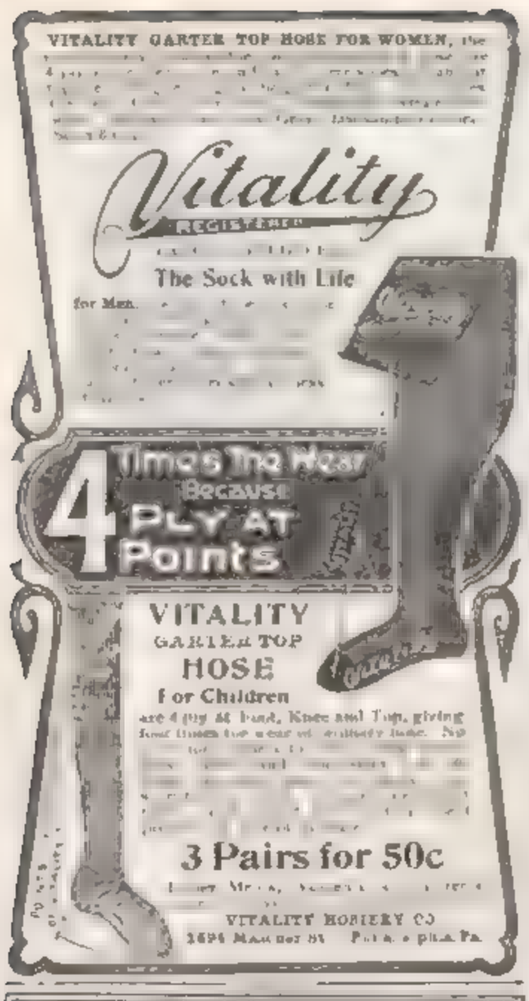

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She colored a little at this, but quickly replied: "Blarney. Anybody'd know you was an Irishman."

"I am, and proud of it."

"I want to take the doctor out to see mother."

"Not in this rig," he protested.

She smiled. "Why not? No, but I want to go and leave a call."

The air was deliciously cool and fragrant now that the sun was sinking and the town was astir with people. It was the social hour when the heat and toil of the day were over, and they all had leisure and wondering eyes for Haney and his companion. The girl felt her position keenly. She knew that a single appearance of this kind was equivalent to an engagement in the minds of her acquaintances, but as she looked at her lover's handsome face and watched his powerful and skilled hands upon the reins, she didn't care what the judgment of the people might be. She acknowledged his kindness and was tired and ready to lean upon his strength.

"When did your mother quit?" he asked, after they had left the town behind.

"Sunday night. You see, we had a big rush all day, and on top of that, about twelve o'clock, an alarm of fire next door. So she got no sleep. Monday morning she didn't get up, Tuesday she was up but too miserable to work, so finally I just packed her off to the ranch."

"That was right—only you should have sent for me."

She was silent and her heart began to beat with a knowledge of what was coming. She felt weak and unprotected here—in the office they were on more equal terms. She enjoyed in a subconscious way the swift rush of the horses and the splendor of the sunset, but the quiet authority in the man's voice occupied her consciousness—even as she lifted eyes to the mesa toward which they were driving.

He went on. "You know my mind, little girl. I don't mean to ask you till to-morrow—that's the day set—but I want to say that I've been cleaning house all the week, thinkin' of you. I'm goin' to be a man among men from now on. You won't need to apologize for me. I've never been a drinking man, but I've been a reckless devil. However, all that I put away. I want to do for you—and for your mother. I want to make you happy because that will make me happy. 'Tis true I'm forty, but that's not old—I'm no older than I was at twenty-one—sure, and besides, you're young enough to make up." He smiled, and again she acknowledged the charm of his face when he smiled. "You'll see me grow younger whilst you grow older, and so wan day we'll be of an age."

Her customary readiness of reply had left her and she still sat in silence—a sob in her throat—a curious numbness in her limbs.

He seemed to feel that she did not wish to talk. "But you're worried about the mother—and I'll not trouble you. Which road now?"

She silently pointed to the left, and they drew near the foot of the great mesa whose level top was cutting the sun in half.

The miner was filled with grateful homage. "'Tis a great world!" he exclaimed softly. "Sure, 'tis only yesterday that I found it out, and lifting me head took a look at the hills and the stars for the first time in twenty years."

It was wonderful to the girl—could it be that she was capable of changing the life of a powerful man like this? It filled her with a sort of marveling as well as with an exaltation which made a woman of her. She seemed suddenly to have put the hotel and all its worriments far, far behind her.

Seized by an impulse to acquaint her with his family Haney began to tell about his father and his attempts to govern his five sons. "We were devils," he admitted, "broncos, if ever such walked on two legs. We wouldn't go to school—except Charley—he did pretty well, and we fished and played ball and went to the circus——" He chuckled. "I left home with a circus. I wanted to be a lion-tamer, but had to content myself with driving the cook wagon. I've never been back and I've never seen the old man since, but now that I've made me pile I think I'll go home and see the old chap. He loved to read—I'll take him some books and I'll buy him new spectacles; it's ace to the three-spot he's using the same horn-rimmed ones he wore when I left."

Bertha was interested. "How long did you stay with the circus?"

"I left it busted in Salt Lake. Then I worked among the Mormons to get money

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People who play cards would derive genuine pleasure from one of our fancy holiday boxes filled with

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These attractive boxes contain assortments of our most popular designs—you may select the backs if you wish. Removable card trays make boxes useful for other purposes. Any one of these boxes makes a "Merry Christmas," combining the holiday spirit with an article of use and enjoyment. Just the thing for card party prizes. Prices: box containing 2 packs, $1.25; 3 packs, $1.75; 6 packs, $3.50; Sent prepaid if your dealer does not supply you.

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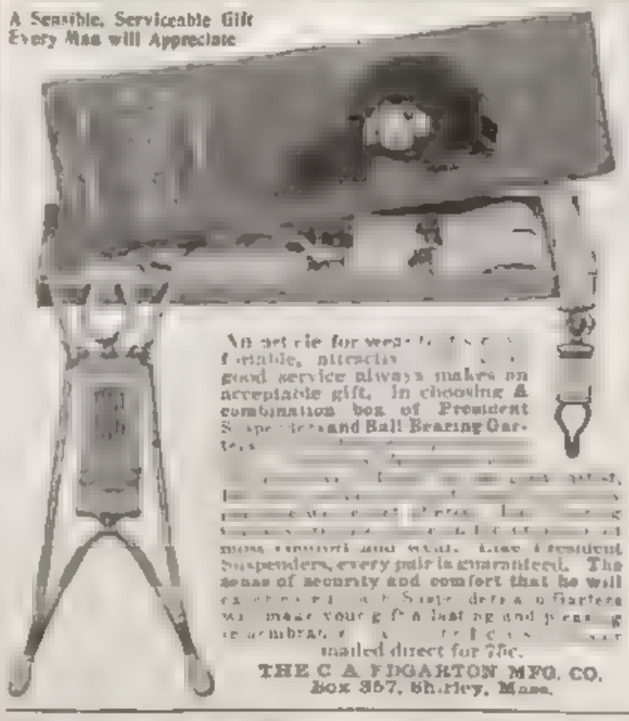

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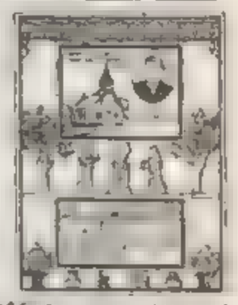

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to come to Colorado I've been here ever since. 'Tis a good State."

"I like it—but I'd like to see the rest of the country."

"You can."

She did not follow this lead. "I've been to Denver once—went on one of these excursion tickets."

"How did you like it there?"

"Pretty good—but I got awful tired, and the grub at the hotel was the worst ever—it was a cheap place, of course. Didn't dare to look in the door of the big places."

"You can have a whole soot of rooms at the Royal Flush—if you will."

Again she turned away. "There's our ranch."

"Shy as a coyote, ain't it?" he commented as he looked where she pointed. "I'd prefer the Eagle House to that."

"I love it out here," she said. "I helped plant the trees."

"Did you? Then we'll lift the mortgage on the place. I want everything your pretty hands planted."

"Oh, rats!" was her reproving comment, and it made him laugh at his own sentimental speech.

CHAPTER VI

THE ranch house stood at the foot of the mesa near a creek that came out of a narrow gorge and struck out upon the flat valley. It was a little house—a shack merely, surrounded by a few outbuildings, all looking as temporary as an Indian encampment, but there was an orchard—thriftily green—and some stacks of grain to testify to the brother's energy and good husbandry.

Mrs. Gilman was lying in a corner room, close to the stream which rippled through the little orchard, and its gentle murmur had been a comfort to her—it carried her back to her home in Oxford County (State of Maine), where her early girlhood was spent. At times it seemed that she was in the little, old, gray house in the valley and that her father's sharp voice might come at any moment to break her delicious drowse.

Her breakdown had been caused as much by her mental turmoil as by her overtaxing duties. She was confronted by a mighty temptation—through her daughter. To urge this marriage upon Bertha would be to bring it about. The girl had said: "I'll do it if you say so, mother."

"I don't want you to do it if you'd rather not," had been her weak answer.

All her life she had known poverty of the pinching kind, as she told her son. "I never had a silk dress in my life—nor a decent chair, nor a day off from work—still I can't ask Bertie to marry a man she don't respect and that I can't trust—and Captain Haney's way of life is not godly. It may be *fair* from his point of view, but I never expected to even *think* of a man like that as a son-in-law; but there!—it may be that Bertie can change his way of life ——"

The son was a tall, gawky-looking youth, slow and silent, as his father had been, and he now said sententiously: "I've always heard that the reforming business don't generally work out—the wife goes down with the man."

In this way, day and night (save for the respite of a little sleep, which the stream brought), the good mother debated the matter. She was worried, too, about the hotel, and that kept even the stream from putting her to sleep at times, and as the end of the week drew near, with the certainty of Haney's return for an answer, her perplexity deepened, and when she heard the carriage drive into the yard she fell to groaning in the anguish of an appeal to God to help her to the right decision. "Oh, God, don't take me now—give me time to see my baby settled in life," was her plea—for she saw only disaster followed by her death. There would be no one to hold the family together.

Bertie entered quietly in that singularly mature, almost manly, way she used, and bending to her mother asked cordially: "Well, how are you to-day, mother?"

The sick woman took her daughter's hand and drew it to her tear-wet cheek. "Oh, my baby! I can't bear to leave you now."

"Don't talk that way, mother. You're not going to leave me. The doctor is coming out to see you, and everything is going all right at the house—so don't you worry. You act to work to get well. That's your little stunt. I'll look after the rest of it."

Bertie had never been one to bestow kisses, and her only sign of deep feeling now

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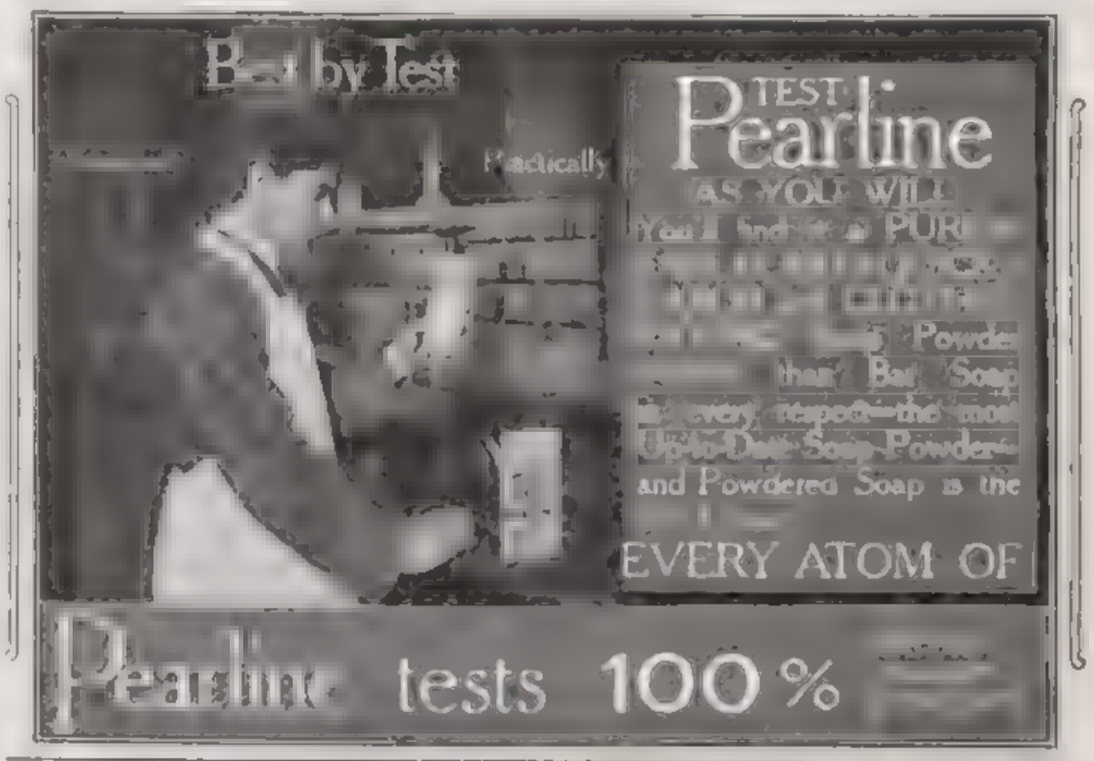

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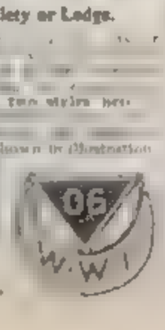

Hanlon Bros., 214 So. Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

lay in the tremble of her voice. She drew her hand away, and putting her arm about her mother's neck patted her cheek. "Cassie's doing well," she said abruptly, "and the girls are fine. They brace right up to the situation and—and everybody's nice to us. I guess a dozen of the church ladies called yesterday to know how you were—and Captain Haney came down to-day on purpose to find out how you were."

The sufferer's eyes opened wide and looked at her daughter keenly. "Bert, he's with you!"

"Yes, he drove me out here," answered the girl quietly, but her face grew pale. "Is that so awful?"

The mother broke into a whimper. "Oh, darling, I don't know what to think I'm afraid to leave this to you—it's an awful temptation to a girl. Don't do it! I guess I've decided against it. He ain't the kind of man you ought to marry."

"Sh! mother, he'll hear you." The girl spoke solemnly. "Now see here, mother, there are lots o' worse men than Mart Haney ——"

"But he's so old—for you."

"He's no boy, that's a fact, but he isn't old—we went all over that. The new fact in the case is this—he's sold out up there—cleared out his saloon business, and all for *me*. Think o' that—and I hadn't given him a word of encouragement either. Now that speaks well for him, don't you think?"

The mother nodded. "Yes—it surely does, but then ——"

The girl went on. "Well, now, it ain't as though I hated him—for I don't—I like him, I've always liked him—he's treated me right from the very start, and he didn't come down to hurry me or crowd me at all, and so he says. Well, I told him I wouldn't answer yet a while."

The mother lay in silence for a few moments, and then with closed eyes, streaming with hot tears, she again prayed silently to God to guide her girl in the right path. When she opened her eyes the tall form of Captain Haney towered over her, so handsome, so full of quiet power that he seemed able to do anything. His face was strangely sweet as he said: "You must not fret about anything another minute. You've but to lie quiet and get strong." He put his broad, soft, warm and muscular hand down upon her two folded ones and added: "Let me do for ye as I would for me own mother. It will not commit ye to a thing." He seemed to understand her mood; perhaps he had overheard her plea. "Here's the doctor—so put the whole thing by for the present. I ask nothing till you are well."

If this was policy on his part it was successful, for the poor tortured mother's heart was touched and her nerves soothed by his voice, as well as by the touch of his hand, and when they left the house she was in peaceful sleep, and the doctor's report was reassuring. "But she must have rest," he said positively, "and freedom from care."

"She shall have it," said Haney with equal decision.

All this bluff kindness on his part, in addition to his graceful, powerful form, profoundly affected the girl. Her heart went out toward him in tenderness and trust, and as they were on the way home she turned to him and said:

"You're good to me—and you were good to mother—you needn't wait till to-morrow for my answer. I'll do as you want—but not now—next spring, maybe."

He put his arm about her and kissed her, his eyes dim with gratitude.

"You're the sweet child! You've made Mart Haney over new—so you have!"

Mr. Low's R. L. S.

MR. WILL H. LOW, the artist, has an attractive home in Lawrence Park, Bronxville, New York, just at the foot of the cliff where the cottage is located which was Kate Douglas Wiggin's home, and across the way from the summer home of Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman. Among the curios and art treasures with which the house is filled none is more greatly prized than the bas-relief over the mantel; it is one of Robert Louis Stevenson, made by Mr. Low from life, and beneath the figure is cut a verse written by Stevenson to Mr. Low. All of which is an interesting link to those who know that it was Mr. Low who, in the forest at Barbizon when he was an art student there, introduced Stevenson to Mrs. Osbourne, who became his wife.

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The Nor'westers

(Continued from Page 18)

Alas, the rapids, silent and insidious, were near for them!

The enemy was an ancient enemy, that tortoise-like Company of Adventurers of England to the north of them. As far back as 1776 Joseph Frobisher had succeeded in persuading a whole canoe brigade of furs to turn south to Rainy Lake and Pigeon River instead of north to York Factory. And his successors had long held the belief that from the Height of Land, source alike of rivers and peltries, the currents of Indian trade could as easily be watershedded into their Great Lakes as into English Hudson's Bay. Intermittently for a generation the rivalry had continued in the valley of the Peace and Saskatchewan. But not until 1803 did the Nor'westers truculently swear upon their altars that the time had come to end the business of the doddering and spiritless Englishry forever. In that year they sent two expeditions overland and another in the sloop Beaver through Hudson Straits to build a fort within musket-shot of the opposing post on Moose River.

The Indians of those regions examined their goods, considered their scale of exchanges, and would have none of either. The "Northwest fuzils were toys for children" and their blankets "rotten." But the Hudson's Bay Company, "it gave good goods and plenty." Not only that. "It was like the rock, there in the time of their grandfathers and great-grandfathers," while the invaders, in the frank opinion of those simple savages, would be "like fleas and grasshoppers, there one moment, and flown the next!"

The Englishmen were not demonstrative. With the calm of the actuary over his table of logarithms, they calculated exactly how far they could with profit go. When the Nor'westers bid in sovereigns, the Hudson's Bay men held a general council meeting, and decided that they would go them threepence ha'penny better. But when pure mathematics brought them to that point where profit turned into loss, the backing of the Bank of England could not have induced them to go any further. For year after year the Highlanders got the beaver skins. Where the "H. B. C." sent home hardly enough to warrant a wharf-end auction, the "N. W. C." could show its eight hundred and a thousand packs. But the Nor'westers had paid for them.

For where weakness comes once from age, it comes three times from inherent vices. And of the latter, for all their business genius, the Northwest Company had enough. In business, too, as in human character, when vices are of sufficiently long standing they may generally be regarded as ineradicable. The Nor'westers had for thirty years gained enormous profits from the handling of cheap and trashy goods; it was fundamentally impossible for them to come to understand that the quality of those goods now had a large part in their undoing; that, in fact, only by bringing in much better goods than the Hudson's Bay Company's could they any longer hope to maintain themselves. For a generation they had sowed the wild oats of prodigality, and now this, too, returned against them. Where the Englishmen had tried to keep liquor out, the Nor'westers had used it broadcast to draw the Indians in to them, and this liquor had done no less to debauch their own traders than it had to corrupt the natives. In short, the Hudson's Bay Company was the virtuous apprentice and the Northwest Company the wicked; our own private sympathies may go ethically astray in such matters, but the Fates have no feeling of romance, and are inexorable.

The historians—and you may read a great deal about it in the pages of Bryce, and Beckles Wilson, and Miller Christy—tell us that the struggle was brought to an end in this wise: The Hudson's Bay Company allowed a certain noble lord, the Earl of Selkirk, to take 300,000 square miles of land and establish a colony of crofters directly across the path of the Nor'westers to Manitoba and Saskatchewan. Consequently there was bloodshed at once, and riot, and the capturing of fur brigades, and the burning of posts. Even that famous banqueting-hall at Fort William had to know the desecration of a picket of sheriff's officers. And never was the lack of jails so keenly felt in God's glorious, unfettered West before. Then, when these things had continued until 1819, to the great disturbance of all civil power, the two companies suddenly

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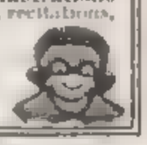

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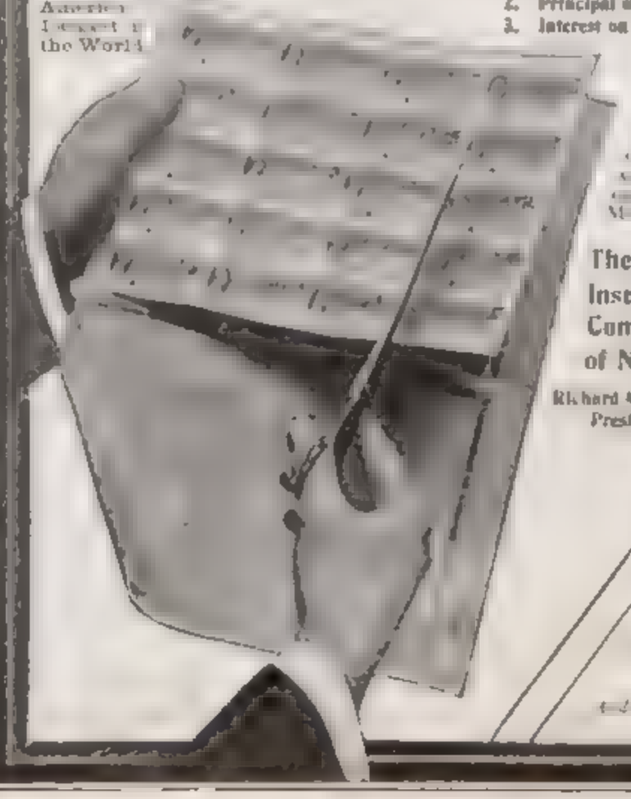

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Gentlemen: I shall be glad to receive [illegible]

came to consider their duties to each other and to civilization, and entered into a coalition.

"This is as the historians write it. But the conclusion is not convincing. The silly wars of rival dynasties may have such endings, but a commercial struggle which has gone on without a truce for sixteen years can end only with Nature's ending, the survival of the fittest. If in 1819 "coalition," or rather "amalgamation," was outwardly the word, a cry sent forth by a once fiery-spirited "partisan" gives us the inward truth of it: "Amalgamation! This is not amalgamation! It is submersion! We are drowned men!"

It is possible that the result may have been decided almost wholly by nationality. It is possible, indeed, that the pure conservatism and staying-power of the Englishman in commerce are factors which in both the last century and our own have never been sufficiently taken note of

But, too obviously, there was another side of it. Here we have had a company of men who were a great deal more capable, individually, than their rivals. As the Nor'westers had shown in team work, too, they were vastly more spirited and enterprising. They undoubtedly had the larger ideas. Wherever it came from, they had the genius for organization; and this, too, their conquerors recognized by adopting their systems of promotion, of apprenticed partnerships, of rotation in "wintering," of profit-sharing and summer meeting-places. One might easily have believed that little of the older company survived besides its name. Plainly in the vanquished company the weakness was not in men, nor in general methods.

If, too, we say that mistakes were made, that is saying little better than nothing at all. "I have made so many," said Napoleon at the height of his dominion, "that they no longer have the power to worry me!" And in the world of business he has left us the Bank of France. The Nor'westers met destruction simply because they set at naught certain of those simple but everlasting moral principles which at all times grip us, to uphold or to throw down, whether we be private men, or companies, or nations. We speak glibly of these principles as being "underlying", but that they actually *do* underly men and methods and human fate is something which, it would seem, each of us must learn for himself by hard experience.

LADY BALTIMORE

(*Continued from Page 15*)

"I wonder who told you?" my victim remarked. "But it doesn't really matter. Everybody is bound to know it. You surely were the last person with him in the churchyard?"

"Gracious!" I admitted, again with splendidly mendacious veracity. "How we do find each other out in Kings Port!"

It was not by any means the least of the delights which I took in the company of this charming girl, that sometimes she was too much for me, and sometimes I was too much for her. It was, of course, just the accident of our ages; in a very few years she would catch up, would press, would always be too much for me. Well, to-day it was happily my turn; I wasn't going to finish lunch without knowing all she, at any rate, could tell me about the left eye and the man in bed.

"Forty years ago," I now, with ingenuity, remarked, "I suppose it would have been pistols."

She assented. "And I like that better—don't you—for gentlemen?"

"Well, you mean that fists are ——"

"Yes," she finished for me.

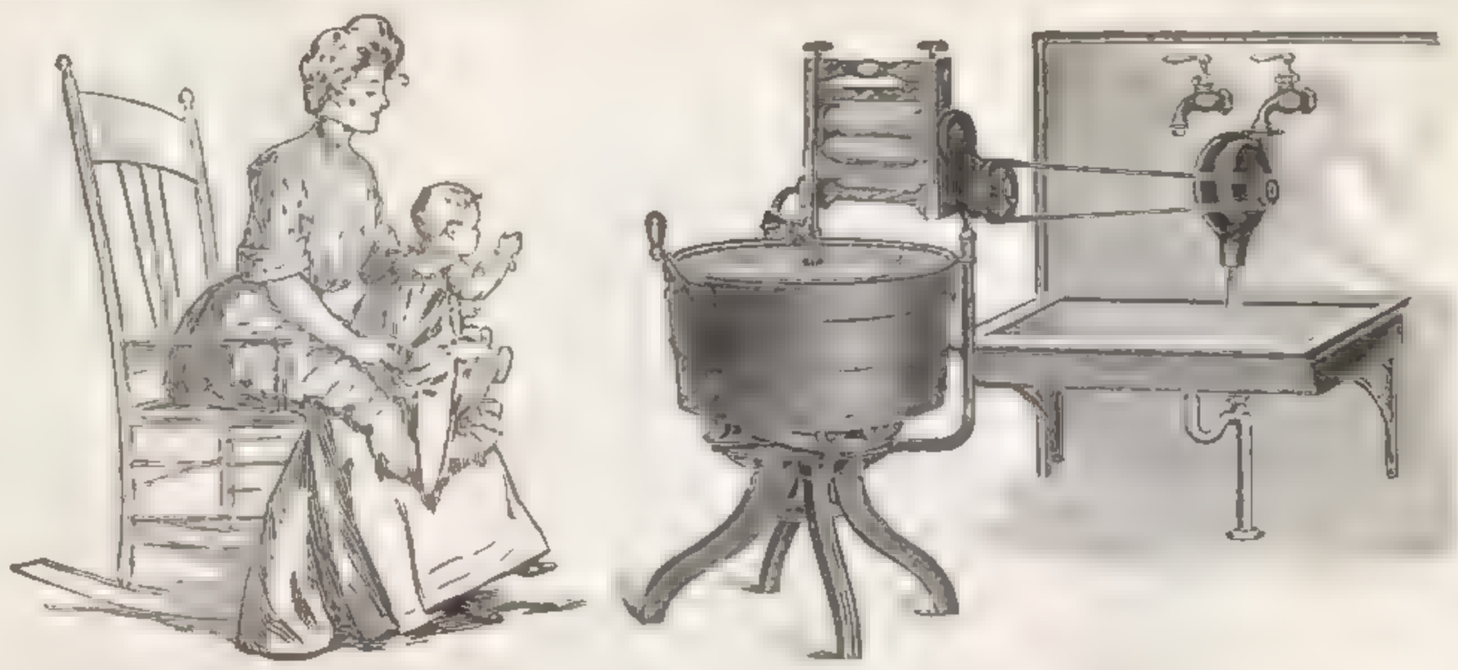
"All the same," I maintained, "don't you think that there ought to be some correspondence, some proportion, between the gravity of the cause and the gravity of ——"

"Let the coal-heavers take to their fists!" she scornfully cried. "People of our class can't descend ——"

"Well, but," I interrupted, "then you give the coal-heavers the palm for discrimination."

"How's that?"

"Why, perfectly! Your coal-heaver kills for some offenses, while for lighter ones he—gets a bruise over the left eye."



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TAKE a good square look at that new "Self-Working Washer" of mine, in the picture above.

You see how it works,—just by running water,—and not a great deal of that needed either.

I can tell you how to work that Washer without running water, too. But I'm not going to use a lot of words to explain my Self-Working Washer to you here.

Because I have a better way of explaining it.

I'll just ship it (without coaxing or lawyers' work) to any responsible person in the United States or Canada, so they can see, and prove how it works for themselves.

And I'll pay the freight on it, both ways, myself, too.

I'll do that to show you I have no foxy "graft" up my sleeve, to make you keep the machine whether you want it or not.

You just take it home from the station—that's all.

And then you'll see what it will do for you.

Start it up for the next Wash-Day, and let it wash all the dirty clothes in the house in a couple of hours. (A baby could start it.)

And you needn't care how big a washing you have, either.

Because that "Self-Worker" will do all the Washing, and all the Wringing, without any labor of yours, or of any other human being.

* * *

You just throw the dirty clothes into the tub-full of soapy water. Then you can sit a lap sit in a chair, and see that old Washer of mine do the work without any Wear or Tear on the finest clothes.

Now, I know this sounds too good to be true.

But my offer proves it must be true.

Because, you see,—I couldn't make anything out of that offer if the Machine wouldn't do just what I say it will, on the month's trial.

I'd send it back to me mighty quick, and I'd have to pay all the freight and cartage both ways, as well as all the packing, unpacking and breakage.

That would cost me a pretty penny on the many tens of dollars worth of Washers I send out yearly.

So you've got to believe my Self-Working Washer will do what I say, until you prove it won't do it, as I'll give you a chance to do.

And, I say, our Self-Working Washer will wash the dirtiest clothes as clean as the best Washer-woman could do it, in half the time, and then wring them out, without any work on your part.

* * *

Mind you, it's really a Self Working Washer that I want to send.

Not a machine that will do "nearly all the work"—as the parrots say—but will do all your washing and wringing itself, without any help from you.

I don't want a cent from you, nor a note, nor a promise, till you've proved what I say is true, in a full month's trial at my expense.

Then you may keep the Self-Working Washer, and pay me 60 cents a week for it, out of what it saves you,—if you want to keep it.

Or, you may use it a month free, and send it back to your nearest Railroad Station if you don't want it, with my name on it, without a cent of risk or expense on your part.

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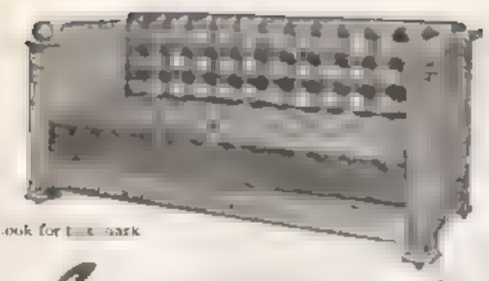

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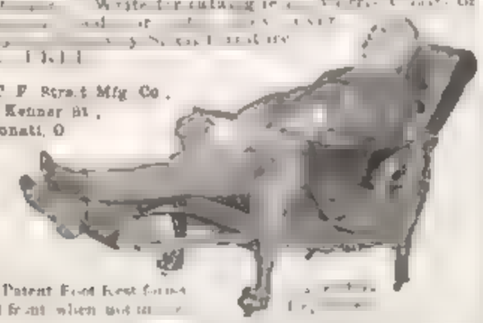

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"You don't meet it, you don't meet it! What is an insult ever but an insult?"

"Oh, we in the North notice certain degrees—insolence, impudence, impertinence, liberties, rudeness—all different."

She took up my phrase with a sudden odd quietness. "You in the North."

"Why, yes. We have, alas! to expect and allow for rudeness sometimes, even in our chosen few, and for liberties in *their* chosen few; it's only the hotel clerk and the head waiter from whom we usually get impudence; while insolence is the chronic condition of the Wall Street rich."

"You in the North!" she repeated. "And so your Northern eyes can't see it, after all!" At these words my intelligence sailed into a great blank, while she continued: "Frankly—and forgive me for saying it—I was hoping that you were one Northerner who would see it."

"But see *what?*" I barked in my despair.

She did not help me. "If I had been a man, nothing could have insulted me more than that. And that's what you don't see," she regretfully finished. "It seems so strange."

I sat in the midst of my great blank, while her handsome eyes rested upon me. In them was that look of a certain inquiry and a certain remoteness with which one pauses, in a museum, before some specimen of the cave-dwelling man.

"You comprehend so much," she meditated slowly, aloud; "you've been such an agreeable disappointment, because your point of view is so often the same as ours." She was still surveying me with the specimen expression, when it suddenly left her. "Do you mean to sit there and tell me," she broke out, "that you wouldn't have resented it yourself?"

"Oh, dear!" my mind lamentably said to itself, inside. Of what may have been the exterior that I presented to her, sitting over my slice of Lady Baltimore, I can form no impression.

"Put yourself in his place," the girl continued.

"Ah," I gasped, "that is always so easy to say and so hard to do."

My remark proved not a happy one. She made a brief, cold pause over it, and then, as she wheeled round from me, back to the counter: "No Southerner would let pass such an affront."

It was final. She regained her usual place, she resumed her ledger, the curly dog, who had come out to hear our conversation, went in again; I was disgraced. Not only with the profile of her short, belligerent nose, but with the chilly way in which she made her pencil move over the ledger, she told me plainly that my self-respect had failed to meet her tests. This was what my remarkable ingenuity had achieved for me. I swallowed the last crumbs of Lady Baltimore, and went forward to settle the account.

"I suppose I'm scarcely entitled to ask for a fresh one to-morrow," I ventured. "I am so fond of this cake."

Her officialness met me adequately. "Certainly. The public is entitled to whatever we print upon our bill-of-fare."

Now this was going to be too bad! Henceforth I was to rank merely as "the public," no matter how much Lady Baltimore I should lunch upon! A happy thought seized me, and I spoke out instantly on the strength of it.

"Miss La Heu, I've a confession to make."

But upon this beginning of mine the inauspicious door opened and young John Mayrant came in. It was all right about his left eye; anybody could see *that* bruise!

"Oh!" he exclaimed, hearty, but somewhat disconcerted. "To think of finding you here! You're going? But I'll see you later?"

"I hope so," I said. "You know where I work."

"Yes—yes. I'll come. We've all sorts of things more to say, haven't we? We—good-by!"

Did I hear, as I gained the street, something being said about the general, and the state of his health?

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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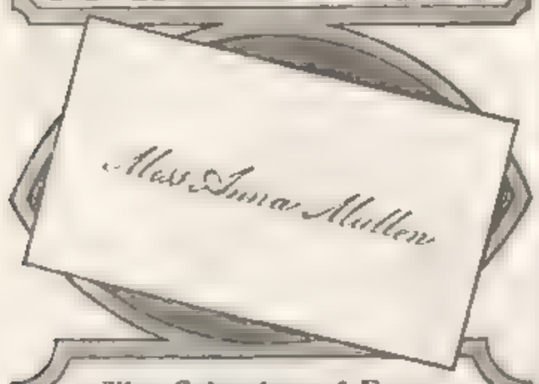

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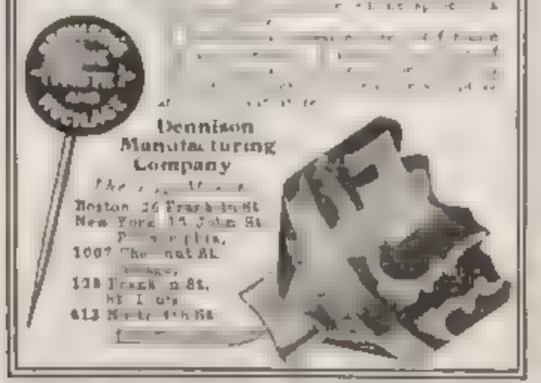

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FLAHERTY PURSUED

(Continued from Page 11)

"And what ails the face uv you?" she asked.

"Oh, 'tis in black throuble I am, Miss O'Bryan, but I can't tell ye uv ut."

"Well, if you can't, you can't," said Miss O'Bryan, "so good-by." She looked at him keenly. Sarsfield sighed.

"I'll fair bust if I don't tell some wan, me hearrut's that sad," he said.

Then he poured forth his tale of Flaherty's financial difficulties. Miss O'Bryan raised his thin face in her strong right hand.

"Tell — that — to — the — marines," she said, jolting his chin at each word.

"But it's thrue," he protested. "He owes money to the alderman."

"Tell that to the marines," repeated Miss O'Bryan. "More like 'tis the other way round. What boss in his sinses iver owed an alderman money? Did Mrs. Cahill and Mrs. Callahan belave you?"

Patrick turned a deep red. He made as if to speak, and then, with a look at Miss O'Bryan's smiling face, he darted away from her. For the rest of the day he could not think of her without squirming, but he comforted himself with the thought that he had at least detached Mrs. Cahill. Yet he was once more doomed to disappointment. When he entered the restaurant late he found Flaherty talking with perturbed face to Osborne.

"No, 'taint the women this time, Robert Immit," he was saying. "At laste, 'tis thim and somet'in' ilse. Someway, the report have got around that me credit's busted. I've had a turrble afternoon, all the byes comin' in. Why, Robert Immit, if a t'ing like that was thrue d'ye t'ink I cud stay boss uv this warrud wan week?"

"Why cudn't ye, thin?" asked Patrick, trying to speak nonchalantly, as he took a seat at a table.

"Wud the byes have confidence in a man that cudn't hang on to his own property? I jist wish I cud foind out who started ut, that's all. I dinnaw whin I've had so much trouble! And spakin' uv women——" Flaherty looked fearfully at the door

"What's the matter?" laughed Osborne.

"Sure, Mrs. Callahan come in and fair wep' on me shoulder. 'If nade be, Flaherty,' says she, 'ye cud have all me little savin's.' 'Have behavior, woman dear,' says I. 'Why, what nade do I have uv thim?' Sure, till Micky Dyle comes thrakin' in wid the news I cudn't t'ink what she mint. Well, wasn't ut good uv the crathur? Maybe she likes me fur mesilf."

Flaherty shot a satisfied glance into the mirror behind the till.

"Oh, no, Uncle Dan," wailed Patrick, "she's the untidiest crathur—you'd have no comfort wid her. If I'm to have anny, give me Miss O'Bryan."

"Well, you'll not have anny," said Flaherty firmly. "What I have suffered in wan week wid thim t'ree women convinces me that I don't want to sphind twenty years wid wan."

But Patrick was not comforted. He was deeply depressed at the failure of his latest attempt to free Flaherty, and full of remorse at having for a moment hurt his beloved foster-father's reputation for business. As soon as he had eaten a hasty supper he slipped around to Mrs. Callahan's house and informed her that he had been mistaken about Flaherty's poverty. She received the news placidly, but Mrs. Cahill, while she became hopeful, grew suspicious of Patrick

"If I t'ought you'd been lyin' to me a-purpose, me young man," she said, "you'd fale the weight uv me fist."

"Fur why shud I decave you?" asked Patrick innocently. "And fur why, if so, shud I come back to tell you the trut'?"

As he was on his way home he met Miss O'Bryan, taking her evening out. He would have hurried past her, but she seized his arm.

"Sure, spake to yer frinds!" she said, backing him up against a flat-building. "How are you? Anny more lies fur me?"

"Well, if it had to be anny, I'd radder it 'u'd be you," he said.

"What wud ye be manin'?" she asked.

"Oh, you know, all right. I don't want me Uncle Dan to git marrid."

"I've known that fur some toime, me lad."

"Well, but he don't want to marry aither," said Patrick, blinking up at her. "He said I got him into this throuble adoptin' him and I was to git him out."

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"Hm-m," said Miss O'Bryan reflectively. "Now, Sarsfield, you are a well-informed lad uv yer years, and I'll add to yer edjucation. There's a kind uv man that don't want to marry, and knows ut, and a kind that don't want to marry, and don't know ut." Patrick considered.

"Uncle Dan's the furrust koind," he said. "He's a detarmined man, Miss O'Bryan, and wud appale to the praste, if nade be. 'Tis that he is sick uv bein' run afther."

"Well, well," said Miss O'Bryan; "nobody cud drag him to the althar, I suppose."

"Say, Miss O'Bryan," said Patrick suddenly, "you want to git marrid, don't you?"

"Pathrick," she said slowly, "I do. I dinnaw how I come to let all the years git by me, but late as ut is, I'm goin' to mind me ways."

"Well," said Patrick jubilantly, "why don't you thry to git Micky Dyle's brudder—him that's come from Milwaukee fur a job in the glucose facthory? His wife jist died six mont's back, and I heard Mrs. Dyle say to Mrs Flynn: 'Sure, Dinnis is a turrble affectionate man, and he's grievin' turrble. I'm goin' about wid him pretty constant, fur thim widowers that grieve turrble is jist the kind that git caught.'"

"She's right, too," said Miss O'Bryan, leaning meditatively against the wall "Sure, I saw Dinnis Dyle the other night She pulled him past me like a shot. Has he money, I dinnaw?"

"Sure he has; five t'ousand in the bank; and Mrs. Dyle said her childher ought to have it be right, and not some new wife that 'u'd run t'rough ut."

"Ah, she did, did she?" Miss O'Bryan assumed an air of indignant proprietorship, and tapped her broad foot on the pavement. "And what call has she to be so up-and-comin', I'd like to know?"

"I'll inthroduce him if you like," said Patrick. "Him and me's frinds. I'll go tell him wud he come round wid me to see Uncle Dan, and on the way we'll mate you."

"Well, Pathrick, yer turrble willin'," she said amiably.

"It jist makes wan lies to be throublin' Uncle Dan," he replied.

"And yer a noice bye yersilf," she said. "What wud ye say if I tuk thim two widdas off him?"

"Sure, you cudn't," Patrick said skeptically, drawing a finger over the brick wall "Why didn't you do ut befure, thin?"

"Why didn't I?" she said. "Yer too young yit to know the fun uv makin' a chase wid some chancet you don't win. And thin, I knew he liked me bist uv the t'ree."

"Misther Osborne says he does," agreed Patrick.

"He have talked us over to you bot' pretty well, ut seems," she said, coloring sightly "Well, Patrick, I kan take the widdas off I'd done ut if they'd prissed me too hard If I git a clare week wid Dinnis Dyle and no interference, I'll take thim off."

"How'll ye do ut?" he asked breathlessly.

"Sarsfield," she said impressively, "I come from the same township as Mrs. Callahan, and me mother come from the same village as Mrs. Cahill. I know all about their families fur a hundred years back, and not a worrud to be said agin anny uv me own relations. Do you know what that manes?"

"Yes," he said; and then he added: "There's a good lot you cud say?"

"There is, Sarsfield, but I'll not be throublin' you wid ut. Sure, that's why they've no love fur me, aither uv thim!"

"Well, I'll be obliged to you," said Sarsfield, preparing to step out for home. "'Twill be well to have this all over befure Kathleen comes back. She'd nivir let Uncle Dan hear the lasht uv ut"

A week later a shining garnet ring appeared on Miss O'Bryan's engagement finger. Simultaneously, both Mrs. Callahan and Mrs. Cahill ceased their attentions to Flaherty. For several days he could hardly believe in his good fortune. When at last he began, as he put it, to breathe easily, young Sarsfield, in the presence of Osborne, made full confession

"Ah, well," said Flaherty, "he done his bist, didn't he, Robert Immit?"

"I agree" said Osborne; "but you don't look as happy as you ought, and it seems your tone is forgiving rather than gratified." Flaherty grinned sheepishly.

"Well, they were rale appreciative women," he said. "I'm t'inkin' I'll be a bit lonely widout thim." Sarsfield stared.

"Ah, well, me mudder's words were thrue," he said bitterly; "that thim ye worruk hardest fur is lashte grateful."

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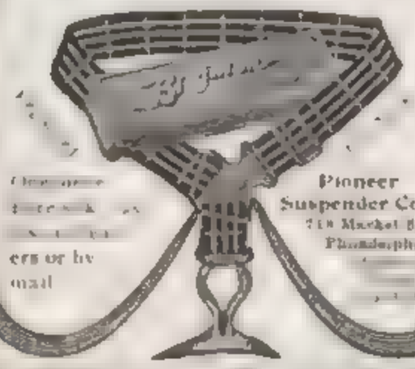

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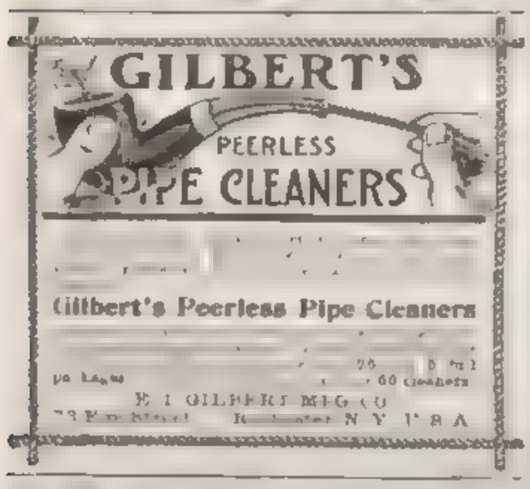

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THE DOG IN THE WAY

(Continued from Page 7)

They sat on the old sofa, he turning to face her, and he ran over the points in the case eagerly, aglow. "So you see it brings everything out right," he said. "It—it makes dad's word good. Nobody can criticise him now."

"Oh, yes! That's splendid! That's the best part of all!" she cried. "And—you did it, too, old man!" She nodded her shapely head at him in confirmation.

"Oh, no! Not I," he replied. "I only helped a bit." He drew his hand across his cheek. "It ends a sort of bad job for me, Nell. I suppose an old hand would have taken it cool enough; or a fellow—whose recollection of his father wasn't mixed up in that way. But for me it's been—a sort of tough job. And you—you've been awfully fine. You—you've been bully all the way through, girl. I know well enough how you've kept a hand on me. I suppose I might have made a fool of myself some time if it hadn't been for you."

Again she forebore to defend herself from him. She was pondering all the time in the back of her head, and she was fully aware of the enormous tactical advantage she derived from being able to speak close in his ear like that. She let him talk on, joyously. Now and then she laughed a little, rather softly and happily, herself.

"So everything has come out right," she said at length. "Everything, mind! Has it?"

He laughed as though the question were foolish. "Everything!" he declared.

She straightened up, looking at him, her head to one side, dimpling with that small bubbling of fond, intimate laughter. "You feel so—really? All the grit and smoke and cinders blown out of your heart? Never want to assassinate anybody again?"

He tipped back his head and made the room ring; then turned suddenly grave. "That was it, Nell," he confided low. "There was a lot of smoke and cinders in my heart—on account of that fight, and dad, and all. But now"—he threw up his hands—"it's all gone! All! I feel it!" He nodded emphatically.

She studied his face a moment, smiling. "Then you can appreciate the joke," she said. "I found this just before dinner-time."

She arose, went to the secretary, brought him a note, and stood before him while he read in Mr. Peterbaugh's tremulous characters:

Dear Eleanor: In compliance with your written request of three weeks ago, this day I have taken over for my own account $150,000 of Peninsular Navigation Company profit-sharing debentures, the ownership of which you objected to, and have transferred to you in lieu thereof an equal amount of the four per cent. first mortgage bonds of the Great Lakes and Seaboard Railway Company. I trust this will be satisfactory.

Very respectfully yours,
PETER PETERBAUGH.

She watched his stony face as he read. "You see, I dropped Uncle Peter a note about the debentures," she explained. "When was this rehearing granted?"

"About three o'clock this afternoon," he replied coolly. "I was away from the office and didn't hear of it until I was at dinner. Of course, Uncle Peter got word earlier." He handed back the note calmly and even smiled—or, rather, grinned. "Yes, he's a gay old joker; a regular old King Cole. I must be getting back now. I want to write some letters."

She did not like this calmness in the least. He should have exploded a little, at any rate.

He bade her good-night, and, on the way through the hall, swiftly put out his hand and tried Uncle Peter's door-knob. Instantly a succession of throaty, consumptive old barks sounded from the inside; then Mr. Peterbaugh's voice, pitched high and excitedly quavering: "Who's there?"

Johnstone was a trifle startled at the uproar. Nell had run into the hall. "It's only I, Uncle Peter?" she called.

The old dog barked again, but in a rather mollified and apologetical manner. They heard the man fumbling inside; then light showed against the transom.

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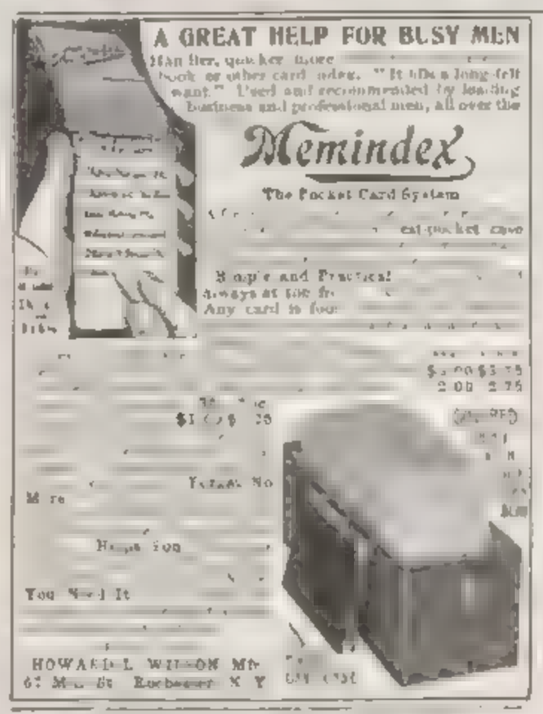

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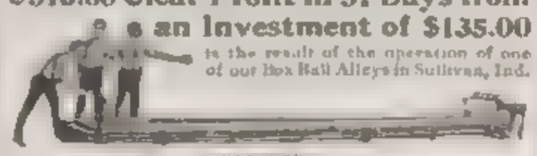

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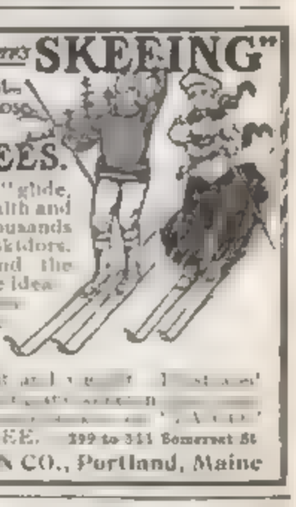

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"It's I: Eleanor, Uncle Peter!" she called again. Her heart was beating strangely.

The key turned in the lock and the door opened, disclosing Mr. Peterbaugh in his nightgown, with a large, old-fashioned navy revolver in his hand. He was still somewhat shaken by the alarm which had broken his slumbers. His aged jaws worked spasmodically, the tough old yellow fang bobbing up and down in a manner highly disagreeable, not to say ghastly. His venerable poll looked balder and bonier than common. His large feet and the visible extremities of his bandy legs were not pleasing to the eye. Altogether the old gentleman, both terrified and bold for the sake of his property, made a rather uncanny picture. Eleanor explained that she had accidentally bumped against the door. The lovers parted with an unconfessed pain.

The apparition of Uncle Peter on guard shocked Johnstone's mind. It brought sharply to his consciousness that the old man was already half enveloped in death, with the grave visibly closing over him; and it made a certain enterprise which he had meditated seem gruesome.

"But then," he asked himself hotly, "why didn't the old villain behave himself a little?"

This latest rascality was, some way, the hardest of all to bear. It was too gross, too palpable. It was like robbing you under your nose; like picking your pocket at leisure in broad daylight. It wasn't the money, but the outrage, the monstrous injustice, that rankled. Johnstone could imagine himself giving Uncle Peter back his debentures with a laugh, after he had demonstrated to his face that he was a rascal.

There was Nell, of course—— But his own stubbornness got in his way and tripped him up. He couldn't help remembering how easy it would be to bid Nell goodnight; open and shut the front door; then step into the dismal, unused parlor and wait a while. Not more than a minute would be required to turn the key in Uncle Peter's door. Then it was merely the matter of taking three steps, reaching out and seizing that fat and knobby-backed old ledger—which he could carry to the parlor and examine at his leisure. The ease with which the thing might be done teased his impatient soul. He itched to complete Uncle Peter's joke by showing him some transcripts from the ledger. Of course, there was the dog—a creature whose earthly race was nearly run.

He wasn't really going to do anything. . . . Only the idea of doing it kept buzzing and tickling at his mind, like a gnat that will not be driven away—continually taunting and challenging him. One evening he stood staring at a small object in his hand without exactly seeing it. This object was a biscuit of a kind affected by aged dogs. He wrapped it in his handkerchief and put it in his coat-pocket.

Old Pete sat on the doorstep that evening, taking the twilight air as usual. He wagged his aged tail as the young man came up the steps, and opened his mouth in a dignified dog-smile. Johnstone felt his heart suddenly quiver and ache. He saw an old being, still warm with life, peacefully dozing through the little that remained to it. He patted the dog's head hastily and rang the bell with a lump in his throat. Then he called himself a fool with superfluous energy.

He was not very successful with Eleanor that evening. Presently, as usual, Pete came doddering purblindly in; nosed her skirt and smiled, with a dull self-possession, to discover it was really she; then shambled around the room to find the softest rug—followed by furtive glances from Johnstone. An unpleasant stranger kept inquiring of that young man: "Haven't you got any sand, then?"

Perhaps this same stranger had informed him that the best way to do it would be to send Nell for the glass of cold milk which was his common refreshment there. The silvery-whiskered maid always retired at half-past eight.

Pete was snoozing on the rug by the hall door. A voice was saying: "I'm awfully thirsty, Nell. Haven't you got some of that good, cold milk for me?"

Nell was leaving the room. The remaining person in it was running across, lifting the dog to its haunches by main force, and dropping a toothsome little biscuit in front of its nose.

The next instant Johnstone was standing before the grate, his back to the room, staring into the blackened maw. He got back to

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his chair some way, without looking toward the door. He did not know whether Nell had been gone long when he heard her coming. For the life of him he could not look at the dog. He took the milk and drank it hastily. He was going to wipe his lips on his handkerchief; then remembered; then wiped them anyway. He rather hoped his reluctance to use that article was well founded. Finally he looked toward the door. Old Pete was sitting up, blinking in a mildly surprised manner and gently wagging his tail. The rug in front of him was clean and empty.

He handed back the glass and so met her eyes. Did he fancy it, or was she really almost as white as the milk?

He supposed, afterward, that they must have gone on talking about something or other in the time that intervened before Mr. Peterbaugh opened his door across the hall and called the dog. Pete arose with the deliberation of age, habit and rheumatism, stalked across the room and laid his heavy head on Nell's knee for good-night as usual.

Johnstone saw her slim arms go around the old dog's neck as she laid her smooth cheek on his head.

"Good-night, Pete," she said quietly in a moment. Pete came over to Johnstone, who mechanically touched his head; then stalked out of the room and to his master.

The young man knew perfectly that there was silence in the sitting-room then—the live silence that holds everything, discloses everything. He got up, walked over and dropped on his knees before her.

"I'm a rotten sort, Nell," he said. "You were all right about that. I get stirred up and do things a decent fellow wouldn't. But I don't want you to chuck me over. I want to hang on to you—if I can. It's the only way out. I'll try hard."

Apparently it meant nothing whatever. She did not smile, or reject him.

"I've been all balled up," he continued. "I'm bad, anyway. You'll find out bad things, maybe. I want you to let me come to you as old Pete does."

She smoothed back his hair, motherwise, with either hand, and kissed his forehead. "You're not as good a dog as old Pete," she said; "but I guess you'll get better with age." Her slender arms went around his neck and her cheek lay against his head. "You'll kill me if you don't, Ned. There isn't anything in it about chucking you. What would I do after that? So—whatever you do, you're doing it to me. Don't forget that, Ned."

He seized her arms. "Nell! Call Uncle Peter! Get Pete back! He's—I've ——"

She held him when he would have arisen; and whispered: "There isn't any need. I kept watch."

IV

A CLEAN-HEARTED young man, with the cinders and smoke blown away, awoke in Johnstone's bed the next morning, and laughed, softly, at the sunshine. Debentures and human injustices were remote and inconsequential things. He went lightly to his work, and, on the way to luncheon, bought a noon extra. A headline arrested his eye, and he read:

"Peter Peterbaugh, one of the oldest settlers of Chicago, passed peacefully away some time during the night. The whining of an aged dog, Mr. Peterbaugh's constant companion, attracted the attention of the family this morning."

The article concluded: "He was a man of old-fashioned probity; and his judgment in business matters was considered infallible."

Geographical Nonsense

An actor who played in Chicago,
Enacting the rôle of Iago,
Said: "Othello, I saw
You'd a father-in-law.
But where did your wife's dear mamma go?"

A dentist who lived in Duluth,
Every time he extracted a tuth,
Tho' a dollar he earned
By the trick that he learned,
Looked down in the mouth, sir, forsuth.

"O doctor," she cries at Miami,
"I am not going to diami?"
"You are holding your own,"
He says (they're alone).
And she blushes and answers: "Why I
Am I?" —*Allison Yewell.*

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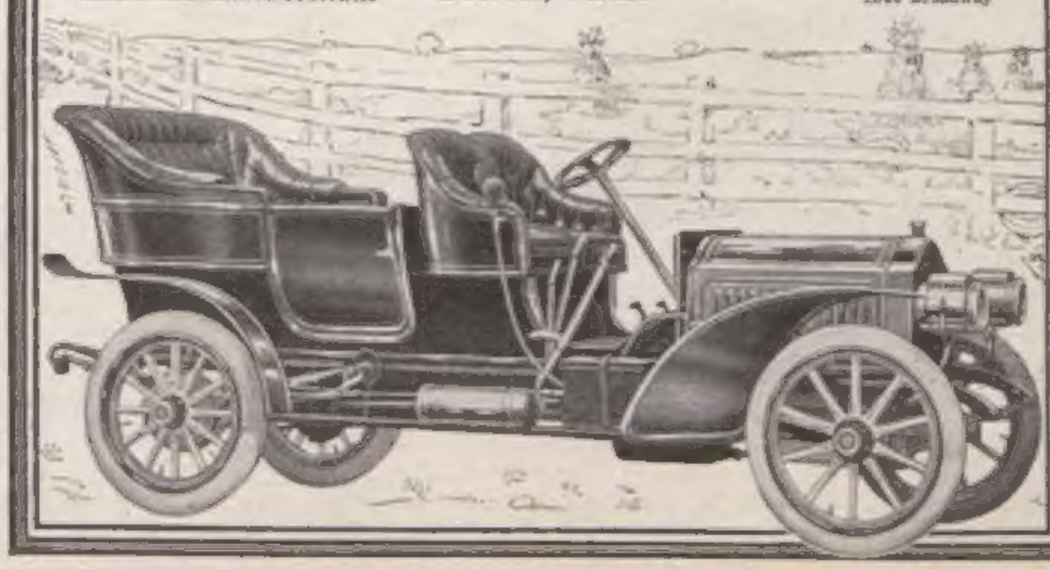

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